Mar. 20, 1954

# THE NEW YORKER

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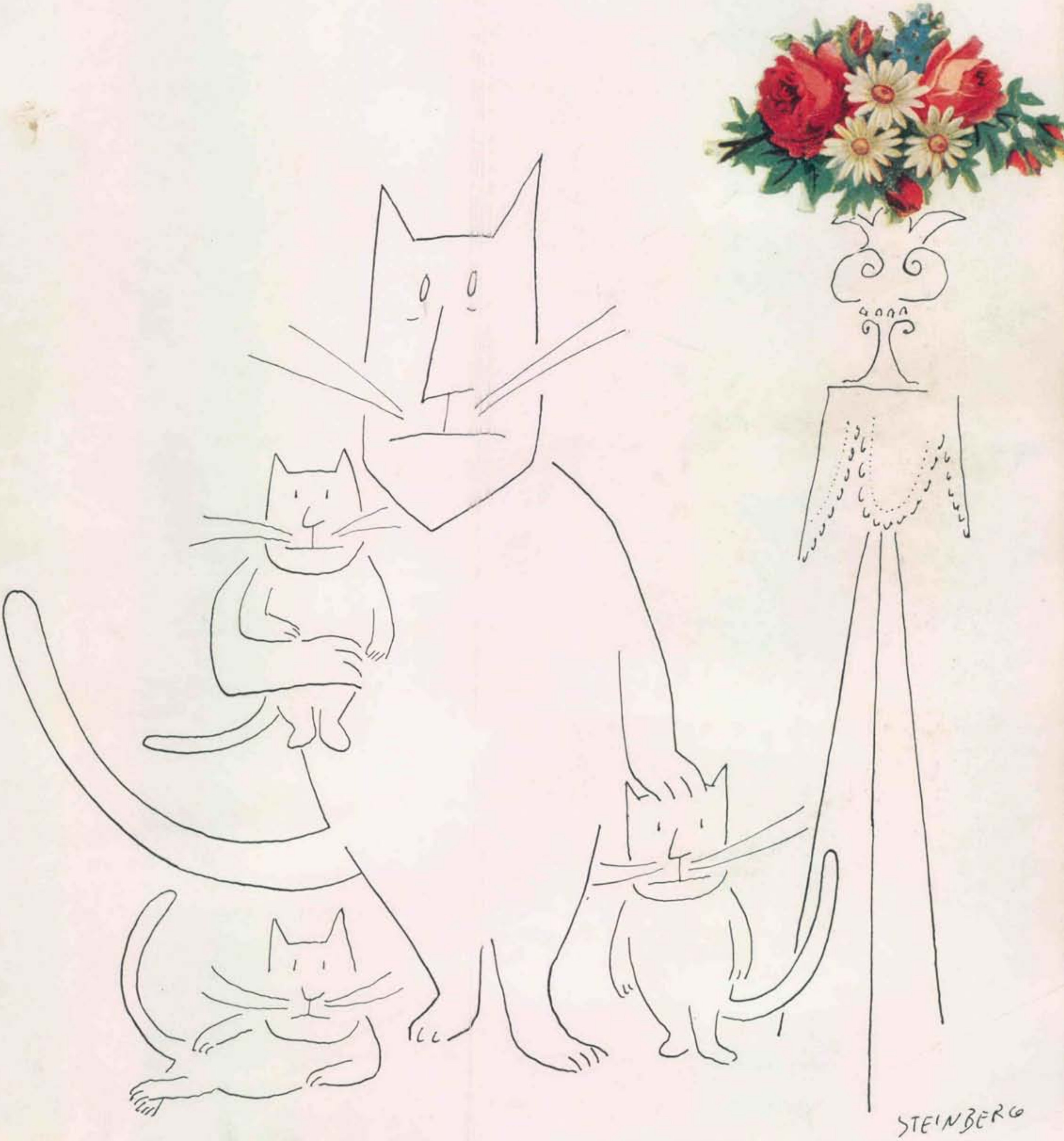

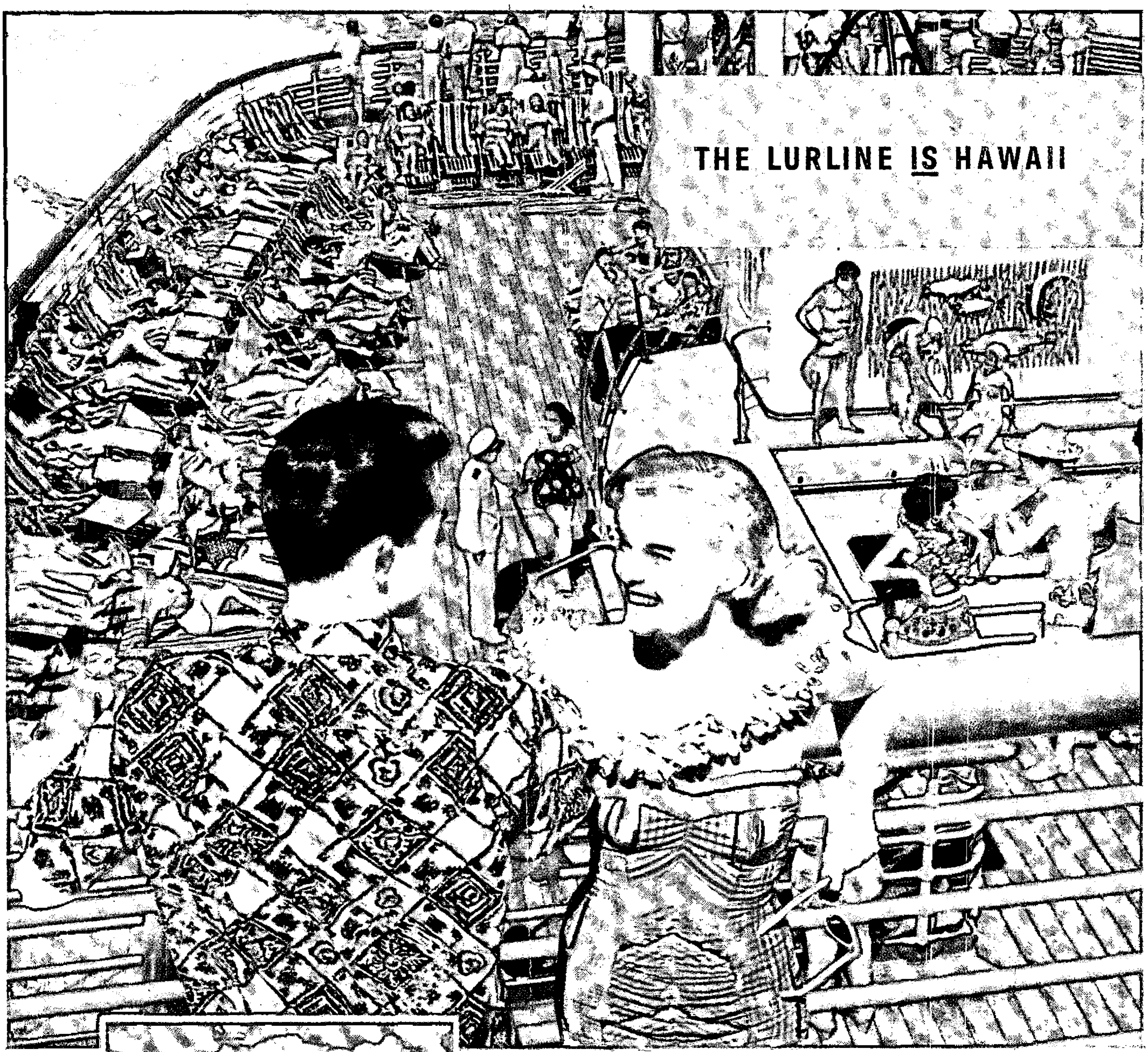

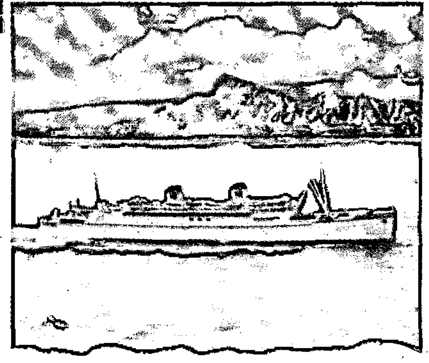

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**The Burning Glass**—Charles Morgan's drama about an invention that might destroy the world has its moments of suspense, but they are considerably outweighed by long stretches of pseudophilosophical talk. Cedric Hardwicke, Maria Riva, and Walter Matthau are in the cast. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Caine Mutiny Court Martial**—Lloyd Nolan is magnificent as Queeg, and John Hodiak and Henry Fonda are both very good indeed as the defendant and his attorney in this exciting adaptation of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. Charles Laughton directed the exemplary company, which also includes Robert Gist, Ainslie Pryor, Russell Hicks, Charles Nolte, and Herbert Anderson. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

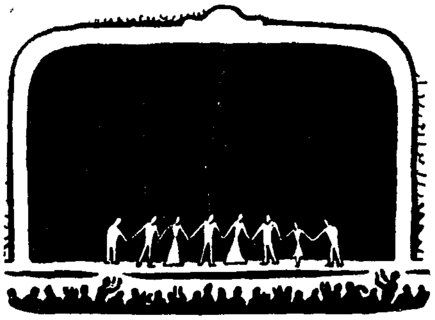
**The Confidential Clerk**—A superlative cast, headed by Claude Rains, Ina Claire, and Joan Greenwood, helps enormously, but T. S. Eliot's curious wedding of farce and poetry may be a disappointment to some of his admirers. E. Martin Browne is the director and Paul Morrison designed the imposing sets. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

**The Immoralist**—Ruth and Augustus Goetz's adaptation of André Gide's novel about the homosexual's dilemma in a normal society touches only the more obvious aspects of the case, but it is not without its honest merit. Geraldine Page and Louis Jourdan are the couple whose tragic marriage is discussed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Kind Sir**—Mary Martin and Charles Boyer in a lavishly mounted comedy about absolutely nothing at all. Norman Krasna is the author; Joshua Logan is the producer and director; Jo Mielziner and Main Bocher, respectively, are responsible for the set and the costumes; and the rest of the cast consists of Dorothy Stickney, Margalo Gillmore, Frank Conroy, and Douglas McLean. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 27.)

**Oh, Men! Oh, Women!**—Edward Chodorov's funny account of the misadventures of a psychoanalyst who gets just a bit too involved in the lives of his patients. Franchot Tone is the analyst, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Larry Blyden help keep things thoroughly mixed up. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Ondine**—Audrey Hepburn's lovely and glowing performance often brings the necessary magic to Maurice Valency's adaptation of Giraudoux's cloudy romance about a sea nymph and a mortal man. Mel Ferrer is co-starred at the head of an able cast that includes John Alexander, Alan Hewitt, Marian Seldes, and Robert Middleton. Alfred Lunt is the director, and Virgil Thomson has contributed some suitable incidental music. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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| | | | | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |

**The Prescott Proposals**—Katharine Cornell is the chief figure in this Lindsay-Crouse play that deals with devious carryings on at a United Nations meeting. It is, unfortunately, a little old-fashioned and elementary. Miss Cornell's associates include Felix Aylmer, Ben Astar, Minoo Daver, and Lorne Greene. Donald Oenslager designed the impressive scenery, and the costumes are the work of Main Bocher. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker**—This comedy by Liam O'Brien about a man who lives a terribly complicated double life is one of the season's most cheerful adornments. Burgess Meredith, Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, Glenn Anders, and Michael Wager have leading roles. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Sabrina Fair**—The ups and downs of a millionaire and a chauffeur's daughter who find themselves in love. Margaret Sullavan is quite pyrotechnic as the lass, and Joseph Cotten makes an attractive magnate. John Cromwell, Luella Gear, Scott McKay, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Russell Collins lend them a helping hand. Samuel Taylor is the author. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Solid Gold Cadillac**—Josephine Hull, who is probably everybody's best girl, in a very funny comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Loring Smith is at the top of a fine supporting cast, and Geoffrey Lumb, Wendell K. Phillips, Reynolds Evans, and Henry Jones are happily on view, too. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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**Tea and Sympathy**—This play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school has the advantage of compelling performances by John Kerr, who plays the youth in question, and Deborah Kerr, who plays a sympathetic older woman. However, the drama, which was written by Robert Anderson and directed by Elia Kazan, is not too long on plausibility. Dick York and John McGovern are among the others in the cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Teahouse of the August Moon**—John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel about the Americanization of Okinawa is done with great skill and grace, and the production is admirable in every respect. David Wayne and John Forsythe are splendid as representatives of the warring cultures, and they are well seconded by Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 21.)

**Long Runs—the fifth season:** Menasha Skulnik is the mainstay of this comedy about the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **picnic:** Sex in a small Kansas town. A play by William Inge, with a cast that includes Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. On Monday, March 22, Sandra Church will succeed Miss Rule. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Tom Ewell plays the hero, and the ladies in his life are Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**Comedy in Music**—Victor Borge in a one-man show presented by Harry D. Squires. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Girl in Pink Tights**—Jeanmaire, who dances beautifully and sings and acts entertainingly enough when she is obliged to, is practically all there is to this piece about a ballet troupe in Old New York. The score is by the late Sigmund Romberg, the lyrics by Leo Robin, the book by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, the choreography by Agnes de Mille. Charles Goldner is co-starred. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**John Murray Anderson's Almanac**—This revue is about equally divided between the good, the indifferent, and the tedious. The best ingredients are the sketches that feature the comic talents of Hermione Gingold, Orson Bean, Alice Pearce, and Billy De Wolfe, and there is also some agreeable singing and dancing by Harry Belafonté, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Kismet**—A big, handsome show derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911. With music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin, dances arranged by Jack Cole, and sumptuous sets by Lemuel Ayers, the piece goes along with plenty of verve. Alfred Drake is fine as a vagabond poet, and Doretta Morrow is most appealing as his lovely daughter. They have the help of Joan Diener, Richard Oneto,

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXX, No. 4, March 20, 1954. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1954, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

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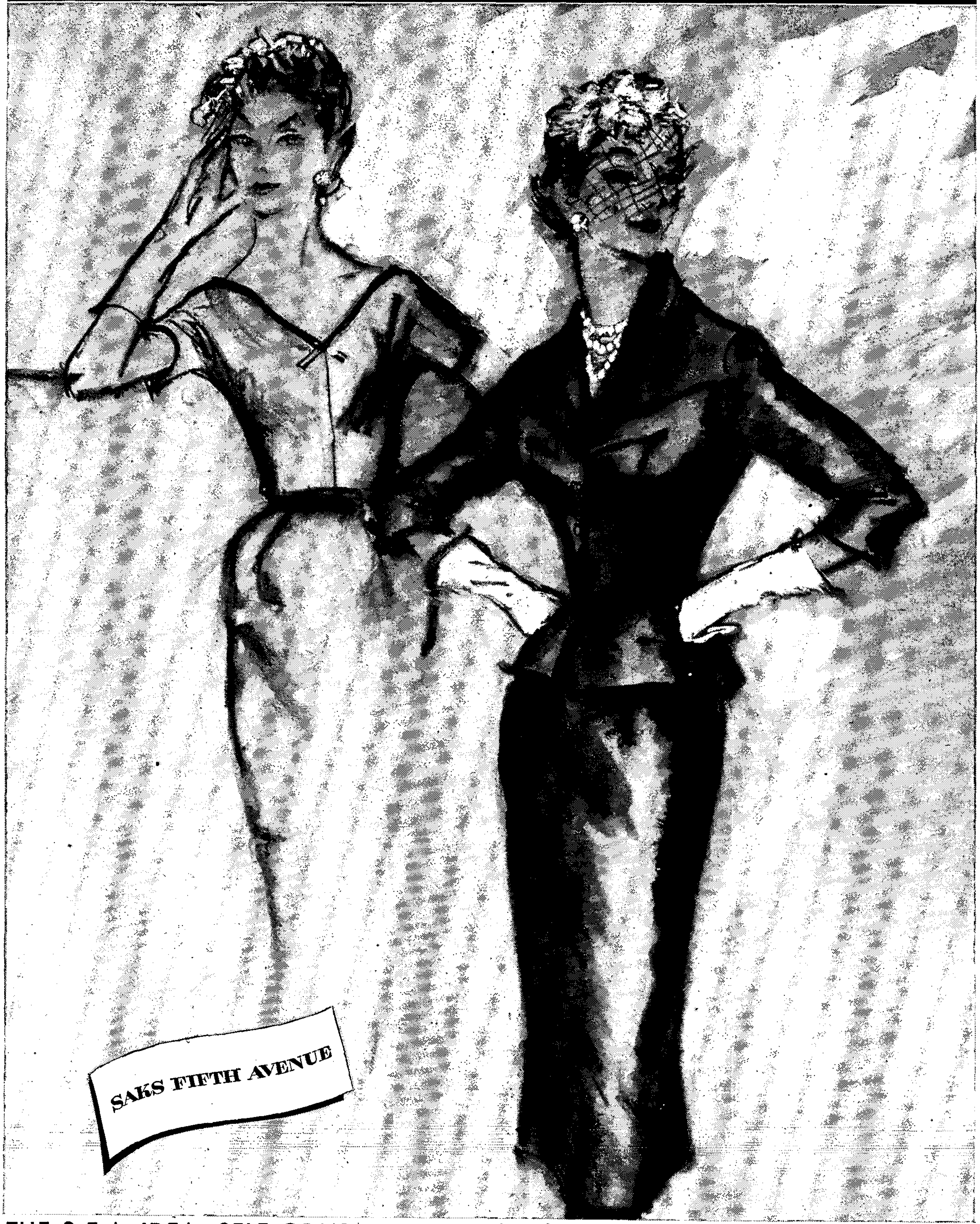

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |

Philip Coolidge, and Henry Calvin, among many others. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**CAN-CAN:** A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** A royal Siamese (Yul Brynner) and his court, taken in hand by a strong-willed English teacher, played by Patricia Morison. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly at 8:25. Matinée Saturday at 2:25. Closes Saturday, March 20.) . . . **ME AND JULIET:** Oscar Hammerstein's and Richard Rodgers' love song to the theatre. Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken are in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 3.) . . . **WONDERFUL TOWN:** Rosalind Russell in a revival of "My Sister Eileen" for which Leonard Bernstein composed the music. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OFF BROADWAY

**Amato Opera Theatre**—"The Barber of Seville," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

**Barbizon-Plaza Theatre**—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Cherry Lane Theatre**—"The Wise Have Not Spoken," Paul Vincent Carroll's play about some typically Irish political and economic miseries, would probably be more effective on its native soil. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

**Circle in the Square**—"The Girl on the Via Flaminia," Alfred Hayes' adaptation of his own novel about an Italian girl's unhappy romance with an American soldier, is handicapped by a poorly contrived rendering of its central role, but it is still a rather touching play. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Phoenix Theatre**—"The Golden Apple," a cheerful but undistinguished work that transports Ulysses, Paris, Helen, and all the rest to nineteenth-century America, is chiefly the work of John Latouche, who wrote the book, Jerome Moross, who furnished the music, and Hanya Holm, who staged the dances. With Kaye Ballard, Jack Whiting, Jonathan Lucas, Priscilla Gillette, Bibi Osterwald, Stephen Douglass, and Nola Day. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, April 18.)

**Theatre de Lys**—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera" has an impressive score, but otherwise this version of Gay's classic of the London underworld is hardly likely to entertain you much. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

### BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**New York City Ballet**—"The Nutcracker" is tentatively scheduled for each of the remaining performances of this season, which will end Sunday, March 21. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.)

**Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians**—Twenty-five Japanese dancers and musicians who are appearing for the first time in this country. The five-week engagement is being sponsored by S. Hurok, with the coöperation of Prince Takamatsu and the Japanese Ministry of Foreign Affairs. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40. Through Saturday, March 27.)

**Agnes de Mille Dance Theatre**—A company of fifty dancers and musicians, in its initial American tour. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 23, at 8:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**Gilbert and Sullivan**—The American Savoyards, under the direction of Dorothy Raedler, in a ten-week repertory of operettas, starting with "The Mikado," which will open on Tuesday, March 23, and run through Sunday, March 28. (President, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Ambassador,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band for dancing at dinner and supper in the Trianon Room. In the adjoining Rotunda, William Adler's violin accompanies the cocktail hour. Not a sound on Sundays.

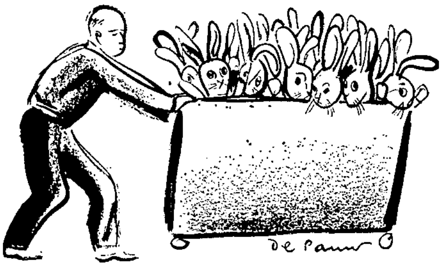
**Biltmore,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumental group is audible in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

**El Morocco,** 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

**New Yorker,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—A new crop of skaters is involved in the ice show in the Terrace Room. There's also dancing to Steve Kisley's orchestra. No show Mondays.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Nelson Eddy, a senior member of the ancient and honorable order of Nature's Noblemen, is singing in the Cotillion Room, sometimes in cahoots with a very female female named Gale Sherwood. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band play for dancing. On Sundays there's only a dinner show, and on Mondays the room is closed. On Tuesday, March 23, a new deal, involving June Havoc, a fresh and probably strident note in night life, and Frakson, the magician. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, turns out music for cocktails, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Lisa Kirk, a fine figure of a girl, gives her lyrics a slow, easy, knowing workout. Ted Straeter, the world's best-dressed pianist, sings in his happy tenor as he conducts one of the world's best dance bands. Mark Monte's quintet fills in any chinks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to preserving the traditional amenities of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing.



**Roosevelt,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra lopes along at a Sunday-driver pace—except on Sundays.

**St. Regis,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a small but solvent duchy, is full of carefree villagers, all arrayed at least like King Solomon. There are soft lights by the management, sweet music by Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's bands, and (at dinner and supper) songs by Shirl Conway, dealing mostly with love, that sturdy old staff of life. Closed Sundays.

**Savoy-Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day but Monday, Irving Conn's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing.

**Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, warm, cozy, and pretty as a picture, offers sober dance music all evening long and some of the most expert amateur waltzers in town. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Statler,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Horace Heidt's orchestra has grown into a large, busy, and not especially brainy floor show. It operates in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Oh, it keeps the kiddies from listening in on the all-night disc-jockey sessions. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band chortle away until all hours.

**Versailles,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Fay DeWitt, a funny girl, rips through the miniature musical comedy here like a hot knife through butter, which is the best way to handle the show's plot. The occasion makes a nice coming-out party for her and her friends, such as Lou Nelson, Georgie Kaye, and Don Liberto, who are comical, too, and Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard, who definitely improve the décor. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—To hear Martha Wright sing is to love her She's busy being her charming self at dinner and supper in the Empire Room. Nat Brandwynne's big and sonorous band is around most of the evening, which is another good idea. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one room of the enormous complex called Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty plays suave piano off and on from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dance music from eight-thirty to one every evening except Sunday, when another group sits in.

**Note**—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room is an intimate aerie the size of Yellowstone National Park, and affords an even more glorious view. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Soft music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who once through Tara's halls, now makes débutante-style dance music here after eight-thirty! Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A bustling oasis frequented late at night by admirers of good piano. The music of Johnny Mehegan, a Juilliard *cum laude*, is in the brisk vernacular of today, but its flavor is distinctly individual. He's on during dinner and supper. Ralph Strain, who looks in at supper, makes the pianoforte one of the foremost romance languages. They knock off on Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A neat, polite, well-stocked butler's pantry where, from six to eight and from ten to two, except Sundays, Cy Walter and his latest Steinway are in complete rapport. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): There's a piano-and-violin obbligato, after ten, to a freshet of conversation by old settlers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, who arrives at the coffee-and-brandy hour, performs quiet and discerning études at the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey devises bland piano music in

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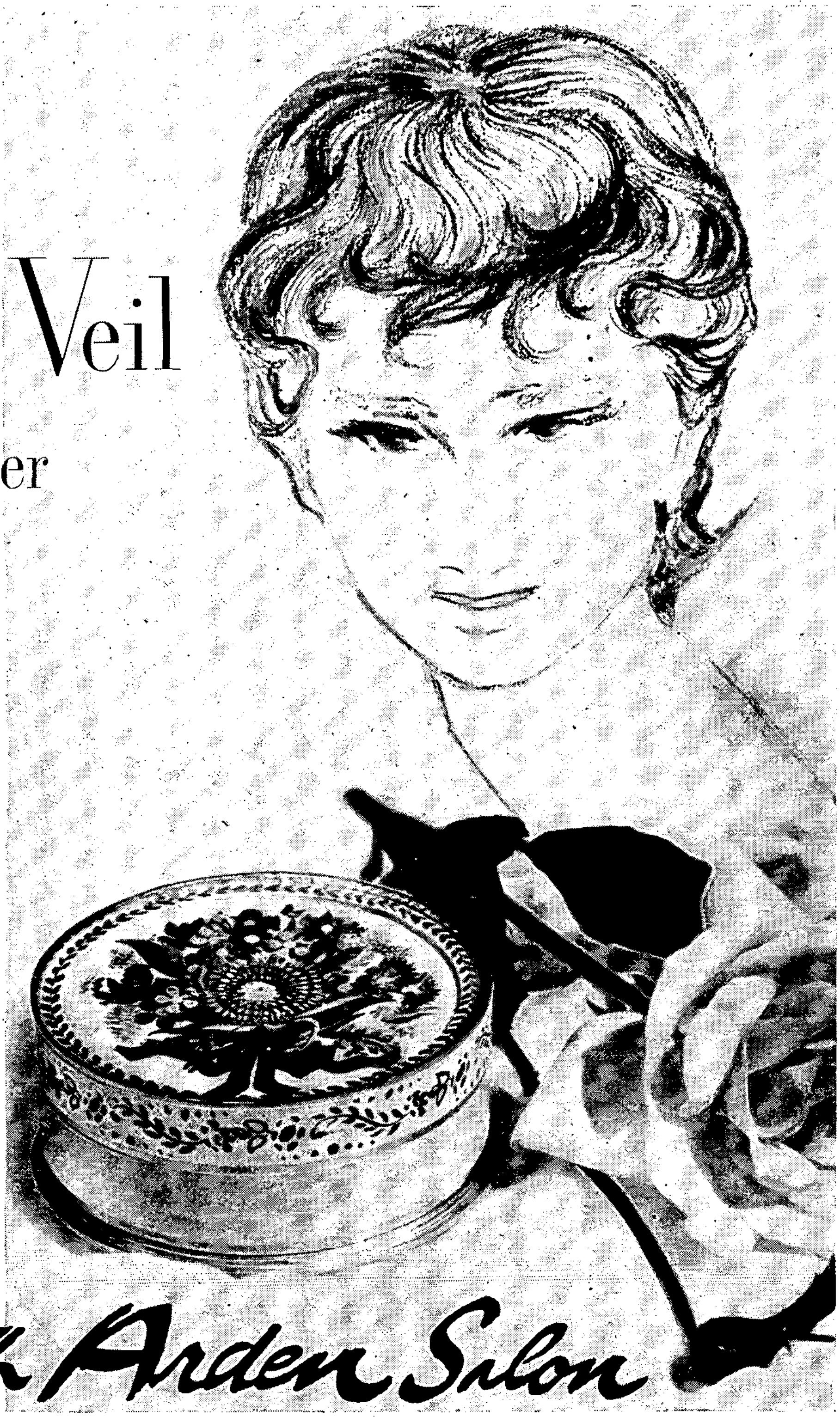

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this thoroughly upholstered manse at cocktails and dinner and after the theatre, except Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): All Latins appear to be lively lovers of music, which gushes forth without cease in this Spanish restaurant. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Surrounded by the outpourings of some fancy-free decorators, Herman Arminski plays Continental piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield does a Manhattan counterpart at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when there's dancing to José Poniera's quintet from one in the afternoon until nine at night. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist. . . . **THE EMPRESS,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): Admirers of Norbert Faconi, a splendid specimen of the strolling violinist, will find him prowling this straight-and-narrow path at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

### BIG AND BRASSY

**COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): There are songs and a lot of spoofing by the Ames Brothers, and songs by Beverlee Dennis, and there are dances by Blair and Dean, but some customers are more apt to be amused by the lissome and languid lilies of the Copa ballet as they drift through their no-one's-going-to-tell-me-what-to-do evolutions. Dancing. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Harry Belafonté, a stalwart yet beatific singer of American folk music, checks in around midnight. His last night is Tuesday, March 23. The best advice is to sit down front, and try to ignore the room noises. Occasionally there's dancing.

### SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A solid evening of sound without fury—the dramatic but lyric voice of Felicia Sanders riffling through her top-grade songbook; the dry Vermont rasp of Orson Bean's voice narrating some of the most amusing shaggy-dog stories of the era; the sassy trilling of Martha Davis, whose ditties are usually up to no good; and the lovelorn voice of Marjane, who is pretty and Parisian. The backdrop is Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' trio. On Thursday, March 25, Jonathan Winters, a student of various American rural types, will replace Mr. Bean. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Trude Adams, an innocent abroad in night life with only a beautiful face, some beautiful songs, and a beautiful soprano to guide her, and Arte Johnson, a new and off-the-beaten-path humorist. There's also Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): A return of some favorite natives—Kirkwood and Goodman, who are offering a fine selection of hypertension comedy, and Dorothy Loudon, who brings to her songs a wild sense of humor, as well as out-and-out pathos. Leigh Roberts, a small, glittery siren, does passionflower ballads with pretty vehemence. As always, Julius Monk's piano and the incomparable Norman Paris trio supply the setting. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Jimmy Komack, a sort of town crier and a pungent versifier, is a very witty, if brash, young man. He's off Mondays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play industrious double piano, and Hazel Webster (who else?) is the solo pianist. Antique movies are added on Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): A symposium on the care and feeding of contemporary love life, couched in the well-chosen words of such poets as Alec Wilder and Bart Howard and given wings by the sad, quiet voice of Mabel Mercer. The reliable Sam Hamilton is at the piano. The place is above the often clamorous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The biggest permanent floating pillow fight in town is on view here. The continuous participants are Jimmie Daniels, singer of man-of-the-world romances; the Three Flames, whose jump tunes, especially when Tiger Haines garnishes them with words, are complete existentialism; Dana and Wood, two efficient young parodists; Oliver Wakefield, an after-dinner speaker to end all after-dinner speakers; Norene Tate, whose voice and piano are sweetly nostalgic; and Bruce Kirby, the room's comic utility outfielder. On Tuesday, March 23, Kaye Ballard, a lady who gets a lot of yardage out of a song, will move in. Closed every Monday for repairs. . . . **BEAUX ARTS,** 186 W. 4th St. (OR 5-9852): Greenwich Village in its pristine Latin Quarter aspect, which is mostly personified by the trenchant Stella Brooks, whose rhymes are never without reason. Leave the youngsters at home.

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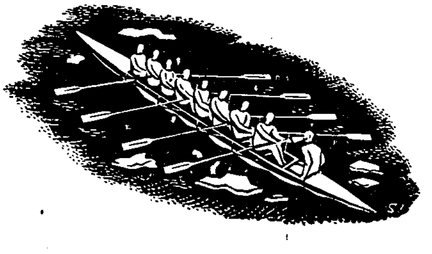
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this hallowed landmark, Wild Bill Davison's trumpet could easily pass for the Angel Gabriel's. His compeers are Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Don MacLean, Walter Page, and occasionally even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and table-side. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks off some of the warmest piano in town. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A junior but reasonably luxurious Steinway Hall, providing top-grade piano every night from nine to three. Weekdays, the kingpin is Erroll Garner, a man with a style all his own, heading up a trio. The Alex Kallao trio is the alternate. Sundays, the evening star is Barbara Carroll, an objet d'art with the technical keyboard brilliance of the best modernist males and a pretty turn of feminine romanticism to boot. She, too, heads up a trio. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are as wide-awake as ever. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Zutty Singleton, Sidney de Paris, and Omer Simeon, keeps firmly to the faith, which is that old jazz is the best jazz. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The music in this progressive parlor is anything but dated, which is not true of some of Slim Gaillard's bop talk. He and Dave Brubeck's quartet, which is a rich reward for visiting this gusty cellar, finish up on Wednesday, March 24; next night, Sarah Vaughan and the bands of Benny Green and Johnny Smith will move in. Visitors turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Louis Armstrong, the old Mississippi steamboat whistle himself, and his sturdy comrades in arms—Barney Bigard, Trummy Young, Billy Kyle, Kenny John, Milt Hinton, and Velma Middleton—are in full cry. Paul Bley's trio is the interlude group. All are off Mondays, when there are jam sessions. The noise always starts at nine. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis and his tailgaters huff and puff in admirable fashion in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, March 21, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, the Janis boys, and Marian McPartland's trio will be putting their heads together. Dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine-thirty, except Mondays, Marian McPartland and her advanced trio are at work inside the circular bar. . . . **BONFIRE,** Lexington Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-2440): In the tiny back room of this plain-spoken bar-and-grill, Sylvia Syms entertains the late crowd with her high-style blues and ballads. She's off Sundays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): A splinter group from the American Rocket Society meets here on Fridays. On March 19, the speakers will probably include Wild Bill Davison, Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Claude Hopkins, Pop Foster, George Wettling, Cozy Cole, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, it is promised, there will be a game of cowboys-and-Indians by Roy Eldridge, Charlie Shavers, Buster Bailey, Herb Fleming, Freddy Moore, Sonny Greer, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.



## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**JEAN ARP**—A set of new abstract sculptures and reliefs, smooth and sinuous as always, by one of the early masters of the movement; through March 27. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

**HYMAN BLOOM**—Recent paintings and drawings, skillfully executed but with an overinsistent flavor of the dissecting room and the slaughterhouse; through April 3. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

**ROGER CHAPELAIN-MIDY**—The first one-man show in New York of paintings, mostly landscapes in the post-Impressionist tradition, by a contemporary Paris artist; through March 20. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

**VIEIRA DA SILVA**—Delicately handled, invariably tasteful abstract paintings, done in fine dottings of color that make them look somewhat like mosaics; through April 17. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St.)

**STUART DAVIS**—The first full-scale exhibit in close to a decade of current works by one of the foremost American abstractionists; through March 27. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

**FRITZ GLARNER AND GEORGE VANTONGERLOO**—Abstract oils by the former and transparent plastic sculptures by the latter, in an exhibit of their latest work; through March 27. (Fried, 6 E. 65th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**ROBERT GOODNOUGH**—Paintings and other works, ranging from Abstract Expressionist to geometrical, by one of the younger American moderns; through March 20. (De Nagy, 206 E. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 5.)

**RENÉ MAGRITTE**—Early (1928-30) paintings by the Belgian Surrealist, from a period when he was playing, at times a trifle heavy-handedly, with the relation between words and images; through March 20. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**NORMA MORGAN**—The first solo showing of paintings and etchings, expert and imaginative, by a young New Haven artist; through March 20. (Crespi, 205 E. 58th St. Weekdays, 1 to 6, and Thursday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

**WALTER MURCH**—Low-keyed, carefully handled paintings of bits of strange mechanical contrivances that, in spite of their meticulousness, have an odd suggestion of fantasy; through March 27. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

**CHARLES OSCAR**—Abstractions in casein that are a curious but generally effective combination of misty backgrounds and sharp, vertical forms; through March 20. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

**RENOIR**—Seventeen paintings, all done in the last twenty years of his life and many of them little known, in a distinguished loan

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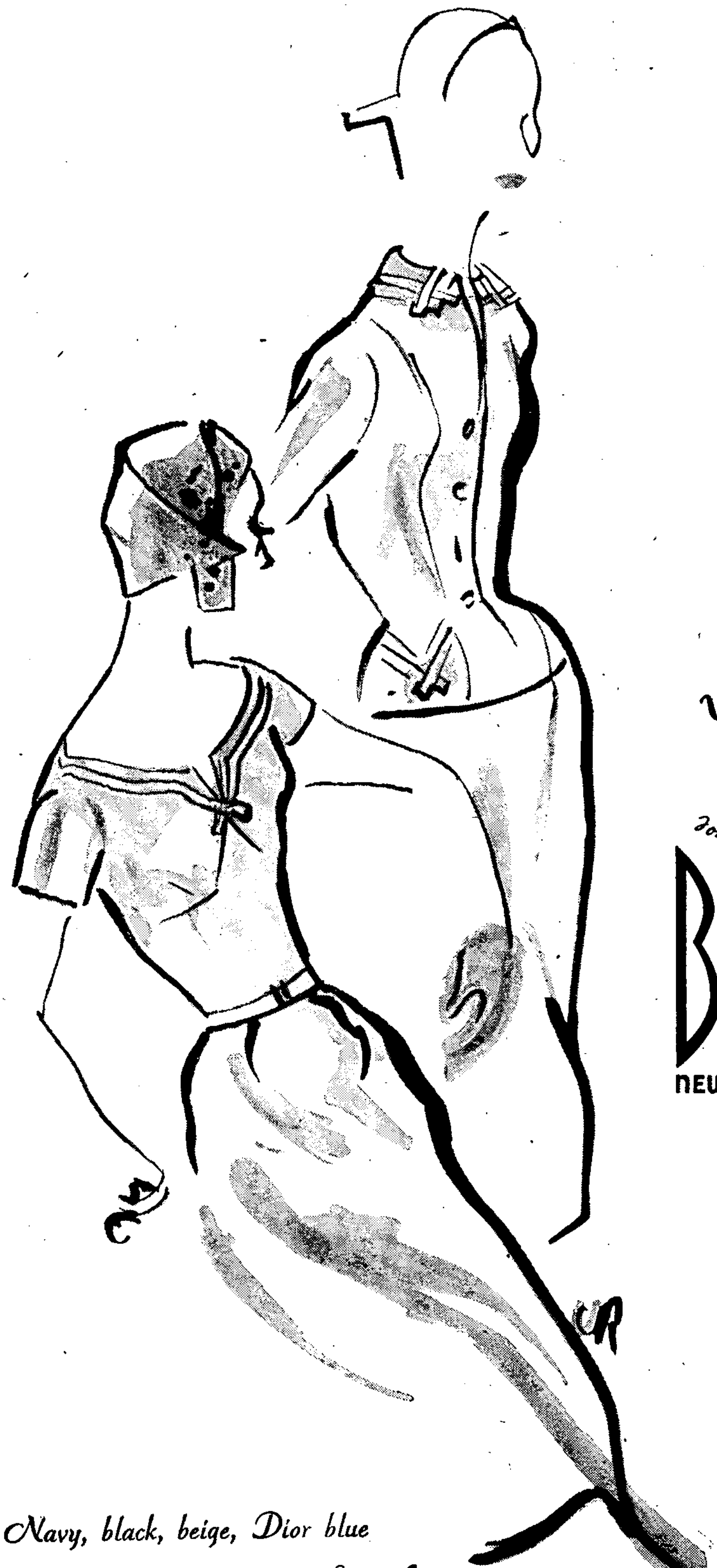

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

exhibit; through April 3. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

**Rouault**—A fairly choice, although small, exhibition of his paintings, plus a portfolio of prints; through March 27. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Jack Squier**—Sculptures showing strong totemic and other primitive influences; through March 20. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

**Rufino Tamayo**—Paintings, somehow suggesting a tormented Miró in their abstract stylizations, by a leading Mexican artist; through March 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.: An amalgam of pieces by twenty-nine candidates for the 1954 grants from the National Institute of Arts and Letters; through March 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Oils and other works by Stephen Csoka, Virginia Cuthbert, Nassos Daphnis, and other artists of the gallery, in its twenty-fifth-anniversary showing; through March 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **JACKSON**, 22 E. 66th St.: A varied and interesting exhibition of works by five young artists, most of them new to New York; through March 27. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: A small, lively showing of water colors by Charles Heidenreich, Henry Kallem, Irving Lehman, and Sam Weinik; through March 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Plastic, bronze, stone, and steel are only a few of the mediums used by the twenty artists represented here; through April 15. (Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

**Some of This Week's Openings**—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Anthony Toney; through April 3. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: George Allston; through April 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **EGAN**, 46 E. 57th St.: Jack Tworkov; through April 10. . . . **HUDSON GUILD**, 436 W. 27th St.: Sol Wilson; through March 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 3:30 to 6:30; Thursday evenings, 8 to 10.) . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Georges Mathieu; through April 3. . . . **NEW GALLERY**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: John Rood; through April 3. . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Kimber Smith; through April 3.

## MUSEUMS

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A traveling loan show from Bogotá, Colombia, comprising eighty objects of art by pre-Hispanic goldsmiths, including a complete set of adornments for a Calima chieftain, a life-size conch shell made from sheet gold, and Quimbaya cinerary urns; through April 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, textiles, gold and silver pieces, featherwork, pottery, and quantities of other artifacts in a show called "Ancient Arts of the Andes," covering the period between 1200 B.C. and the sixteenth century; through March 21. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

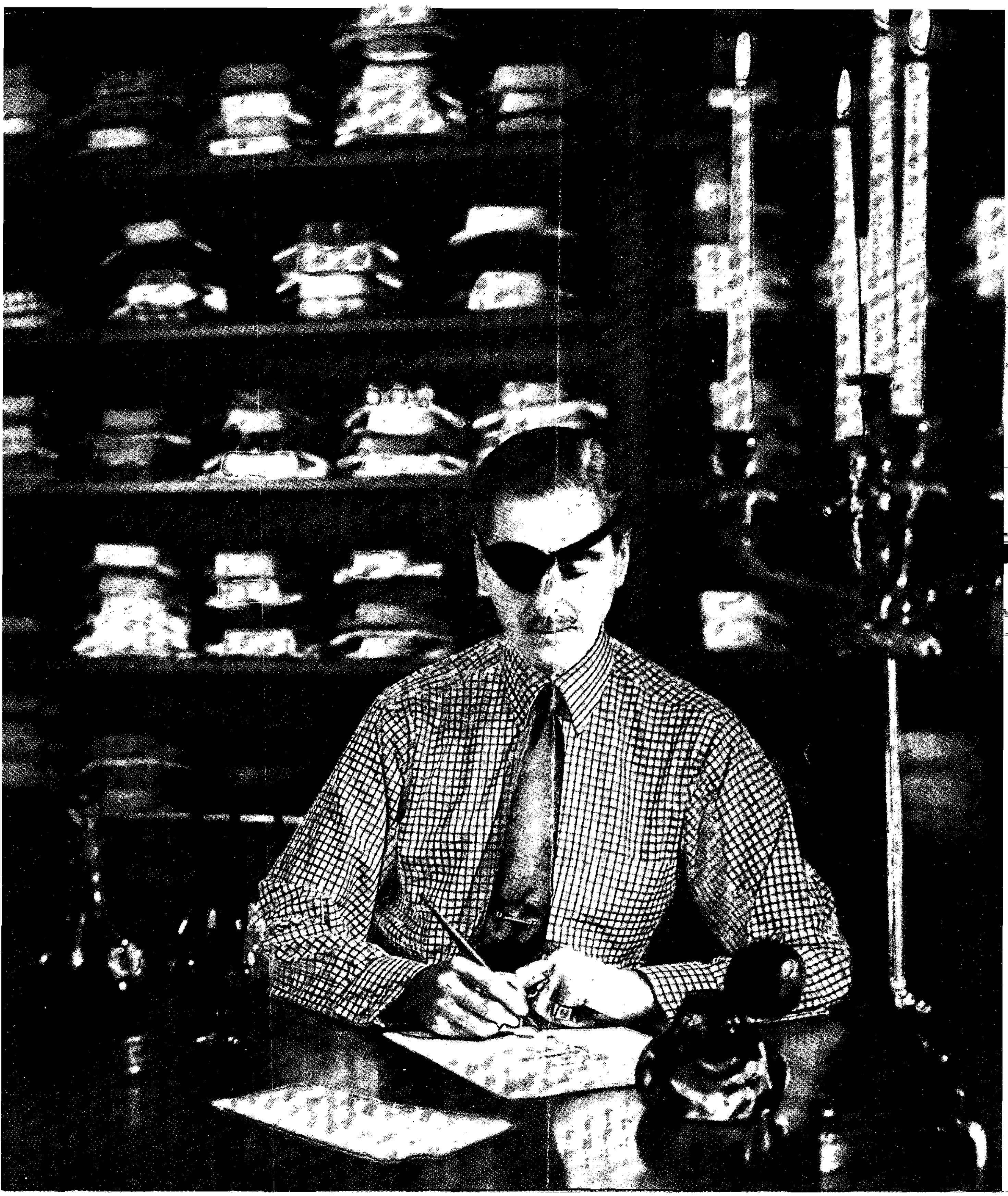
**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's biennial exhibit of oils, sculptures, water colors, and graphics by Brooklyn artists—almost a hundred of them this time; through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Riverside Museum**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The American Abstract Artists' yearly display of paintings, water colors, and sculptures, together with other abstractions by ten Japanese guest artists; through March 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum**, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's annual exhibition of recent American sculptures, water colors, and drawings, with pieces by, among many others, Paul Cadmus, Edward Hopper, and Theodore Roszak; through April 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the



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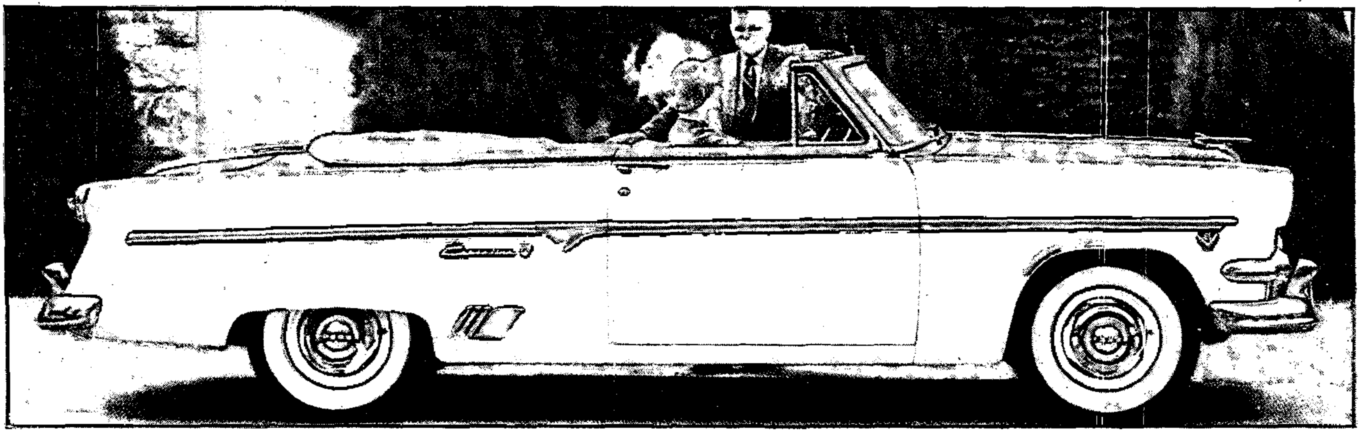

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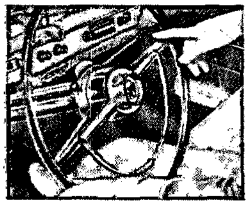

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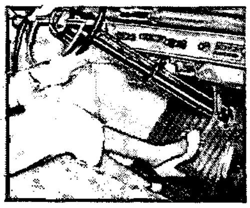

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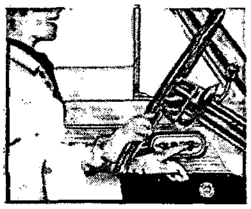

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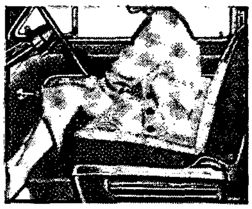

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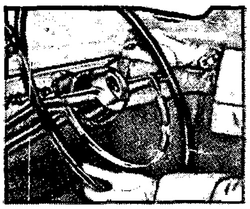

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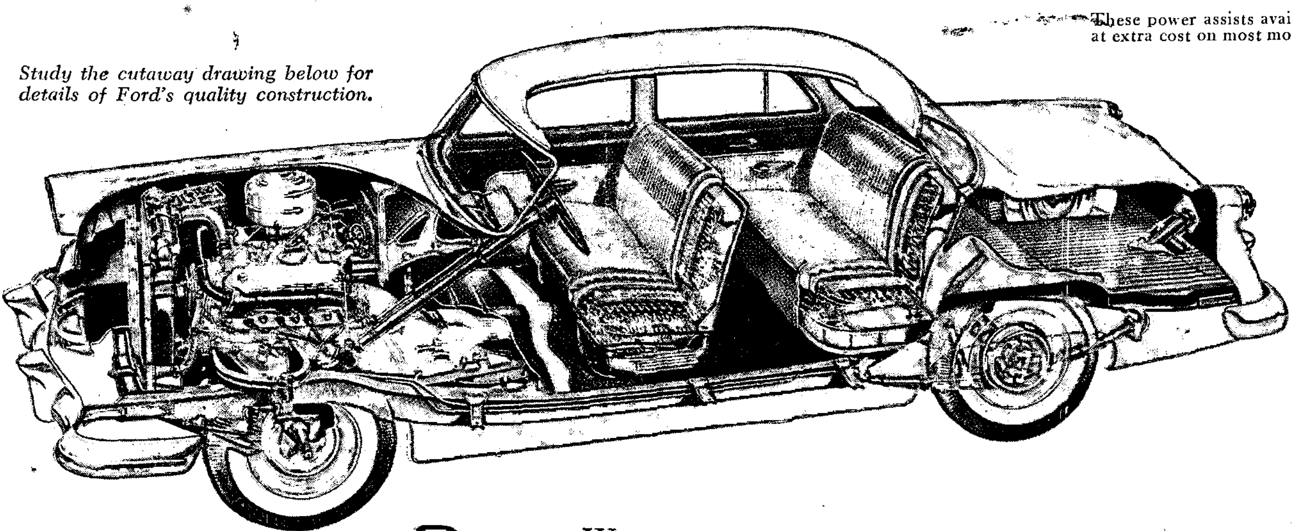

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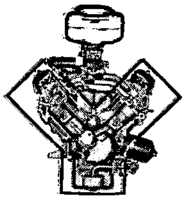

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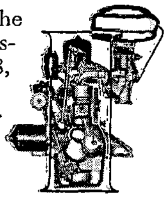

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

## OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Thursday, March 18, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Mildred Miller, Kurt Baum, and Frank Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Ramon Vinay, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday, March 19, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Eleanor Steber, Jan Peerce, and Renato Capecchi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8: "Faust," with Nadine Conner, Mildred Miller, Jussi Bjoerling, and George London. (A benefit for the Vassar Club Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call EL 5-3131.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 22, at 8:45: "Così fan Tutte" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Roberta Peters, Blanche Thebom, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 23, at 7:45: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Nell Rankin, Herta Glaz, Jerome Hines, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 24, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Mildred Miller, and Kurt Baum; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Ramon Vinay, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 8:15: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Regina Resnik, Patrice Munsel, Charles Kullman, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Friday, March 26, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Astrid Varnay, Charles Kullman, George London, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 2: "Norma," with Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Gino Penno, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8:30: Scenes from "La Traviata," Don Carlo," and "Rigoletto," with Licia Albanese, Roberta Peters, Eleanor Steber, Fedora Barbieri, Jan Peerce, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, Hans Hotter, and Leonard Warren; and ballets from "La Gioconda" and "Samson and Delilah," with Janet Collins and the corps de ballet. (A non-subscription performance.)

**New York City Opera**—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, May 2—Thursday evening, March 25: "Salome.". . . ¶ Friday evening, March 26: "Rigoletto.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 27: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 27: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15; opening-night curtain at 8:45. Matinées at 2:30.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—At Carnegie Hall—Guido Cantelli conducting on Thursday, March 18, at 8:45; Friday, March 19, at 2:30; and Sunday, March 21, at 2:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Monday, March 22, at 8:45 (with Artur Rubinstein, piano; for the benefit of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Pension Fund); Thursday, March 25, at 8:45, and Friday, March 26, at 2:30 (all-Tchaikovsky programs; both with Zino Francescatti, violin); and Saturday, March 27, at 8:45 (with Laszlo Varga, cello).

**Rochester Philharmonic**—Erich Leinsdorf directing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and excerpts from "Boris Godunov," with Irene Jordan, soprano; Nell Rankin, mezzo-soprano; Walter Fredericks, tenor; Mack Harrell, baritone; and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8:45. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

**National Association for American Composers and Conductors**—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society, with Ellabelle Davis, soprano, and Elizabeth Gould, piano, in a program of music by Clifton Williams, Holon Matthews, Lukas Foss, Miss Gould, and Daniel Gregory Mason. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 5:30. For reserved seats [free], call MO 2-0231.)

**Canterbury Choral Society**—Charles Dodsley Walker directing. (Church of the Heavenly

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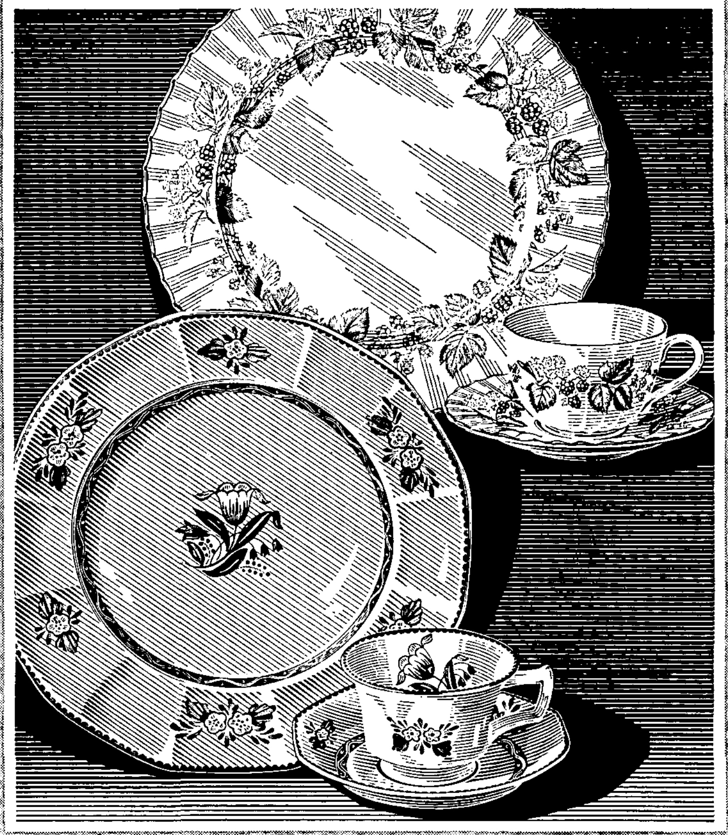

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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, March 21, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

**Bach Aria Group**—Solo and choral cantatas, arias, and duets of J. S. Bach, performed by, among others, Eileen Farrell, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Robert Bloom, oboe; plus the Robert Shaw Chorale and an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Shaw. The last in a series of four concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 24, at 8:30.)

### RECITALS

**Rey de la Torre**—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8:30.)

**Carroll Glenn and Mack Harrell**—Violin and baritone. A benefit for the Juilliard Alumni Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. MO 3-7200, Ext. 35. Friday, March 19, at 8:30.)

**Robert Goldsand**—Piano, in a program of études. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 3.)

**New Music Quartet**—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 20, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391....¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, March 24, at 8:30.)

**Erica Morini**—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

**Stuart Fastofsky**—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

**Chamber Music**—Gerald Tarack, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; and Claude Monteux, flute; the last in a series of three programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

**Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble**—In a program sponsored by the Philharmonic Women's Club. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 5:30.)

**Richard Dyer-Bennet**—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 8:40.)

**Rudolf Serkin**—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program postponed from Tuesday, Dec. 1. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 23, at 8:30.)

**Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale**—Duo piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 23, at 8:30.)

**Henri Deering**—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.)

**Myra Hess**—Piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 3.)

**Gina Bachauer**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

### MISCELLANY

**Benefit Concert**—The Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra and several choruses, directed by Otto Seyfert and Leonard Temme, with Frank Valentino, baritone, and Josephine Caruso, piano. A benefit for the Isabella Home for the Aged and four other charities. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call LE 4-0880.)

### SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**Boxing**—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 19: Joe Giardello vs. Willie Troy, middleweights, 10 rounds. Friday, March 26: Gustav Scholz vs. Al Andrews, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 22, at 8: Golden Gloves Inter-City Championships. Sponsored by the Daily News Welfare Association.

**Fencing**—Saturday, March 20: All-Eastern Intermediate Championship, Men's Individual Foil. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 21: All-Eastern Championship, Women's Individual Foil. (Y.M.C.A., Grand Central Railroad Branch, 224 E. 47th St. PL 5-2410. Matches begin at 1.)

**Hockey**—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 21, at 8:30.)

**Indoor Polo**—A semifinal match in the Eastern Twelve-Goal Championship Tournament and

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a non-tournament match. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Sunday, March 21, at 3:30.)

**Racing**—At Laurel Park, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:45, from Saturday, March 20, through Saturday, April 10.

**Track Meet**—Knights of Columbus. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 20, at 7:30.)

## FOR CHILDREN

**Concert**—Final children's concert of the season by the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting. With Virginia MacWatters, soprano; Jean Madeira, mezzo-soprano; Frank Guarrera, baritone; Nicola Moscona, bass; and Samuel Sanders, piano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 20, at 11.)

**Plays**—By the **PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Snow White." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1 and 2:45 and Sundays at 2:45. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Alice in Wonderland." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 20, at 3.)

**Note**—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until March 30, when the Economic and Social Council will convene; there are, however, periodic meetings of the Security Council and various commissions and committees hold sessions that the public may attend. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2:30 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

**Poetry Center Readings**—Edith and Osbert Sitwell reading from their collected poems. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday, March 23, at 8:40.)

**Hayden Planetarium**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Our Neighbor Worlds," deals with Mars, Venus, and Mercury. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, at 1:45: Régence, Louis XV, Louis XVI, and other French furniture; a set each of Georgian gilded silver soup and dinner plates; English, Japanese, and Chinese porcelains; and such other objects of art as snuffboxes, fans, and paintings. The property of the late Stella S. Housman and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 23, at 1:45 and 8, and Wednesday, March 24, at 1:45: A presentation copy of Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne" (1861), one of the first English editions of Boccaccio's "Decameron" (1620), a 1719-20 Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," and other English literature, plus a group of early books on Western Americana; owned by Jean Hersholt. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 24, at 8: Primitive, old-master, and nineteenth-century paintings by Van Dyck, Moro, John Crome, and others; from the estate of Mrs. Beverley Bogert and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 20.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**The Captain's Paradise**—Alec Guinness as a mariner deeply devoted to the two wives he bigamously maintains at each end of a Mediterranean shuttle run. As the wife ensconced in Gibraltar, Celia Johnson is an ideal homebody; as the one sequestered in Spanish Morocco, Yvonne De Carlo is highly explosive. Mr. Guinness is extremely comical in both ports of call. An English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**Cease Fire!**—A fictional account of what might have happened on the last day of hostilities in Korea. Filmed on the battlefront, the piece employs real troops as actors, and although it isn't strong on characterization, it does give a good idea of how an army operates in combat. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through March 21.... ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through March 23.)

**The Conquest of Everest**—Up to the mountaintops. On this occasion, our host is the British expedition that scaled the highest peak in the world last May. Probably the best film on the subject ever made. Magnificently photographed and with an enlightening commentary written by Louis MacNeice. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through March 21.)

**From Here to Eternity**—An estimable adaptation of the James Jones novel about the way things were at Schofield Barracks, in Honolulu, before the Japanese descended on Pearl Harbor. The cast, which is uniformly capable, is headed by Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting March 24.)

**Genevieve**—An engaging British film about a quartet of highly amusing types who are in transit from London to Brighton on some sort of annual excursion involving ancient automobiles. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More are in it, and they're all good people. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**Gilbert and Sullivan**—This description of the careers of the light-opera wizards adds up to a very buoyant film. Robert Morley and Maurice Evans are admirable as G. and S., and the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, complete with Martyn Green, admirably renders excerpts from the operettas. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

**Julius Caesar**—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's interpretation of the Shakespearean drama. It has plenty of oral dignity but could do with a little more movement. Outstanding in the cast are John Gielgud, James Mason, and Edmond O'Brien. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

### REVIVALS

**The Best Years of Our Lives** (1947)—The postwar troubles of three veterans. With Fredric March (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

**The Brave Bulls** (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through March 22.)

**Champion** (1949)—Kirk Douglas in a rewrite of the Ring Lardner story about a boxer. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through March 19.)

**An Evening Alone** (1938)—Robert Benchley, the master bumbler, in a one-reeler. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 24, tentative.)

**Go for Broke!** (1951)—How the Japanese-Americans fought in Italy and France during the last war. With Van Johnson and Warner Anderson. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 21-22.)

**High Sierra** (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; March 21-22.)

**Home of the Brave** (1949)—Race-prejudice trouble in the Army in the South Pacific. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through March 19.)

**The Informer** (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 21-23.)

**The Lavender Hill Mob** (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; March 20-24, tentative.)

**My Little Chickadee** (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. BU 8-9304; through March 24, tentative.)

**The 39 Steps** (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting March 23.)

**The Tramp** (1915)—A Chaplin one-reeler from the silent past. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 24, tentative.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Through March 21: Auditorium closed.... ¶ Starting March 22: "In the Street" (1953), directed by James Agee and Helen Levitt; "And Now—Miguel" (1953), directed by Jo Krumgold; and "Puerto Rico" (1947), directed by John Ferno for the Puerto Rico Office of Information. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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## THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Act of Love," Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin.

**Bijou**, 209 W 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"La Ronde" (in French), Anton Walbrook, Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Glenn Miller Story," James Stewart, June Allyson.

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES**, revival.

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through March 24 (tentative): "Go, Man, Go!," Dane Clark, Sidney Poitier.

**Holiday**, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
March 18: "Dangerous Mission," Victor Mature, Piper Laurie.
From March 19: "The Miracle of the Bells," revival, Fred MacMurray, Valli, Frank Sinatra; and "Force of Evil," revival, John Garfield, Beatrice Pearson.

**Mayfair**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through March 24 (tentative): "Riot in Cell Block 11," Neville Brand, Leo Gordon.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman.

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
March 18: "Money from Home," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.
From March 19: "Phantom of the Rue Morgue" (in 3-D), Karl Malden, Claude Dauphin.

**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.

**State**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Saskatchewan," Alan Ladd, Shelley Winters.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through March 24: "Top Banana," Phil Silvers, Rose Marie.

**Warner**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"La Lupa" (in Italian), Kerima.

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## EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 23: "Trent's Last Case," Michael Wilding, Margaret Lockwood; and "The Sun Shines Bright," Charles Winninger, Arleen Whelan.
*From March 24 (tentative)*: "The Final Test," Robert Morley, Jack Warner.

**Academy of Music**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through March 21: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.
March 22-23: "Cry of the City," revival, Richard Conte, Victor Mature; and "The Street with No Name," revival, Richard Widmark, Mark Stevens.
From March 24: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 23: "Trent's Last Case," Michael Wilding, Margaret Lockwood; and "The Sun Shines Bright," Charles Winninger, Arleen Whelan.
From March 24: "Guilt Is My Shadow," Patrick Holt, Elizabeth Sellars.

**Beverly**, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through March 22: **THE BRAVE BULLS**, revival; and "The Medium," revival, Marie Powers, Leo Coleman, Anna Maria Alberghetti.
From March 23: **THE 39 STEPS**, revival; and "Flesh and Fantasy," revival, Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward G. Robinson.

**Lexington**, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through March 23: **CEASE FIRE!**; and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.
From March 24: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.

**Trans-Lux 52nd St.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**GENEVIEVE.**

**R.K.O. 58th St.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 21: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.
March 22-23: "Cry of the City," revival, Richard Conte, Victor Mature; and "The Street with No Name," revival, Richard Widmark, Mark Stevens.
From March 24: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.

**Fine Arts**, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through March 21: **THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST.**
From March 22, at 8:45: "Beauties of the Night" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida. (A limited number of seats will be available to the public on opening night.)

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
**JULIUS CAESAR.**

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through March 19: "Intimate Relations," Harold Warrender, Marian Spencer.
March 20-24 (tentative): **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival.

**Trans-Lux 60th St.**, Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"The Holly and the Ivy," Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson.

**York**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through March 19: "The Eddie Cantor Story," Keefe Brasselle, Marilyn Erskine; and "Highway Dragnet," Richard Conte, Joan Bennett.
March 20: "Tonight We Sing," revival, David Wayne, Ezio Pinza, Roberta Peters; and "Kind Lady," revival, Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans.
March 21-22: "Escape from Fort Bravo," William Holden, Eleanor Parker; and "Give a Girl a Break," Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds.
March 23-24: "Lure of the Sila," Silvana Mangano, Vittorio Gassman; and "The Assassin," revival, Richard Todd, Eva Bartok.

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 23: "Trent's Last Case," Michael Wilding, Margaret Lockwood; and "The Sun Shines Bright," Charles Winninger, Arleen Whelan.
From March 24: "Guilt Is My Shadow," Patrick Holt, Elizabeth Sellars.

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 19: "Mogambo," Clark Gable, Ava Gardner.
March 20-24: "The Seven Deadly Sins" (in French and Italian), revival, Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe.

**Loew's 72nd St.**, 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through March 21: **CEASE FIRE!**; and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.
March 22-23: "Gun Belt," George Montgomery, Tab Hunter; and "The Steel Lady," Rod Cameron, Tab Hunter.
*From March 24*: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.

**Trans-Lux 72nd St.**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 24 (tentative): **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; **AN EVENING ALONE**, revival; and **THE TRAMP** (silent), revival.

**Trans-Lux Colony**, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
March 18: "The Eddie Cantor Story," Keefe Brasselle, Marilyn Erskine; and "Highway Dragnet," Richard Conte, Joan Bennett.
March 19-20: "Escape from Fort Bravo," William Holden, Eleanor Parker; and "Give a Girl a Break," Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds.
March 21-22: **HIGH SIERRA**, revival; and "The Devil Makes Three," revival, Gene Kelly, Pier Angeli.
March 23-24: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 20: "Trent's Last Case," Michael Wilding, Margaret Lockwood.
March 21-23: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," revival, Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe.
From March 24: **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.**

**R.K.O. 86th St.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 21: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.
March 22-23: "Cry of the City," revival, Richard Conte, Victor Mature; and "The Street with No Name," revival, Richard Widmark, Mark Stevens.
From March 24: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.

**Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 21: **CEASE FIRE!**; and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.
March 22-23: "Gun Belt," George Montgomery, Tab Hunter; and "The Steel Lady," Rod Cameron, Tab Hunter.
From March 24: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.

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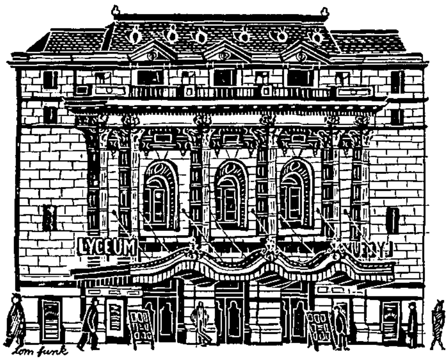

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## WEST SIDE

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through March 19: **CHAMPION**, revival; and **HOME OF THE BRAVE**, revival.
March 20-24: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 23: "The Assassin," revival, Richard Todd, Eva Bartok; and "Murder Will Out," revival, Valerie Hobson.
From March 24: "Guilt Is My Shadow," Patrick Holt, Elizabeth Sellars.

**Sheridan**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 23: **CEASE FIRE!**; and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.
From March 24: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 20: "Three Forbidden Stories" (in Italian), Eleonora Rossi Drago, Gino Cervi; and "The Reluctant Widow," revival, Jean Kent, Guy Rolfe.
March 21-23: **THE INFORMER**, revival; and "As Young As You Feel," revival, Monty Woolley, Thelma Ritter.
From March 24: "Times Gone By" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Gina Lollobrigida, Aldo Fabrizi; and "The Titfield Thunderbolt," Stanley Holloway.

**R.K.O. 23rd St.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through March 21: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.
March 22-23: "Cry of the City," revival, Richard Conte, Victor Mature; and "The Street with No Name," revival, Richard Widmark, Mark Stevens.
From March 24: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.

**Terrace**, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through March 20: "Escape from Fort Bravo," William Holden, Eleanor Parker; and "Give a Girl a Break," Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds.
March 21-22: **GO FOR BROKE!**, revival; and "A Girl in Every Port," revival, Groucho Marx, William Bendix.
From March 23: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin, and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
**GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.**

**55th St. Playhouse**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"April 1, 2000" (in German), Hilda Krahl, Josef Meinrad.

**Normandie**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
From March 18, at 8:30: "Saadia," Cornel Wilde, Mel Ferrer, Rita Gam. (Opening night will be a benefit for the French Hospital.)

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"La Ronde" (in French), Anton Walbrook, Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
**THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE.**

**Loew's 83rd St.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 23: **CEASE FIRE!**; and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.
From March 24: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 24: "The Seven Deadly Sins" (in French and Italian), revival, Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe.

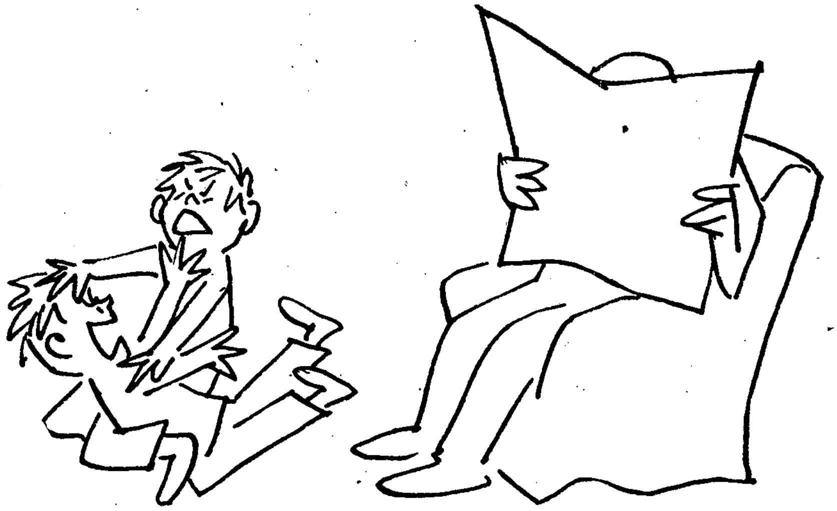
**Riverside**, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
"King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.

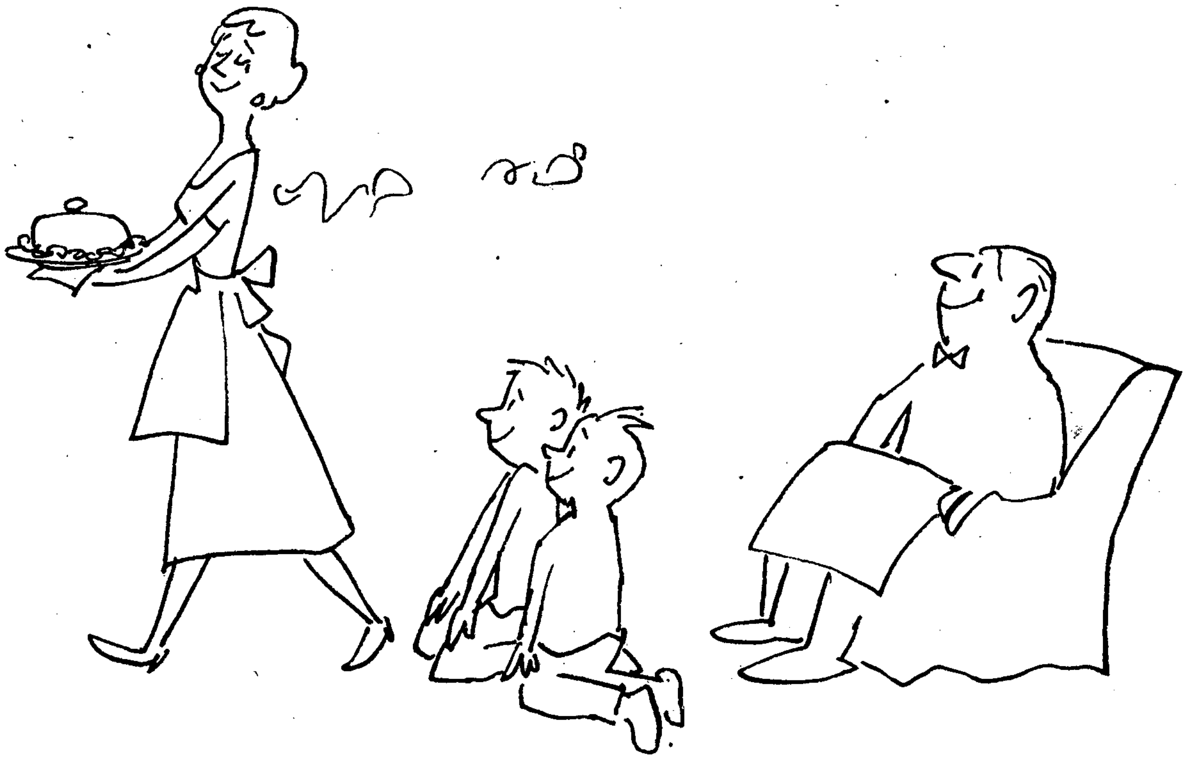
**Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through March 21: **CEASE FIRE!**; and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.
March 22-23: "Gun Belt," George Montgomery, Tab Hunter; and "The Steel Lady," Rod Cameron, Tab Hunter.
From March 24: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.

**Nemo**, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through March 23: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.
From March 24: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.

**Coliseum**, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through March 21: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.
March 22-23: "Cry of the City," revival, Richard Conte, Victor Mature; and "The Street with No Name," revival, Richard Widmark, Mark Stevens.
From March 24: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.

# Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





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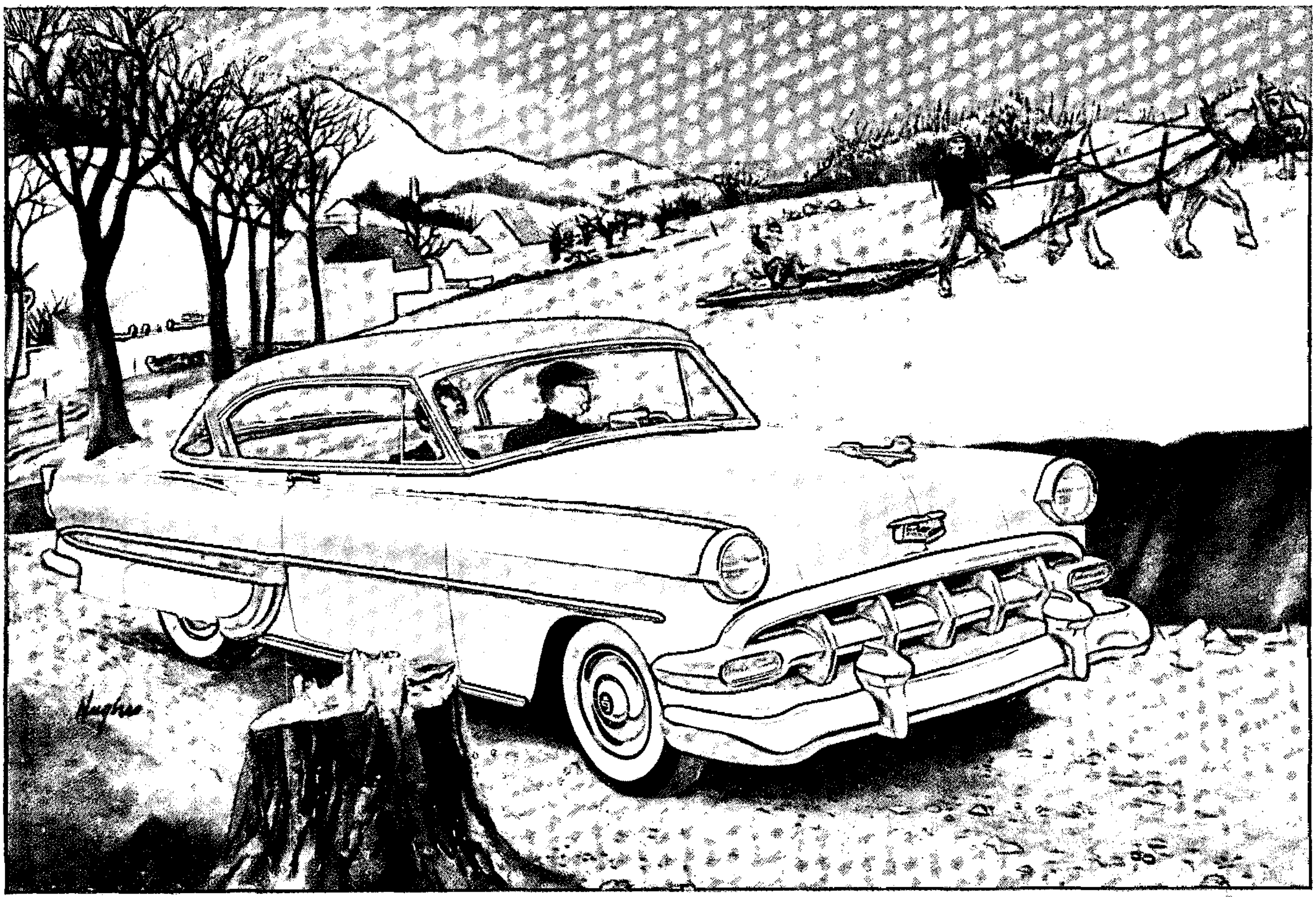
LADIES' HOME **JOURNAL**

A CURTIS PUBLICATION



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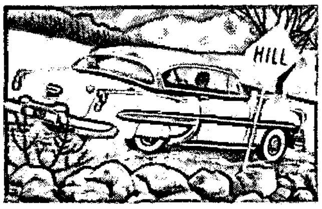

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So you'd better forget all you've been brought up to believe about the British being stand-offish. It's unadulterated bunkum. American tourists are finding that the British people are as warm-hearted, hospitable and friendly as the rest of us. Don't forget their language is yours—and that wherever you go in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland you can make friends *without the use of a dictionary*.

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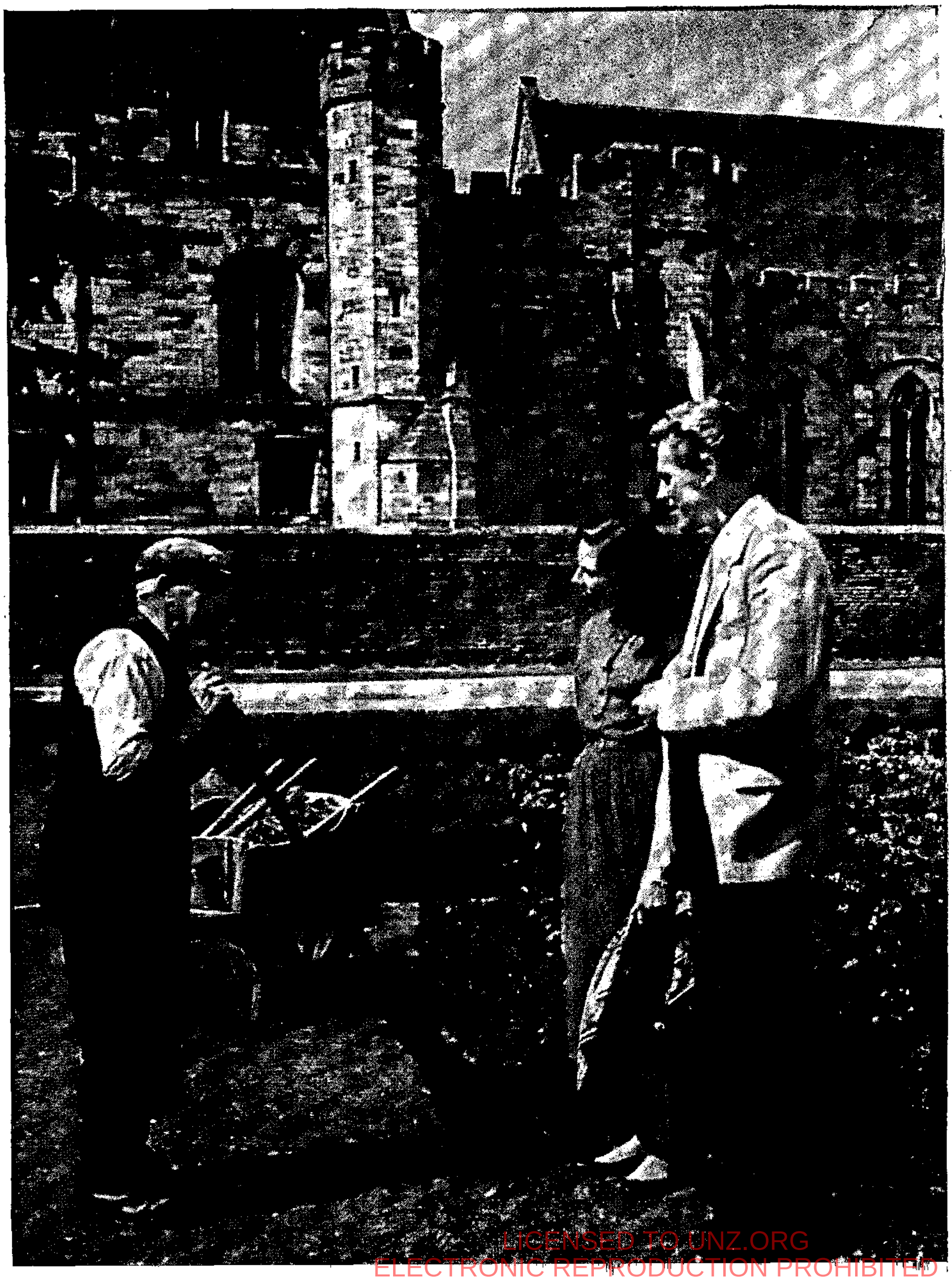
London "Bobby" points out Westminster Abbey and the statue of Abraham Lincoln. Americans are bowled over by the helpfulness of the British police.

Highland piper escorts tourists to the enchanted island of Kerrera. Whether or not you ever saw the movie "I Know Where I'm Going," you *must* visit the Scottish highlands.



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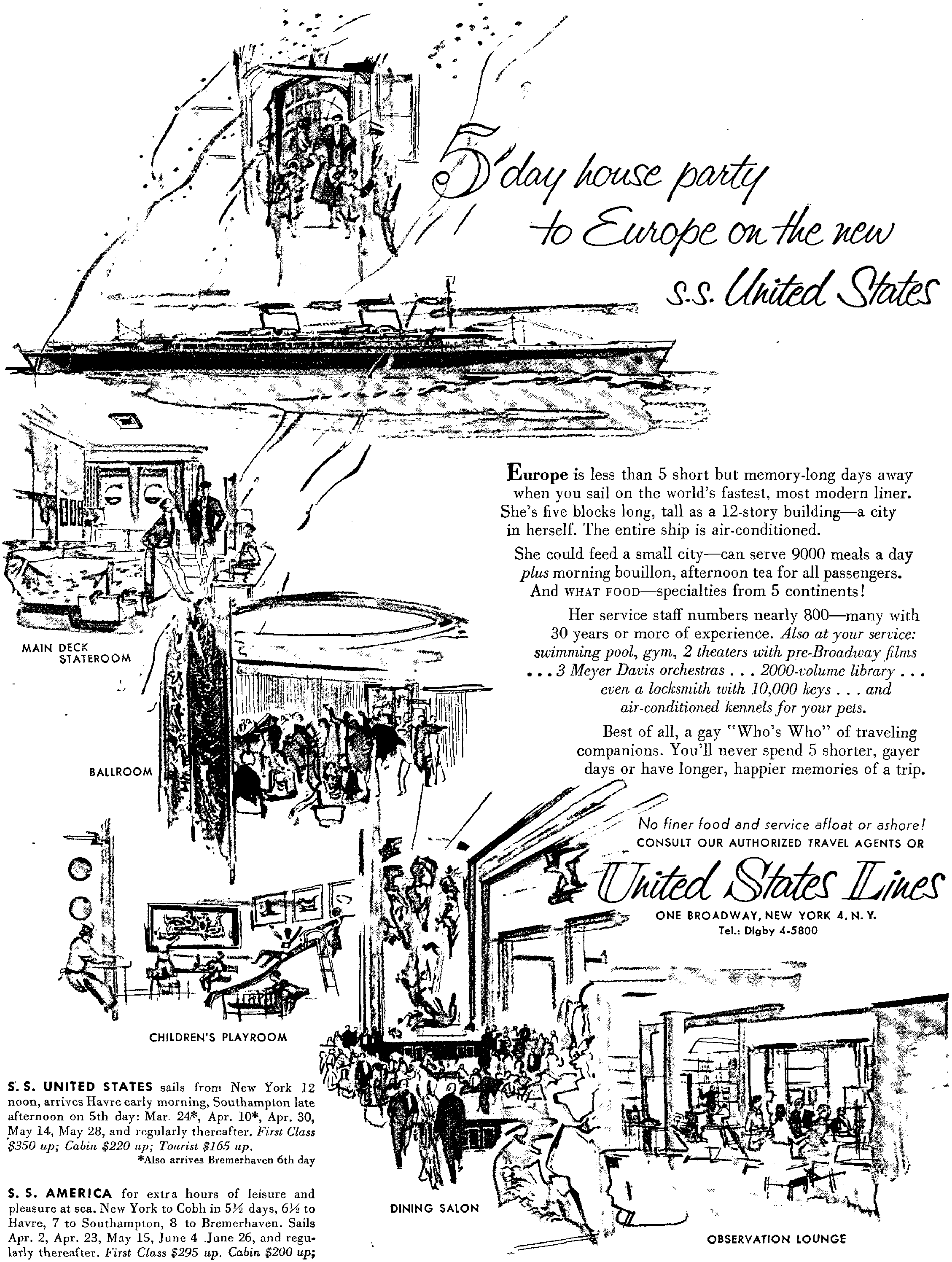

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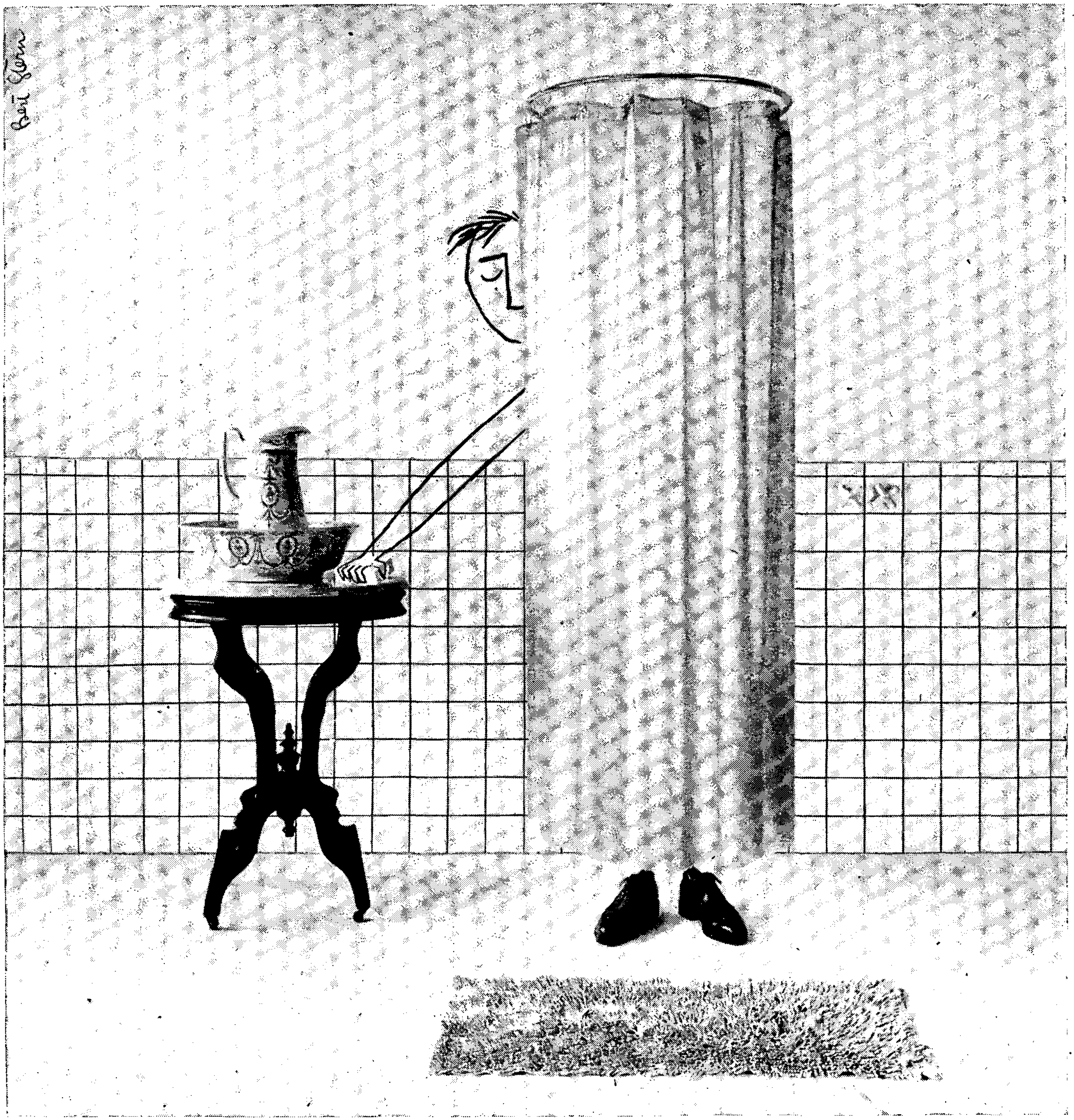

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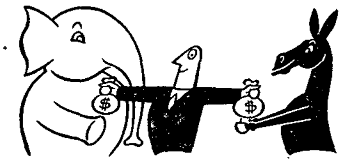
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

THE use of a ghost by Kirsten Flagstad in a recent operatic recording is of interest to us, for we try to keep close track of substitutions in the arts. As you probably know, Miss Flagstad needed a couple of high Cs, so she brought in a friend, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, who sang the Cs and allowed them to be dubbed in. The music was the "Liebesnacht"—love is so often the excuse for ghosting. At any rate, we are now in a position to provide Tin Pan Alley with an idea for a song, to begin, "You sing the high notes and I'll sing the low notes, and I'll get to first base before ye." This song should be written immediately and should be sung either by Kirsten Flagstad (Ethel Merman ghosting) or by Groucho Marx (Margaret Truman ghosting). Payment should come to us, and we will divide it equally between the Republican National Committee and the Democratic National Committee, under a new theory that money, like radio time, should be evenly divided between the two major parties.

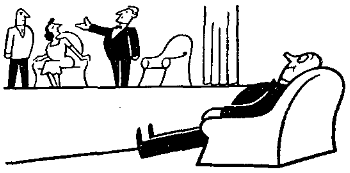


WE'VE been reading some censorship items in the Bulletin of the American Book Publishers Council and have noticed that censorship is sometimes confused with editing. This happened when, during the Greenlease kidnapping, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* decided that it was a sour idea to run comic strips containing kidnapping episodes, and dropped them. The omission was observed throughout the country and caused talk, including the following remarks in the Greensboro, North Carolina, *News:* "A question always rises about the wisdom of censorship. Will future kidnapping episodes be distasteful to the *Post-Dispatch*, after the shock of the Greenlease case has died? What about murder episodes—and other situations involving debased characters? . . . Once started, where would censorship end? In our opinion the *Post-Dispatch* either went too far or not nearly far enough."

But dropping something out of a comic strip, or out of any syndicated column, is not censorship; it is editing. Every paper, every magazine, decides what it wants to run, item by item, word by word, issue by issue, day by day; and it properly can be extremely choosy, and even arbitrary, about it. The arbitrariness of editors does not endanger a free press; only the sparsity of editors and the disappearance of newspapers from the scene does that. Censorship usually takes place *after* a thing gets published, and is the attempt of an individual, or a committee, or a police department, to set himself or itself up as a literary monitor for the community. An editor is a monitor by profession; he is hired for the express purpose of monitoring. An editor decides what goes into his paper. A censor decides (or tries to) what paper (or book) goes into your home. Very different. No connection between the two.

## *Not for Love*

THAT remarkable man, Robert W. Dowling, president of the City Investing Company, has long cherished the notion that theatres should be at least as pleasant to be in as one's own living room, and, as the proprietor of several local theatres, he has been able to put this revolutionary theory into practice. Some years back, he created a sensation by doing over the interiors of his theatres in a cheerful and elegant style, with light-colored walls and rich fabrics. More revolutionary still, he has kept them cheerful and elegant by dint of constant refurbishing. Now he has reared back and performed another miracle. He has ripped out the first seven rows of orchestra seats in the Coronet and Morosco Theatres, and nine rows in the Forty-sixth Street, and replaced them with luxurious, brocade-covered, foam-rubber-padded divans, each half again as wide as two normal seats and several inches deeper from front to back. These cozy Cadillacs of seats come high—$15.60 per divan, or $7.80 per occupant, as compared to $4.80 per for normal orchestra seats—but what do you expect? Something for nothing? We paid a call on Mr. Dowling in his penthouse office, at 25 Broad Street, to learn more about the divans, and are glad to report that the great man carries his bent for elegance into the world of affairs. He greeted us at the door of an office as big and bright and airy as a ballroom, and led us straight across it and out through a pair of French windows onto a terrace the size of Ebbets Field. Sculptures by Wheeler Williams and Paul Manship commanded the foreground, and the Brooklyn Navy Yard and the Statue of Liberty commanded the background; Mr. Dowling, a handsome fellow well over six feet tall, commanded us. "When the grass is green and the weather is right," he said, "we hold our business meetings out here. Nice, isn't it?"



Having been escorted back into the ballroom and seated in a soft leather armchair before an imposing fireplace, we broached the subject of divans. Our host exclaimed at once, "Going to the theatre ought to be just like going to a marvellous party! Is it, though, in most cases? No! How can it be, if the theatre is cheerless and uncomfortable for both audience and actors? When I ruled out brown and maroon paint in our theatres and ordered white, light-gray, and creamy-beige paint instead, I was told I'd made a terrible mistake. Why? Because the dirt would show. I said, 'Then let's clean the theatres more often and not have dirt.' I wanted light-colored house curtains. I was told that we had to have dark-colored house curtains, because the flies were so dirty. I said, 'Let's clean the flies,' and we did. And the actors' dressing rooms! In some theatres, they're the wretchedest little holes you ever saw. In our theatres, they're rooms to be enjoyed, not endured."

We were about to breathe the word "divans," but our host was too quick for us. "As for the divans," he said, "they're really love seats, of course. We felt, however, that the term might distract people from our main purpose, which is to make them comfortable. The love— the divans are equipped with a retractable center arm, which can be swung down at the discretion of either occupant. Six rows of divans replace seven rows of regular seats and fewer people are seated in each row, so despite the higher price per seat, our gross remains about the same. The important thing is that our audiences appear delighted with them. I have been eavesdropping between the acts and have heard nothing but favorable comments. We plan to put divans in the National Theatre in Washington, and in the Fulton here, if 'The Seven Year Itch' ever closes. If we sense a sufficient demand, we'll run divans all the way through the orchestra and into the mezzanine. In my opinion, there's only one thing more vital in a theatre than the seats, and that's the humidity. We have special engineers to see that the humidity in our theatres is kept below fifty per cent. Above that, watch out for drowsers—especially on divans!"

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: In Cuernavaca, Mexico, there is a funeral parlor called Quo Vadis.

## *Tom, Jr.*

UPWARD of thirty million books about Tom Swift have been sold since he started inventing things in 1910. For all we know, that makes him the world's most popular juvenile hero. Certainly he's the most popular one in the world of Grosset & Dunlap, which published the series—forty books, involving just about that many major inventions. Tom—or Old Tom, as he's now known at G. & D.—went out of print in 1941, partly because of the paper shortage, partly because science had lapped him, and partly because he was so dim-witted, in "Tom Swift and His House on Wheels," as to wed Mary Nestor, a lapse his young readers could not forgive. Shortly afterward, one Tarzan book was worth eleven Tom Swifts. Well, here was the world's greatest juvenile-book property gone to the dogs, and what were G. & D. going to do about it? After considering the problem for several years, they acted. They got in touch with Mrs. Harriet Adams, owner of the Stratemeyer Syndicate, in East Orange, which had turned out all the Tom Swift manuscripts since the late Edward Stratemeyer, who founded it, wrote the first one, in 1910, under the name Victor Appleton. Mrs. Adams, who is Stratemeyer's daughter, suggested that a Tom Swift, Jr., take over where Old Tom left off. The upshot was that the Syndicate hired a writer, whose identity has been kept secret; consulted with jet experts, rocket experts, TV experts, and physicists; thought up the name Victor Appleton II for the author; and turned over three manuscripts to G. & D. They have just come out as "Tom Swift and His Flying Lab," "Tom Swift and His Jetmarine," and "Tom Swift and His Rocket Ship."

We rocketed to East Orange ourself one day last week to talk with Mrs. Adams about Young Tom and her accomplished father (he also wrote all the Rover Boys and most of the Motor Boys books), and found her, a pert, gray-haired lady in a green dress, sitting in a pleasant office, surrounded by hundreds of books for children. Tom, Jr., books, she informed us happily, are running neck and neck with the latest titles in the two most popular current series—the Nancy Drew mysteries and the Hardy Boys, both Syndicate properties. "The new Tom is streamlined," she said. "Youngsters like that. The cover shows Young Tom without a hat. His father wore a hat. Young Tom has a crew cut. The paragraphs are shorter. We use a more up-to-date brand of humor. You won't find any stammerers in the Tom, Jr., series. As far as inventing goes, Tom, Jr., is more prolific. He's invented Tomasite Plastic, to encase nuclear reactors. It absorbs radiation more effectively than lead. And a Damonscope, which is really a photometer with nonabsorptive prisms to detect fluorescence from a distance and record its density on photographic film. And a Swift Spectrograph, which, not to go into too much detail, analyzes anything in a split second. The Damonscope is named after the Mr. Damon in the Tom, Sr., books. 'Bless my shoelaces! Bless my hatband!' Remember? He sort of disappeared in the new series." Edward Stratemeyer, we discovered, wrote a hundred and sixty juveniles under names like Captain Ralph Bonehill, Arthur M. Winfield, and Clarence Young, devised and farmed out plots for about seven hundred more, and under his own name wrote fifty *more*. He used to knock off three chapters between nine and three every day, with an hour out for lunch. He liked to take long walks, argue with Howard R. Garis (the author of the Uncle Wiggily books and "Dick Hamilton's Cadet Days; or, the Handicap of a Millionaire's Son," among hundreds of others), bowl, and root for Christy Mathewson. He wrote his first book on brown wrapping paper.

A solid-looking, brisk-moving, dark-haired man swept into the office at this point and was identified for us as Andrew E. Svenson, chief editor of the Syndicate and the author, under various names, of fourteen juveniles. "Mrs. Adams has written thirty juveniles," Mr. Svenson told us heartily. "But whether we do yarns about *Ubermenschen* or pigtailed Philo Vances, we subscribe to the Stratemeyer formula." A look of puzzlement crossed our features. "Laid down by old Edward," Mr. Svenson explained. "A low death rate but plenty of plot. Verbs of action, and polka-dotted with exclamation points and provocative questions. No use of guns by the hero. No smooching. The main character introduced on page one and a slam-bang mystery or peril set up. Page one used to be fifteen lines, and now it's eighteen. When we get a manuscript, we usually compress the first three pages to get them into the first eighteen lines for a snap beginning. Sometimes we redo the first eighteen lines twenty times. The end of every chapter is a cliff hanger. What is the meaning of the blinking red signal?

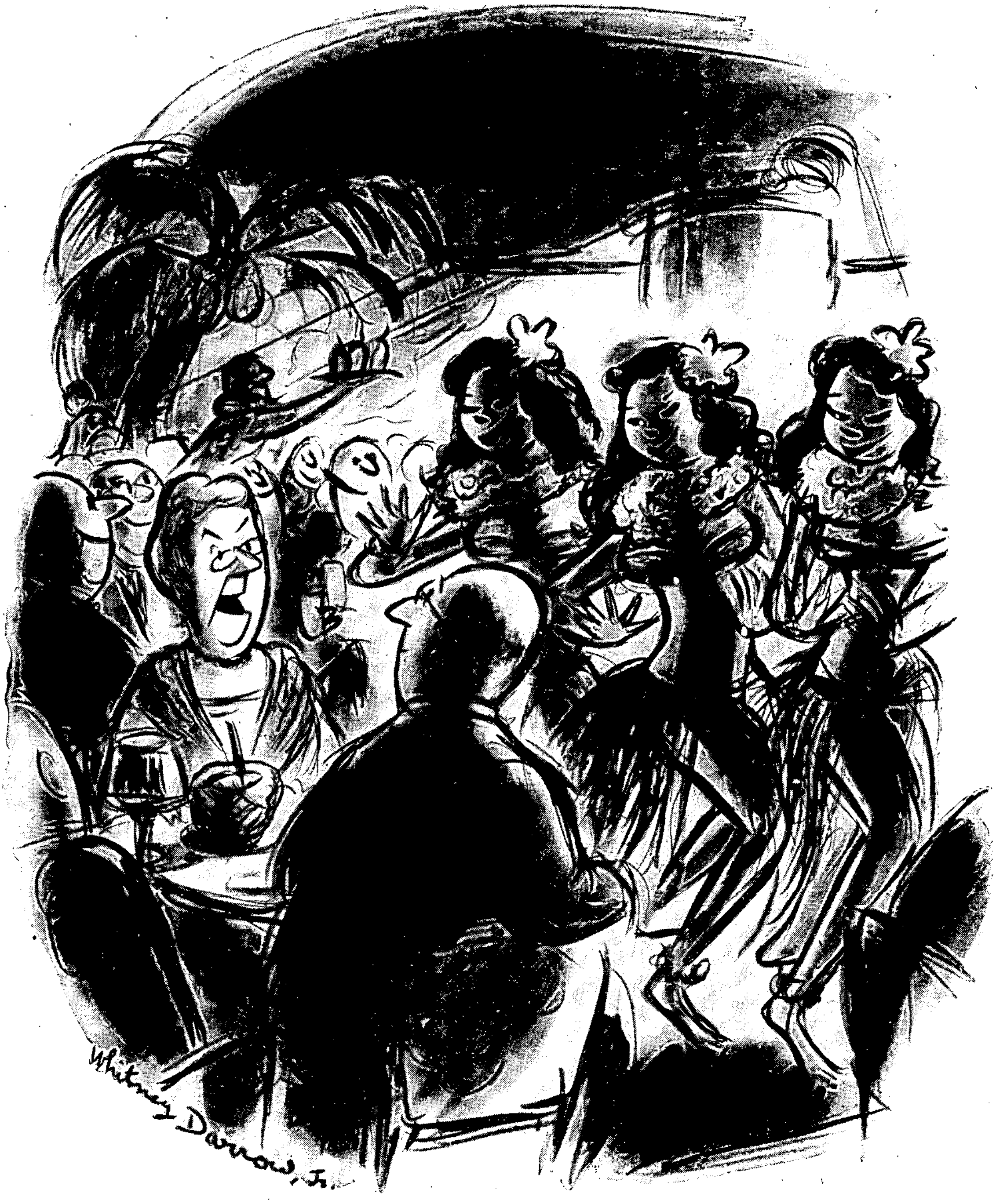
The youngster can't stop now. He's hooked."

"In the old days," said Mrs. Adams, "we used to treat scientific data rather simply. Now a battery of specialists goes over everything to eradicate the slightest error."

"Scientifically, the kids are hep," Mr. Svenson boomed. "Will TV operate underwater? We check before we turn in the manuscript. If anybody had overheard a phone talk I had with a rocket man about Tom's cosmic-ray altimeter, he'd have phoned the F.B.I."

"When I think of the harmless plots my father and Mr. Garis used to map out in our living room!" Mrs. Adams exclaimed, with a chuckle. "Mr. Garis would hide behind the sofa, pretending he was the skillery-scallery alligator. dry-gulching Uncle Wiggily, or Father would get behind a chair, pretending he was Dan Baxter dry-gulching Dick Rover."

"Everything is international spies now," said Mr. Svenson. "No dry-gulching."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"Well, if you ask me, they're not ready for statehood!"*

## *Obsolete*

A MAN brought a disabled pen to a repair shop and showed it to a girl behind the counter. "I'm sorry," she told him. "We can't replace the broken cap on your pen. We're out of stock on it, and won't be getting any more."

"But it's a hundred-year pen," the man said. "All its parts are guaranteed unconditionally for a hundred years."

"Quite right," said the girl, "but that particular model has been discontinued."

## *Lifeline*

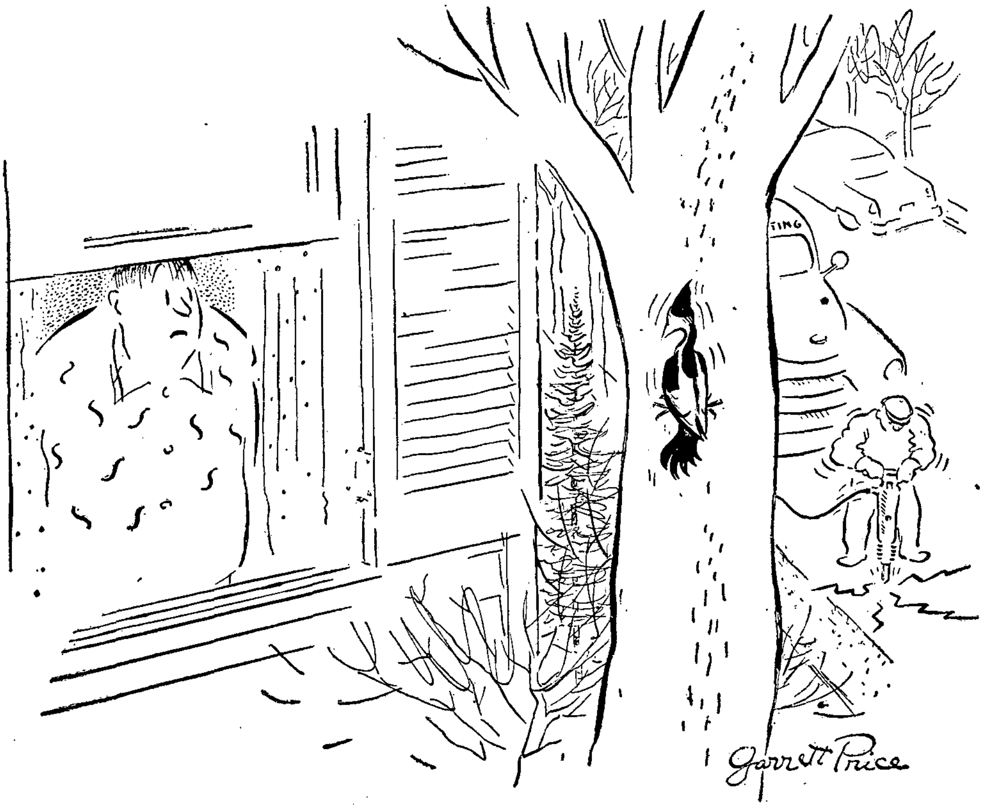
THE recent political dustup in Egypt is thought to have been caused in part by the continued failure of the Anglo-Egyptian talks on the Suez Canal Zone. We don't know the ins and outs of the zone question, but we do know a good deal about the canal itself, thanks chiefly to the fact that for the past year and a half it has had a representative here, and we have been to see him. His name is Claude E. Boillot, and he is a lively and urbane Frenchman of forty-three with a flawless English accent. He's the first permanent representative that the Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez has had in this country in the eighty-four years since Ferdinand de Lesseps, the man who dug the canal, cut the opening tape at Port Said. The office of the C.U.C.M.S. is on Broad Street, whither we journeyed for our talk with M. Boillot. He told us that he was sent here from the London office of the company, and has since done nothing but work, work, work. (London and Paris papers please copy.) "Part of my job is to inform America about the canal, and I must say the amount of misinformation about it is distressing," Boillot said. "Look at this tear sheet from one of your encyclopedias. Six errors. I wrote to them, and they thanked me. My main job, though, is to interest American shippers in the canal. Might someday be a lifeline of the American empire, you know.”

M. Boillot thereupon obligingly discharged straight at us a volley of facts on the order of those he discharges daily at American shippers. The canal, he said, is a hundred and four miles long, its channel is forty-five feet deep, and its average width at the surface is five hundred feet. It was cut through sand, and every year eroding banks do their best to fill it up again. So far, over three times as much sand has been taken from the canal as was there before it was dug. Tolls, which are based on a ship’s tonnage, have been cut twenty-six times since the canal was opened. If it weren’t for the canal, the cost of moving freight between Europe and Asia would be twice what it is. A ship sailing, say, from England to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope takes thirty-two days to complete the voyage; by way of the canal it takes twenty-one days. The three countries that make the most use of the canal are England, Norway, and the United States, in that order. About half of all the freight that passes through the canal is oil; the rest is largely grain, fruits, ores, and machinery.

The C.U.C.M.S., which was organized by de Lesseps in 1858, has its home office in Paris. Thanks to a magnificent flyer made by Disraeli in 1875, on behalf of his Queen, the British government owns forty-four per cent of the company’s capital stock. Shares are currently quoted on the Paris Bourse at around two hundred and fifty dollars a share; dividends paid last year amounted to twenty-five dollars a share. The company is run by a board of thirty-two directors, of whom only three are English. The rest are variously French, Egyptian, Dutch, and American. The Suez Canal Zone was established by the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936, and is altogether separate from the company, which maintains stoutly that it is on excellent terms with both England and Egypt.

M. Boillot told us that he joined the C.U.C.M.S. in 1934. “I knew it was *the* company in France,” he said. “A business with, thank goodness, none of this dreadful buying and selling. Since I spoke English, I was made third man in the London office. Summers, I went back to our family place in La Grand’ Combe, a village in the Jura Mountains. Our house there was built in 1636, the year Corneille produced ‘Le Cid.’ My father, who is professor emeritus of French Language and Literature at the University of Bristol, still lives there during the summer. My grandfather was a professor, too. Worked all his life standing up. The house is scattered with special desks he had made to stand at. Now we don’t know what to do with them.”

When the Second World War broke out, Boillot went on active duty with the French Army, and subsequently he was assigned as a liaison officer to the Fifth British Division—the very job that his father had held in the First World War. On being evacuated from Dunkirk to England, he joined the Royal Dragoons. “They were hellishly nice to me,” he said. “I expected to go in as an enlisted man, but they made me a second lieutenant. The Dragoons are the oldest British cavalry regiment. I am the second Frenchman to have been with the regiment since it was formed, in 1661. This is the Dragoons tie I’m wearing—blue, maroon, and gold. They packed me off to Edinburgh, and what do you think? I was put on a horse and trained in the use of the sword near a castle manned by troops armed with bows and arrows. Great people, the British! Then I was sent to the African desert to fight Rommel. I soon found I was in one of the finest regiments in the British Army. Three years later, I was called back to England to do counter-intelligence work. I parachuted into France twice. Occupied France was rather like Piccadilly Circus. People came and went at will. Of course, you had to be a bit careful.” When Boillot joined the Dragoons, it was suggested that, in order to protect his family in France, he had better change his name. “A chap in the War Office asked me if my name meant ‘to drink water,’ and I said that it did, more or less,” Boillot told us. “ ‘All right, then,’ he said, ‘you’re Drinkwater.’ ‘Won’t the Germans spot that?’ I asked. ‘Not at all,’ he said. ‘They’re too unimaginative.’ He was right. After the war, I learned that the Germans had two files—one on a man named Drinkwater, one on a man named Boillot. Occasionally, I run into an old Army friend and he’ll call me Drinkwater. I don’t correct him. Why bother? That was another life.”



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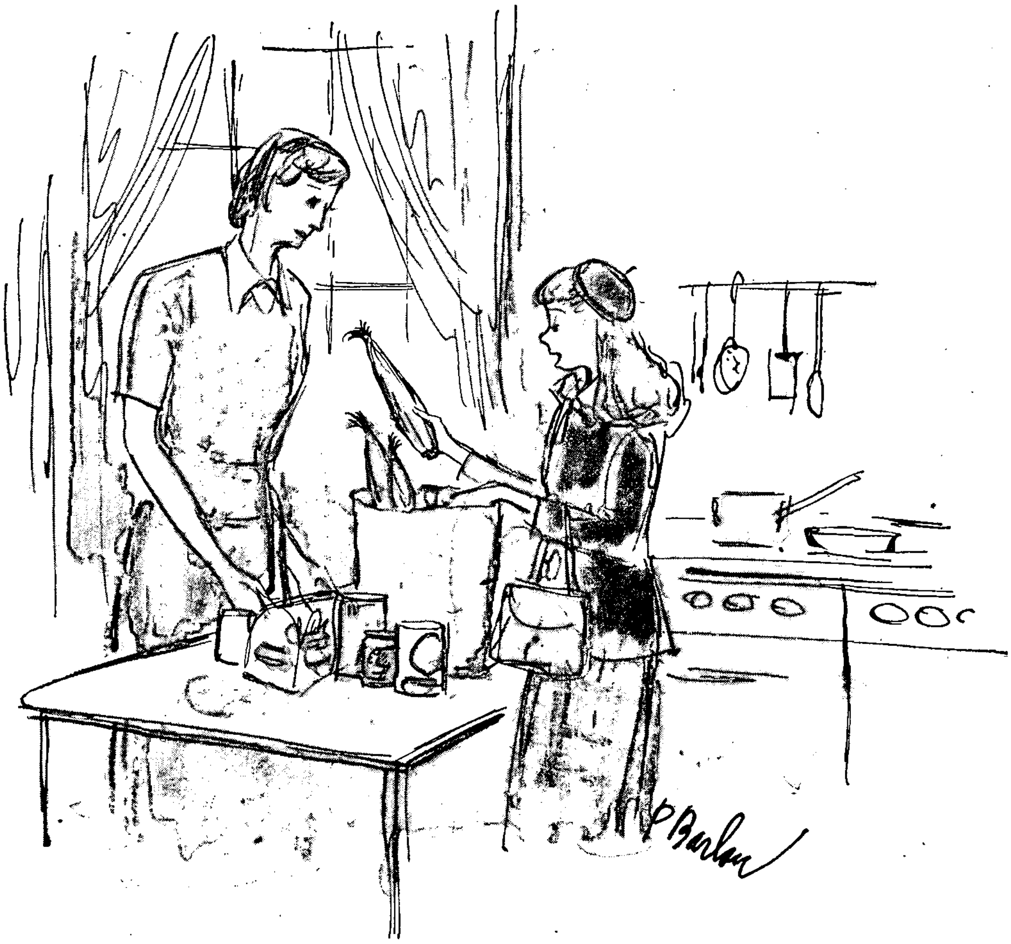
OVERHEARD at Stouffer’s: “Suddenly I feel so *old.* ‘The Thin Man’ is at the Museum of Modern Art.”

### *In a Dutch Garden*

THE International Flower Show, an old Grand Central Palace fixture held this year—its thirty-eighth—at the Kingsbridge Armory, in the Bronx, found us moving easily from the W. R.



*“All they had was the unfrozen kind.”*

Coe orchid garden, in a tropical setting, to six Garden Club of America “Our Garden Heritage” gardens, depicting gardens from the days of the American Indian to the days of the Garden Club of America. In front of a salt-box house (circa 1730), two ladies in fur coats were sprinkling herbs with two watering cans. “I think one more would do it, don’t you?” one said. Said the other, “I suspect somebody must have done this yesterday.” Past endless marigolds we went, past something like a hundred vases of roses and a statue called the Goddess of Roses, bearing blooms named Garnette Supreme, Better Times, Happiness, Golden Rapture, Little Princess, Pinocchio, and G.I. Joe, and came to the Dutch garden of Old Copper Mine Farms, of Plainfield, New Jersey. This contained hyacinths, tulips, and other Netherlands hardies, a cloudy canal, a large, revolving windmill, and a small, nonrevolving windmill cage out of which a couple of parakeets peered moodily. “I’m Hank Barnes, of Old Copper,” a man said to us. “I had eight carp in the canal, but they died. We had the funeral this morning. We have eight models of all-aluminum trellises—the Baron, the Duchess, Rose Queen, Fencemaster, the Princess, the Countess, Majestic, and Majestic Extension. Heat-resistant, noncorrosive, rotproof, and verminproof. We also sell orchids and orchidariums, terrace greenhouses, fertilizer, pruning knives, and seedbed heaters; Slugo, which attracts and kills snails, slugs, and all creeping bugs; and bottle openers from India, giant Swedish safety matches, pancake flippers, flower-bed birdbaths, tie racks, Bad Weather Bonnets, manicure sets, and Old Soak thermometer-barometers. Hank Barnes is my mail-order name. That’s what they call me at Old Copper.”

“What’s your real name?” we asked.

“Sol Zausner,” he said. “My brother Hy and I run a cheese-importing business, Veego Foods, under our own name. We import a third of all the Danish blue cheese sold in this country. Wholesale. Chain-store outlets. Old Copper is a sideline, but I love it. I invented a miniature greenhouse just for fun. We have a mail-order cheese business, too—the Old World Cheese House, of Hillside, New Jersey—which we run under the names of Alaine and Nord. I don’t know which of us is Alaine and which Nord. It sells packages of six different cheeses in plastic dishes, and a special blue-cheese salad dressing.”

“Any other businesses?” we asked.

“Zausner Foods, Incorporated, in Hillside—wholesale cheese—and Portion Foods, Incorporated, in Los Angeles,” Mr. Z. said. “Cheese for the West Coast. This is handled by my other brother, Nat. We also own two nursery-school camps—Wood-Lane Country Day Camp, in Irvington-on-Hudson, and Rolling Hills Country Day Camp, in Roslyn. Children from three to five in the winter, and up to fourteen in the summer. Four hundred in each camp. Splendid teachers and councillors.”

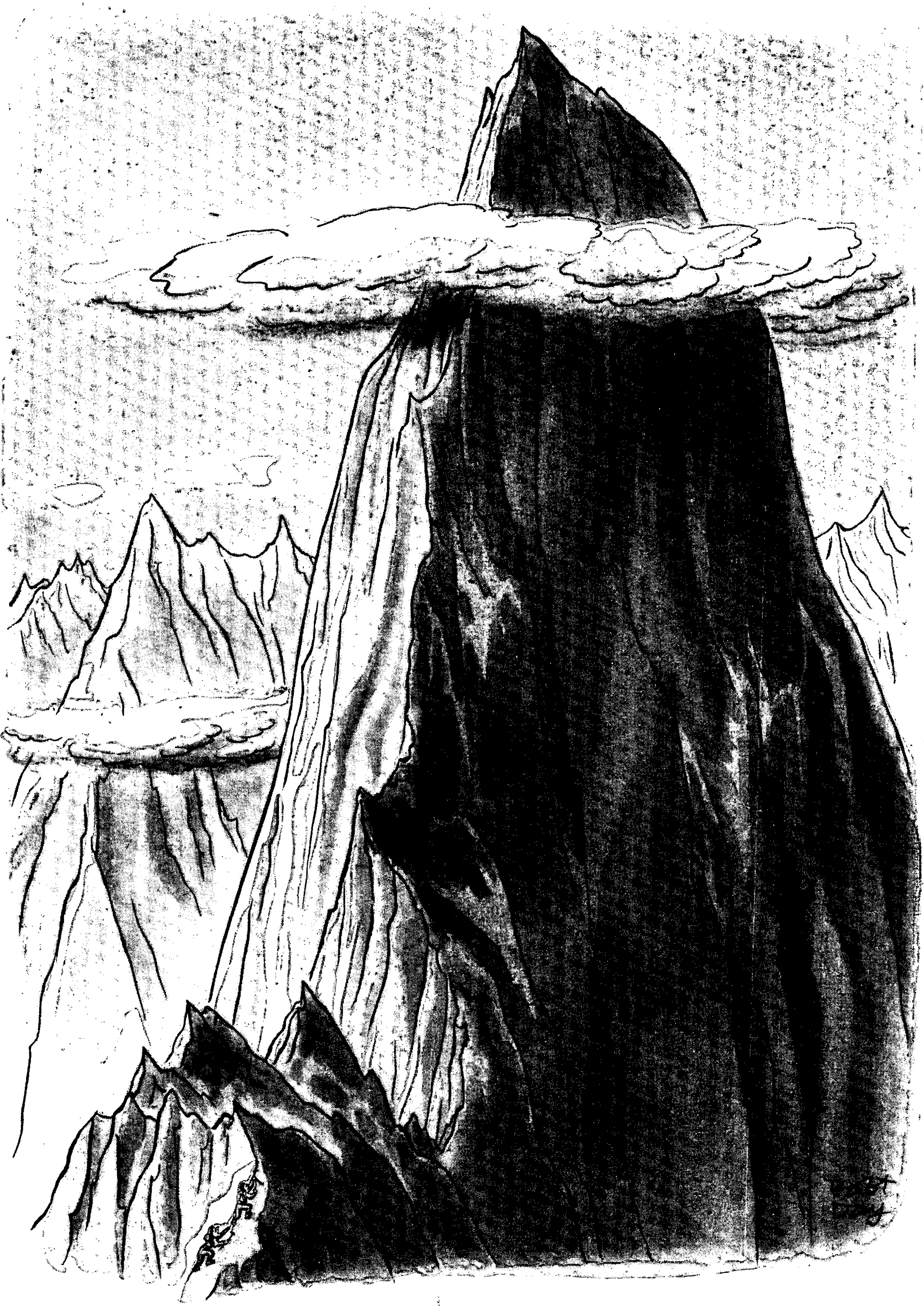
“Anything else?” we asked.

“Well,” said Mr. Z., “I own some taxpayers in New Jersey and I’m planning to build a shopping center opposite Old Copper. I have thirty-five acres there and three lakes full of bass. I can’t imagine why I didn’t put bass in the canal instead of buying those carp. I’m sure bass would have done better.”

We went on to the display of the New York-New Jersey Carnation Growers Association, where Chris Rissmeyer, an instructor in the Long Island Agricultural and Technical Institute’s School of Horticulture, said, “My dad, a horticulturist, made me weed so much as a boy, in Bremen, that I decided to become a sailor, because there are no weeds in the ocean, and look at me now,” but somehow it seemed an anticlimax, and we took the subway to the Grand Central Oyster Bar and ordered a melted-cheese on gluten toast.

## *Me, Too*

A FRIEND of ours went to the uptown office of the Director of Internal Revenue last week to iron out some procedural questions on his tax form, and as he entered the door, he ran into a friend of *his*, a lady of substance. Her walk was determined and her jaw was set. He greeted her and asked whether she, too, had come for help in preparing her return. “I have *not*,” she said. “I’ve come to ask about my refund. Everybody else in my building has one.”



*"Hey, George, why can't we just fake the last couple of chapters?"*

# OUT OF SEASON

CAROLINE HUNTER has everything. Nobody in Johannesburg says it grudgingly; everybody likes Caroline—she has that, too. "The only thing Carrie has missed in life is wanting something she can't have," I remember Greta Falk's saying to me one day, and we both laughed.

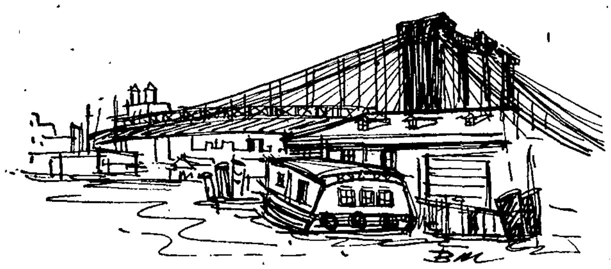
Greta spoke without envy, because she happens to be one of those curious people who truly, sincerely have a taste only for what everyone else does not seem to want—one of those people, normal themselves, who are a gift to the misfits of this world, animate and inanimate; who conduct successful love affairs with men or women so neurotic or repulsive that no one else could tolerate them; who serenely endure lengthy marriages with partners so dull that others can scarcely bear with them for an evening; who buy houses in which no one else would be comfortable, in areas where no one else would care to live. Greta is an Austrian who came to South Africa as a young woman with an attractive and charming husband; he immediately established himself as a successful lawyer, and Greta left him for a weedy, myopic flute player in the municipal orchestra, who has never married her.

I agreed with Greta's remark about Carrie without envy, because apparently I am one of those women who have always been resigned to the limitations of their lot. The fact that I even use the word "lot," connoting life as something apportioned, arbitrarily limited at different levels for individual beings, will tell you all about me. I am the kind known as "a wonderful person"—person, mark you, not woman, for that might suggest a splendid femininity, something enviable. "Lottie's a wonderful person," my friends say, and they mean that I am as likable, cheerful, and uncomplaining now—with my sickly, irascible, and unsuccessful husband, whom I have had to support for many years, and my two sons, whom I have managed to bring up with almost as much indulgence as my rich friends have lavished on theirs—as I was when we were girls and everyone was sincerely pleased that I managed to find a husband in spite of my prematurely matronly figure, my thin hair, and my good-natured, comedian's elongated jaw, inherited from my father, which was, alas, all he had to leave me.

It so happens that Greta Falk was one of the two women invited, along with me, to lunch at Caroline's last month. The other was Dolly Best, and she, I might add, would never envy anyone anything but the capacity to find something enviable; *she* is one of those women—rich, of course—who never have been able to find anything they really wanted. When we were young, Dolly had the money, the freedom, the European tours everyone else longed for; she married a man whose face, intellect, and position in society were what she knew to be the ideal of her friends. By now, she has tried the bearing of children, good works, a career, a lover—everything that she has observed transforming the lives of her friends into ecstasy or despair. All this, she has coolly noted, has touched her no deeper than the mauve or blue rinse with which her hairdresser changes the appearance of her now fading hair from one week to the next.

Caroline rather likes these ladies' lunches of hers. I know that every few months I am invited, and when I go, I usually find a similar group of old friends—such as Greta and Dolly and I were that day—who seldom meet anywhere else. For Dolly and Caroline and I were "girls together" and we have all known Greta since we were young women. You will hear in the typical abbreviation of our names the unmistakable ring of our generation; we are the Dollys and Carries and Lotties of the twenties. Of us all, Caroline has undoubtedly worn the best. Greta was once as good-looking as she, but Greta now has the perpetually strained look of the woman who has determinedly put herself just outside the milieu to which she belongs, and besides, at forty-four, hair has suddenly shown itself above her beautiful mouth; middle age has given Greta a mustache. Dolly was never particularly pretty, except for her eyes—their shrewd, dreary look of appraisal is all that is left of them now—and she wears the makeup and the clothes that busy cosmeticians and couturiers choose for her. And I— well, ugly women often seem to improve with the years, since middle age has little to take away from them anyway, so one might say that the contrast between Caroline and myself is no greater, if no less, than it has ever been. At forty-six, I am perhaps less offensively plain than I was at twenty-six—that is all. As with most homely businesswomen, the improvement brought about in my appearance by well-fitting clothes and careful hairdressing is not due to any illusion that I may after all be able to make myself more attractive as a woman, but is merely intended to make me less offensive in the eyes of my customers and my employers. I am well aware that I have always looked rather like a horse; and I don't mind nearly so much as I used to.

THAT day we gathered to lunch with Caroline, she was looking beautiful. Greta Falk and I had both come from our offices, with hastily washed hands and hastily powder-dabbed noses; Dolly, who was there before us and already sipping a sherry, had let her hairdresser arrange her hair in a way that was meant for somebody else's face. But Caroline smelled as if she had bathed at her leisure in roses, and her hands fascinated me—each oval, pale, shining nail fresh as the inside of a sea shell against her smooth-fleshed fingers, the ring with the amethysts and the two pear-shaped diamonds (from her first husband) perfectly in place on her right hand, and the new, thin platinum wedding band never slipping from its proper level between white knuckle and white joint on her left hand. They were hands that did nothing; they lived, like cats, in her lap. Caroline wore, as usual, one of those low-cut dresses that showed off her neck—lovely still, though the clear flesh had thickened and softened, and it trembled very slightly when she swallowed—and the first swell of her breasts was still small, though the curve was the immobile one of artifice. She had had her hair cut very short since any of us had seen her last. "But it's been this way for four months!" she exclaimed disbelievingly when we spoke of it. Yet it was true; we hadn't seen her for four months, then. "One just doesn't realize how time flies," said Greta helplessly.



THE truth of it was that since Caroline's remarriage she had withdrawn a little from her old friends and from certain aspects of her old

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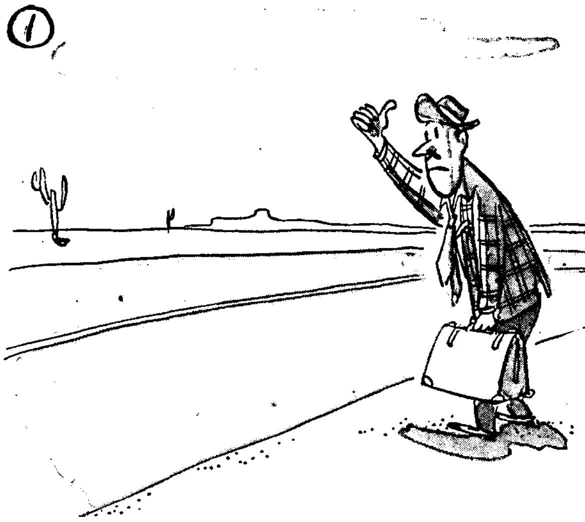

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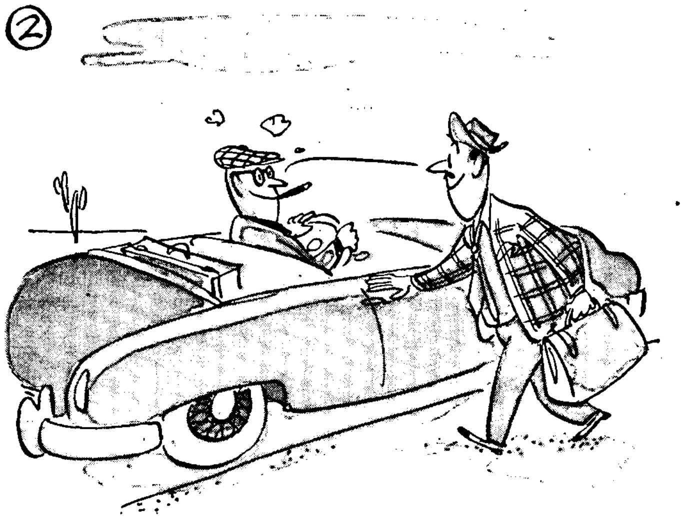


way of life. I thought that I detected her consciousness of this in her disbelieving tone, her look of innocence, and I found something rather touching in the embarrassment at the back of the subterfuge; Caroline, at forty-seven, thought it might seem a little ridiculous to let the old friends of her girlhood and first marriage realize that she had gone through all over again, out of season, that period of withdrawal from the world that comes at the beginning of life with the beloved.

Yet though Greta's commonplace remark remained uncommented on and, for a moment or two, everyone sipped at her sherry, the fact was there, rising up in the minds of all of us. Caroline had secured for herself again what the rest of us had put behind us, if we ever had had it at all.

At twenty, Caroline had married William Dalberg, a man fourteen years older than herself, who adored and indulged her. They had two sons and a life of ease and happiness, and by no stretch of sensibility could she be said to have suffered any denial by reason of the difference in years, except that because William reached middle age fourteen years before she did, she was left without him fourteen years sooner than she should have been, for he died suddenly of one of those businessmen's diseases, which decree that such men shall have only half a lifetime. He left her as rich as he had kept her while he lived, and, being a beautiful woman who had enjoyed life, she soon consoled herself and began to enjoy it again. She had two love affairs that I know of, and several times there were rumors that she was about to marry again, always some suitable man, mature, of social stature—in fact, a replacement of William. But she never did marry any of them, and in the meantime her sons grew up. Then, two years ago, at a houseparty given by one of her young daughters-in-law, Caroline met Gideon Hunter, a thirty-one-year-old Canadian who had been to Cambridge and had once sailed from somewhere to somewhere (I forget the details, but know they were adventurous) in a ketch he had built himself. They became lovers, and after a year the young man went back to Canada. There was nothing broken or tragic about Caroline after what everyone took to be the breakup of this rather curious affair. But then, why should there have been? Caroline had had affairs before, and was wise enough to know how to take them and how to leave them. She continued to go to her usual parties and on her usual holidays, and had her usual number and variety of escorts—men her own age again, or older. And then, six months ago, Gideon Hunter came back from Canada, and Caroline invited some people to one of her cocktail parties, at which the guests discovered that Gideon Hunter and Caroline were married—had been married that morning. (I was not invited to the party, but by noon the next day half a dozen people had said to me, "Have you heard . . .?")

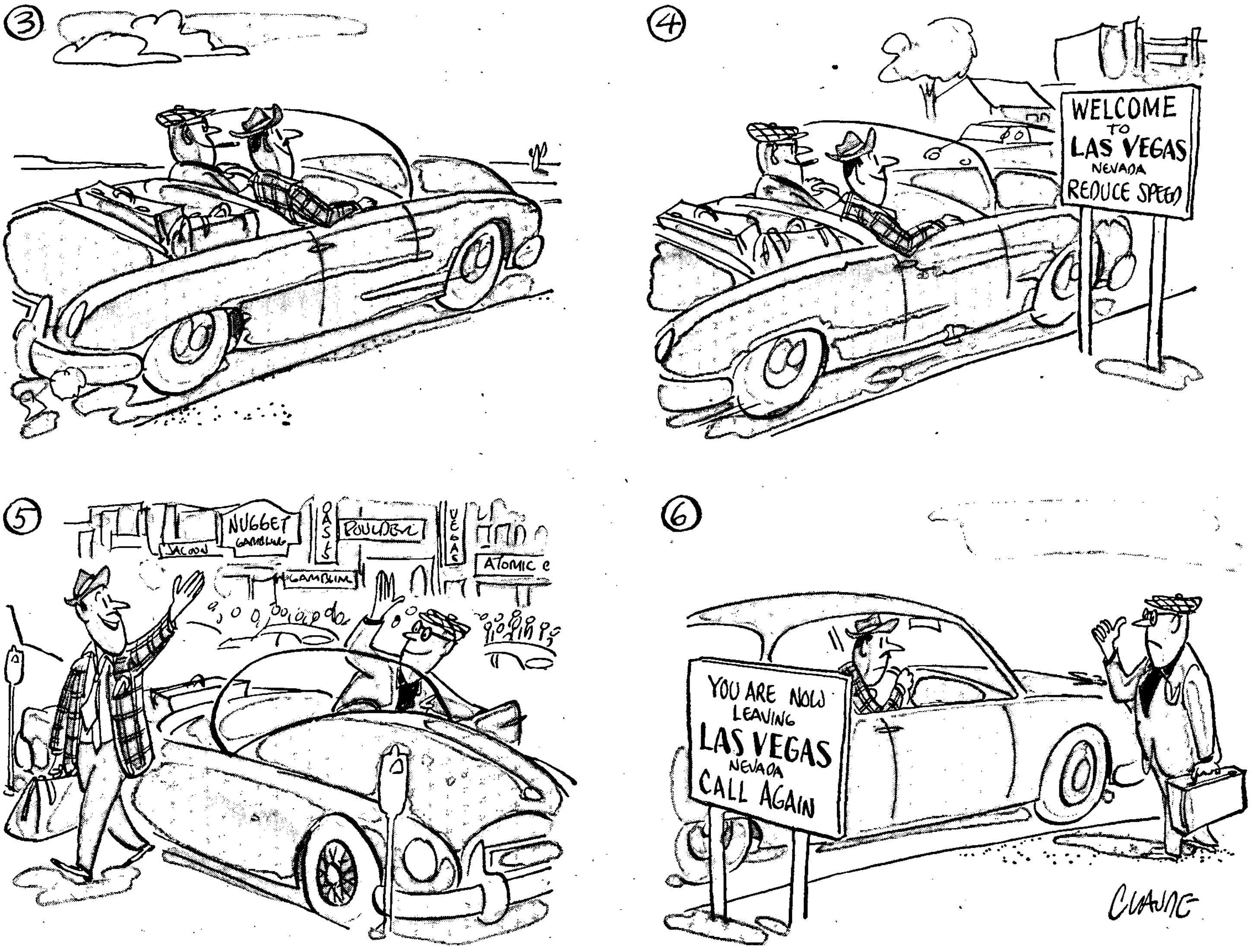
Within a few weeks, all of us who had not done so already met Gideon. After one met him, all that one had said or prevented oneself from saying, and all that one had been unable to prevent oneself from thinking, was silenced. Gideon was attractive, undoubtedly a personality, undoubtedly sound and likable. He was not even, it appeared, a penniless young man; he did not have the wealth of Caroline, of course, but he had a very good position with a firm importing chemicals and, in addition, represented a chemical factory owned by his family in Quebec.

"How's Bunny?" asked Caroline now, turning to Greta, perhaps merely because Greta's remark about the flight of time had remained dangling in the air but perhaps also, subconsciously, to make a move of cozy, indulgent solidarity toward Greta, who, too, had made her choice of a man in defiance of probability. If there was a pleasant guilt in the confidential turn of Caroline's soft body, there was also gentle triumph; she and Greta had something shared, from which Dolly Best and I were automatically excluded. Shared? But how could one compare the possession of Bunny, the flute player, with his myopia and his delicate stomach, with the possession of a Gideon Hunter! No, Caroline's kindness, her desire not to appear too singularly fortunate in the eyes of her poorly endowed friends, succeeded only in emphasizing the nature of the gap between their lives and her own. Her face, as she nodded interestedly in reply to Greta's account of an argument the flute player had had with his conductor, had the look of the child in the schoolyard who pretends that the cake he is turning over in his mouth is the same as the bread his companions are munching.

"It really is a disgrace. This is no country for an artist, you know, Greta, my dear." Caroline said. She smiled inquiringly at Dolly and me. (Caroline still has her own teeth, I saw, though they look thinner, sharper on the edges than I remember them when we were young.) "Sherry, anyone? Come along, Lottie."

WHILE she filled our glasses, Caroline went on, "Greta, he should go overseas, shouldn't he?"

"Of course," said Greta, raising her strongly marked, handsome eyebrows and letting her shoulders fall, as if she saw before her eyes the thin, reedy genius of her lover, cast down in waste. And we all accepted the tacit deceit,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WELCOME TO LAS VEGAS NEVADA REDUCE SPEED
5
SALOON
NUGGET GAMBLING
GAMBLING
OASIS
POULDER
VEGAS
ATOMIC
6
YOU ARE NOW LEAVING LAS VEGAS NEVADA CALL AGAIN
CLAUDE

though all of us, including Greta, knew that it would be quite impossible for the flute player to live anywhere but where Greta could help to support him.

"Aren't they good?" said Caroline gaily as she saw me lean forward to help myself to another canapé. "I've gone quite mad about them since we tasted them at the Barlows'. Gideon wants them made every evening."

"How is Gideon, anyway?" said Dolly, sounding bored. Dolly has a horror of the polite social formula of inquiring after the health of various members of a family, and when she feels compelled to get it over with, it always shows in her voice.

Caroline had risen to ring for a servant. She paused with her hand on the bell, smiling. The flesh of her neck pinkened slightly. "Oh, wonderful," she said. "He's in Rhodesia, you know. Flew up on Wednesday week."

"Oh, he's not here?" Greta said.

"Really?" I said. "That's interesting. Perhaps he'll see Donnie up there. Donnie and Isabel are spending three weeks with Isabel's people in Salisbury." Donnie is my elder son.

Caroline had rung the bell, but she continued to linger at the wall for a moment, as if not wanting to deflect the turn of the conversation from something that pleased her so much. "No, Lottie, I'm afraid not. I don't think he's going to Salisbury this time. He'll probably stay in Bulawayo, and then go straight up to Ndola and the Copper Belt. Perhaps even to the Belgian Congo."

"I think I'd like to go to Elisabethville sometime," Dolly was saying. "They tell me it's gay. Probably overrated. South Africans have only got to go somewhere where they hear French or Portuguese instead of English and they'll come back and tell you it's gay. Look at Lourenço Marques—wretched, provincial little town."

"But the bullfight!" said Greta. "The bullfight!"

"Oh, I don't think you'd be disappointed in the Belgian Congo," said Caroline. "Gid's been to Elisabethville several times, and he found it charming. Very European."

"But he likes Lourenço Marques, doesn't he?" said Dolly.

"Well, so do I," Caroline admitted, with a laugh. "I'm afraid Europe hasn't spoiled me at all."

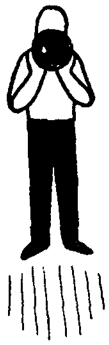
"How long will Gideon be away, Carrie?" I asked.

"A month, at least," she said, pulling a little face, "He's been gone nearly two weeks already. He's so funny. One day I get a letter telling me how beastly it is and how he can't stick it, and then he phones me—he phoned me on Saturday at some absurd hour in the morning—and says how delightful the people are and how the only problem is to get any sleep at all."

Greta and I laughed with her.

WHILE we were talking, one of Caroline's servants appeared at the door in answer to her summons. "Wilson," she said, smiling, "tell cook to try and be prompt, please. Two of my guests have to get back to their offices. Tell her we're ready now." To Greta and me, she added, "I know how awful it is to eat against time."

The African, in his stiffly pressed white suit, was trying to attract Caroline's attention to a bundle of letters he had put down on a small table. "Oh, thank you, Wilson," she said, snatching up the bundle as he left the room. "Bills, bills . . ." She smiled at us out of her beautiful green eyes, which are still, in their framework of mascaraed lashes and faintly bluish, greased lids, so bright that they seem faceted. Her fingers dealt deftly with the thin envelopes, stopped. "Ah, a letter," she said. "It's Gid." She took a step or two back, and leaned against the mantel. "D'you mind if I have a quick look?"



"Oh, do, do!" "Of course not." We all murmured away her apologies.

"Look at this." She was smiling, the delicate movement under her lowered eyelids showing her progress over the page. "He *is* going to Salisbury, Lottie, so I'll tell him about Donnie and Isabel. . . . And he's changed his hotel. . . . This one much better. Met some delightful people called— What is this? Wellfeet, or Wellfleet—I can't make it out. Knew his mother in Canada. . . . That's about all." And then she began to read from the letter: "Next time I have to come up, you really must come with me. On Sunday, I spent the whole day on a magnificent farm about sixty miles out—sat in a garden blazing with every imaginable color, rode, when it was cool, a white mare Angus brought out for himself specially, from England. Lovely creature. Then in the evening we swam, and the sky was smoky with pink light—can't describe it. Little night club on Saturday also very good, rather drunken. And the business side goes swimmingly. I really was wise to come; personal contact is the thing. We'll come up again together in September. I miss you terribly and I want you in my arms—" Caroline broke off, giving a little guilty, dismissing shrug, a giggle, as though she had let out a hiccup instead of an indiscretion. We three guests tried to look as if we were not looking at her—as if we had not heard. I saw the dent in Greta's chin deepen a moment—was she suppressing a tremble?—and, strangely, at the corners of Dolly's mouth there was a little wry smile, an admiring, reluctant recognition, as if she had met a ghost when she didn't believe in ghosts. Caroline smilingly bit her underlip in apology but not in embarrassment. And then, like a woman who has so many jewels that she can afford to be careless of them, she put the letter lightly aside on a chest of drawers near her hand and led us in to lunch, talking and laughing. Sitting opposite her, I watched her, at the head of her beautiful table, in her beautifully proportioned dining room, direct the serving of a dish of game that scented the room with wine.

"Really, Carrie," said Dolly, "this duck is quite remarkable."

"Caroline *always* has the most wonderful cooks," said Greta, in the tone of a simple statement of incontrovertible fact. "That's all there is to it." And Caroline, exquisitely fair and well preserved, delicately animated by the sherry that had coarsened the faces of Greta, Dolly, and me, laughed and deprecated with the pleasing modesty of the unassailable.

IN the middle of the pleasant feminine companionability of our luncheon, I was thoroughly irritated to find myself attacked by one of my bouts of hay fever; it may have been caused by some unfamiliar herb in the food. At any rate, I had to excuse myself from the table and go to the living room to get from my handbag the phial of pills I carry in anticipation of one of these attacks. I took a pill and sat down on a sofa, closing my streaming eyes and trying to control my desire to sneeze. After a few minutes, the attack subsided, and I took out my powder compact to conceal the tear marks left on my face. I had the feeling of idle exhaustion that comes after the relief of some physical discomfort, and as I strolled slowly across the room toward the door, I stopped at the chest of drawers to look at myself in the mirror that hung above it. Caroline's letter from her young husband lay open on the chest, and I glanced down at it. The last page lay on top, and there was his signature—"Gideon." I studied it a moment, as if the sight of the signature, the symbol of this young man revealed to my eyes, might also convey what it was to have a young man like that in one's life—to know him, in love. And because one's eye is trained in the habit of running along a line of print or writing, I read the last lines of the letter, without guilt or a sense of what I was doing; in any case, they were the lines that Caroline had read aloud: "Next time I have to come up, you really must come with me. On Sunday, I spent the whole day on a magnificent farm about sixty miles out—sat in a garden blazing with every imaginable color, rode, when it was cool, a white mare Angus brought out for himself specially, from England. Lovely creature. Then in the evening we swam, and the sky was smoky with pink light—can't describe it. Little night club on Saturday also very good, rather drunken. And the business side goes swimmingly. I really was wise to come; personal contact is the thing. We'll come up again together in September. Love, Gideon."

That was all. I read it again, because there was something about it that bothered me—bothered my ear with a certain lack, or difference, like a phrase of music in which a note is silent.

And when I read it again, I saw that, indeed, that was all.

As I walked back into the dining room, Caroline's beautiful face, hardly spoiled by the fans of fine skin opening and closing at the corners of her eyes, welcomed me with pleasure and concern. "Darling, are you all right?" she was saying. "Darling—but *can't* you do something about it?"

—Nadine Gordimer

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## VERNAL EQUINOX

The astronomer's announcement
Comes too early in this latitude. The steam
Still wakes us up, knocking in the pipes at dawn;
And though, hard by the pretty cashier,
Bud forth a dozen hothouse pussy willows,
Outdoors the frozen earth denies insemination.

But all celebration's bent
Not toward what is but what's implied. In the extreme
Of winter, then, we dance out the tune "Winter's Gone,"
And though, about the chilly hemisphere,
A dozen blizzards bite out icy furrows,
Above, the very stars witness our expectation.

—John Balcomb

# UNDER THE BIG MAGNOLIA TREE

THE high school I went to was three miles from where I lived. In my freshman year, I used to ride there on my bike. It was a Whitbury, black, with the steering column silver, and delicate silver arrows on the frame. I am aware that I am making it sound good, but it was really a second-rate bike; whenever anyone asked what kind it was and I said "A Whitbury," they always said "A what?" I had wanted a Dayton, all copper frame, but a Dayton cost eight dollars more.

At first, I used to make it to school in about fifteen minutes. Being a Yankee in Memphis, I had few friends—none in my part of town—so I rode alone. There were no stop lights then, traffic was thin, I knew the hills I could coast down, and I made pretty good time. I was a military courier on most of my trips. On a few, I was a bicycle road racer. But by the end of that year I had worn out the courier and road-racing dodges, and I simply rode to school, going slower and slower, dawdling, trying to find something interesting along the way.

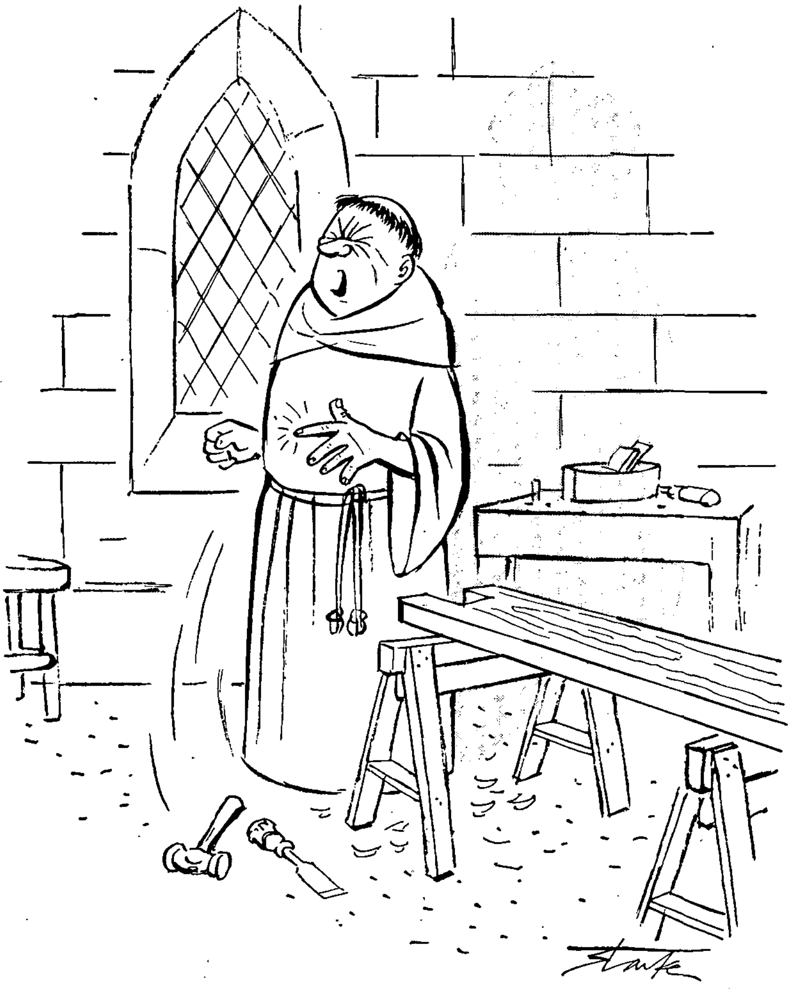
I found it, all right—one hot fall morning at the beginning of my sophomore year. I was trying to see how slowly I could ride, no hands, along a streetcar track when I saw a girl. She was walking, and she walked like a colored laundress with a bundle on her head—erect, languid, graceful. My front wheel slipped into the metal rut beside the track, then my hind wheel, and I began tipping over before I looked away from her. I caught myself, my foot stamping on the pavement. She glanced at me, and I rode on furiously.

I carried an Ingersoll dollar watch then, but I was so flustered I didn't think to notice the time. I looked at the clock when I got to school, and I figured it must have been about twenty past eight when I saw her. I remembered the place exactly—in front of a barbershop in what would now be called a shopping district, on a street named Crosstown. The next morning at twenty minutes past eight, I was riding slowly, two hands, along Crosstown past the barbershop. I didn't see her. I didn't see her for three days, and then she was too far away to follow.

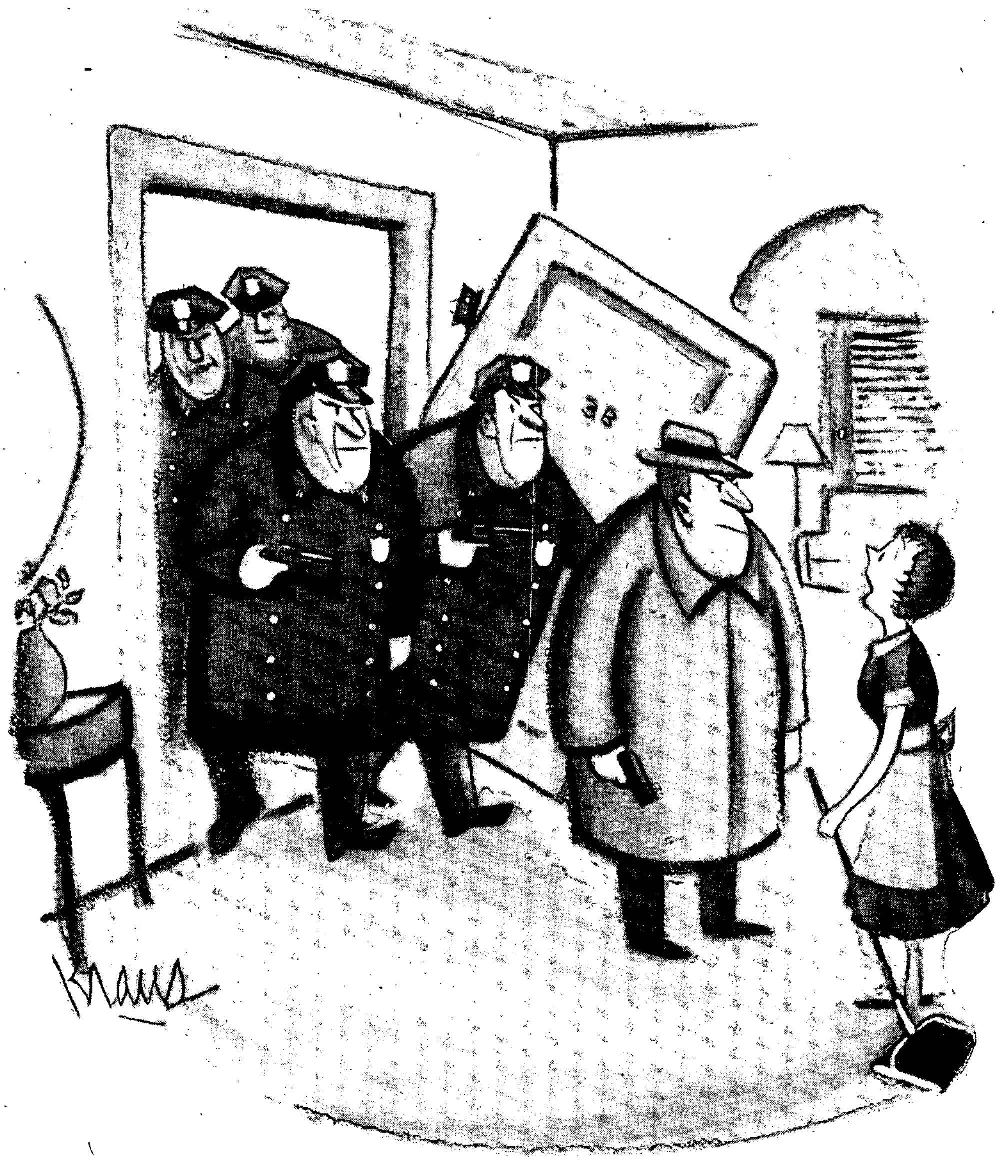
Central—my high school—was a big one, with fifteen hundred pupils. I figured she went there, but during those three days I didn't run into her once in the halls when classes changed. Away from school, mornings were my only chance, because I was going out for football in the afternoons. At fifteen, I was six feet one and weighed a hundred and forty-five pounds, some of it muscle. I had an appetite like a boa constrictor, and my idea of a little snack between meals was a quart of milk and a loaf of raisin bread. But I couldn't seem to gain weight. I might have made a rickety end, but I was slow on my feet, so they were playing me at second-string center. I thought that if they would use me at end, and somebody would throw me a pass in some tense last quarter with the score tied, I might catch it and go down the field and make a touchdown in front of her. And if I did that, I felt I could merely walk up to her and say "Hi." Centers, however, are buried under guards and tackles, and have no opportunities.

I did what I could. I was put into one of the early games of the season, against a team from Tunica, Mississippi, because our regular center had tired in the heat, which was around ninety-five. The Tunica center was the kind of boy you see sometimes in the country. He was six feet seven inches tall and he weighed two hundred and sixty pounds. He was in his own way a good deal of the time, and his only value was that he was awesome. His coach must have told him to fall on the opposing center as soon as the ball was snapped. He fell on me just once—I felt as if I were squirting out like toothpaste—and after that when I snapped the ball, I jumped back. He crashed to the earth steadfastly every time, and I would run up and stand on him, scanning the play as from a little hill. The Tunica coach must have noticed me abusing his big boy at last, because he talked to the referee, who put me out of the game for dirty play. When I trotted to the sidelines, two thousand people roared with laughter. On the next Monday morning, I saw her just beyond the barbershop, and I crept past her, watching her covertly, hoping that she might give me a little memorial laugh, but she didn't.

The problem was to get her to notice me someway or other. She was in none of my classes, so I judged her to be a junior or a senior, and that was an added burden. I bicycled slowly past her about three times a week, wondering if I dared steer into one of the rocking Crosstown streetcars and come staggering away from my bent bike with spectacular bruises, but I had built up a belief in



*"Unus, duo, tres, quattuor, quinque, sex . . ."*



*"The Jacksons have moved. I'm Mrs. Murdock."*

her serenity to the point where I feared she would not notice even blood.

I QUIT going out for football and I quit riding to school. The coach did not plead with me to keep on playing. Walking meant that I had to start for school at least half an hour earlier. I saved up my allowance and bought a little alarm clock, and bounced out of bed at seven o'clock sharp.

Afoot, I could synchronize my movements with hers very delicately, and I did. I would make the corner of Crosstown and Madison, out of which I had learned she came, at eight o'clock, and would lurk around, looking in store windows and waiting at streetcar stops, until I saw her turn off Madison onto Crosstown. Then I would stalk her, keeping about thirty feet behind, out Crosstown to Union Avenue. At Union, there used to be a vast vacant lot crossed by a diagonal path. She took the path, and I followed, and as we walked between tall weeds and under the branches of a clump of willow trees that grew there, I would sometimes move up to as close as ten feet. She never looked around or gave any sign of knowing she was being followed.

Skirts were short then. She wore black silk stockings, and, on mature consideration, I believe she had one of the three most beautiful pairs of legs I have ever seen. I hoped, of course, she would turn her ankle or get scared by a cottonmouth (I had never seen one inside the city limits) or drop a pencil I could return to her, tipping my cap, but nothing happened all winter and all spring. I just followed her.

I had not especially minded quitting football, because I had one other possibility of gaining the fame that I felt would give me confidence. I was a swimmer. I had won ten or a dozen sprint races the summer before, and among a small coterie of younger boys I was regarded as a champion. However, in Memphis fame did not come from winning fifty-yard races. It came from winning the annual ten-mile swim in the Mississippi River. The participants would board the Kate Adams, a majestic old side-wheeler, at the foot of Beale Street, and ride ten miles up the river. Then they would gather on the round stern of the Kate, wearing black silk suits, their limbs glistening with olive oil. A gun would crack, and they would dive in. A hundred yards downstream would be a group of rowboats, one for each of the swimmers, who would head for them as fast as possible. It was the job of the rowers of the boats to guide the swimmers down the river. Finding the main current of the Mississippi in a rowboat is not easy, and unless you kept in the current, you had little chance of placing in the race. I had heard of men whose rowers blundered into the slack water near the Arkansas shore, where the unhappy contestants spent hours climbing over floating logs and inhaling long streamers of green slime.

At the time I was in high school, the ten-mile swim was won monotonously every year by a timber sawyer from the Wolf River bottoms named Willie Farris. He used an English overarm side stroke, and the reason he rode a crosscut saw all winter, he said, was to strengthen his belly muscles for his scissors kick. I had beaten Willie many times in short races, and I believed I could beat him in the long one, because I swam a crawl, which was a new and mysterious stroke then, and because even a mediocre crawl can beat a side stroke, no matter how magnificent. But in the end I did not swim in the race. It was not that I feared losing it. What kept me out of it was the silt. After the swimmers had been in the river a couple of hours, silt would seep in under their eyelids. When they finished, their eyes were bugged out and swollen like a bullfrog's. I didn't like that, and in spite of the fact that the race might bring me fame, I decided not to enter it.

But when summer came and school let out, I had, through some painfully casual sleuthing, and by concocting false friendships with girls I didn't like, found out her name, which was Helen, and her age, which was eighteen, and I thought that by then she knew I had been following her. These were the only real accomplishments of my sophomore year that I can remember. Since I was sixteen, the discovery of her age depressed me profoundly, and I came very near giving her up entirely. She was old enough to go out with college men, and I guessed she probably did—horribly, lasciviously knowledgeable drunkards from Virginia, Sewanee, and Washington and Lee, in twenty-one-inch bell-bottom trousers. So I glumly took up my summer job as lifeguard at the municipal pool, occasionally fishing out children and fat ladies, and acquiring an almost Mexican tan, until an item on the sports page of the *Commercial Appeal* revived my interest in fame and Helen.

THE item said that the Southeastern Association A.A.U. Swimming Championships were to be held at Memphis that summer. This meant some fairly big-time sprint races. I paid my entry fee of a dollar each for the fifty- and hundred-yard dashes, and went into training. Training didn't mean giving up anything. Compared to my enemies the college men, I was a disgustingly clean youth. I didn't smoke and I didn't drink alcoholic drinks. All I did by way of training was swim miles and take in about a gallon of milk every day.

I won the fifty and took second in the hundred, and as I was the only Memphis swimmer to win any medals, my picture was in the paper four days running. This ought to do it, I thought.

The lifeguards at the municipal pool sat on mushrooms of concrete facing the deep water. Being a guard gave you a certain cachet, but only among the patrons of the pool. Forward young girls would sometimes reach up and pull at your toes if they stuck over the edge, but you paid no attention to that even when the girls were pretty. One day, I turned and saw Helen, alone, in a black suit, lying on the sand back of the shallow end. I looked at her every few seconds for half an hour, and at last, excited and despairing, I jumped down, swam to the shallows, waded through the screaming children there, and walked up to her, with a dry mouth and a pounding in my ears. I said, "Hi, Helen."

She said, "Hah you, Allin. Sure is hot."

I fell down in the sand beside her. She said I sure was a good swimmer, winnin' all those races. I said thanks. She asked me if I was going to the Treadwells' dance the next week. I said I was. There was more of this kind of talk for about ten minutes, and at last, hating her because if she had not existed I would not have been in the agonizing position of trying to say something I didn't know how to say (that she was fairer than the evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars; I read poetry then), and perhaps, in my hatred and frustration, achieving a saturnine curtness she found not unattractive, I said, "I want a date with you."

Immediately, she was lost in calculation. "Next week Thursday? Nuh-uh. Friday? No, I'm goin' to Greenvul for the weekend."

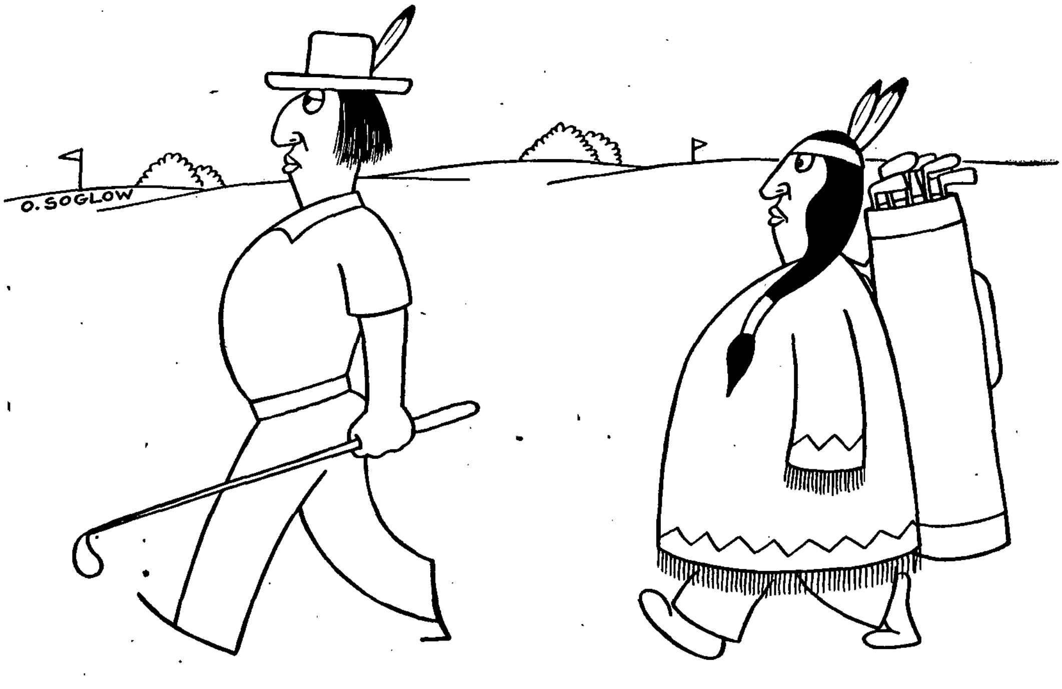
She sat there, and I glared at her beautiful legs while she bent her long fingers back, totting up the evenings she couldn't possibly see me. Finally, she said brightly, "How about three weeks from Friday?"

I nodded, got up mutely, and walked away, glad it was over.

I HAD plenty of seersucker suits but only a single linen one. I had it freshly laundered for the Treadwells' dance, and wheedled Lorena, our colored cook, into ironing an extra-sharp crease in the pants.

Dances then followed a stiff protocol. If a dance was being given at a private house like the Treadwells'—a big Georgian mansion—one upstairs bedroom was always cleared of furniture and the rug taken up for the crap game. No liquor was served; you brought your own and left it in your car. You did not go one inch off the dance floor with another man's girl unless he had passed out or, if he was ambulant, you were willing to fight him. Practically, there was a slipshod tacit understanding that if you could get a girl into a car at a dance, you could neck her. Theoretically, however, to all escorts, inflamed with Southern gentility, violence, and antique pride, the only possible reason for another man's wanting to be alone with a girl was rape. A young man would hang sullenly at the edge of the dance floor, keeping an eye on his young lady while she danced with a stag. If the stag started to lead her out to a car, protocol prescribed that the young man wait, sometimes wrapping a handkerchief around his fist, and, precisely as the stag's foot crossed the threshold, belt him an awful one on the nose. Then, in deference to the parents of whatever girl was giving the dance, the fight would continue under a street light a decent distance away. There were two or three of these *combats d'honneur* at every dance.

It was the heyday of the Charleston, but I never saw a whole roomful of people doing it at once, possibly because we had a vague respect for floor joists. A dance would go along at a sedate fox trot for two or three hours, and then some little Mississippi girl would start the Charleston, and the other dancers would make a ring around her and her partner, and watch. In those days, a pretty girl might loll and fidget away half her adolescent years in some hot little town on the Delta where there was nothing but a store and the I.C.



Railroad, and then would come a good cotton year and she would emerge with all the speed and energy of light from her shabby rustic chrysalis, hit all the summer dances in Memphis, and wind up with a glorious début at the Peabody Hotel in December. I remember one of those tireless beauties, named Lily Wilkinson, who one night did seventy-three figures of the Charleston, wearing out five partners. A wet spot would appear between the shoulders of the young man's linen jacket, and by the time he was wet to the belt, he was done, and he would bow away on the beat and another partner would come in on the beat, and all the time, in front of these relays of weak men—halfbacks, wrestlers, and basketball forwards—this lovely, fragile girl, gently born, who had never done a hand's turn in her life, would keep up the wild, intricate shuttling of her dance, her hair in her eyes, knees and elbows flashing like gems, while she laughed, and screamed to the band to "Hit it!" The Mississippi girls were fabulous and they scared the hell out of me.

Naturally, I had only one purpose at the Treadwells' dance. I saw Helen two minutes after I entered. She was getting a good rush. I waited until I had determined, by the frequency with which he cut in, who her escort was. He was an S.A.E. from Sewanee, barely as tall as she was—not that his size made any difference. I had come aiming to kiss her even if her date was an All-Southern tackle. I cut in. She was humming. She stopped and said, "Hi."

I said, "Hi," and she resumed her humming, in *my* ear this time.

We moved about ten feet, and I felt a tap on my shoulder. I cut in on her twice more. The third time, I said, "Let's go outside."

She said, "Nuh-uh."

Deliberately, according to plan, I said, "I want to kiss you."

She did not even remove her cheek from mine and look at me. She said, "Later, honey. Not tonight."

I took that "later" as seriously as an oath. The dance was over for me. I went upstairs and watched the crap game for a while, and then went on home.

THE next fortnight I spent in complicated negotiations. My family did not own a car then, and none of my few friends' families did, either. Picking up girls in taxicabs was not *comme il faut* and was somehow considered sinister. Taking a streetcar was cheap, and walking girls anywhere was unthinkable. I had to find someone with a car. But nobody wants to go out on a double date unless he knows exactly what kind of evening it is going to be, and that was one piece of information I couldn't give.

For lack of friends with cars, I was operating among my admirers, the swimming fans. Swimming has never been a high-class sport like golf or tennis, and I sounded out some fairly shady characters. At last, through the good offices of two mediators, I met Jackson Bolton. He was seventeen, fat as a pig, and the acne on his face was like a cheap red wallpaper pattern. The isolation enforced on him by his looks had made him pretty nasty, but he had a Dodge touring car; he owned it himself. It took me three evenings to worm a firm commitment out of him. I was to pay for the gas and the gin, which he would get. Gas was five gallons to the dollar at the time. I asked, "How much gin?"

"Pint for me," he said.

That was only a dollar. Admission to the East End Dance Pavilion, where everybody went, would be another dollar. I could see I might get out of it for as little as three dollars, three and a half if she got hungry and I had to buy her a couple of hamburgs.

When the evening came, it was wretchedly unnecessary for me to shave. I stayed in the bathtub scrubbing so long that my fingers shrank and had long wrinkles in them. I soaked my hair with Sta-Comb, and it hardened, brittle and perfect. I had polished my shoes, and I had pressed the laces after I finished browbeating Lorena into laboring over my linen pants until they could nearly stand alone. The last thing, I cleaned my nails and pushed the cuticle back. These were, of course, all magical acts. Then I sat out on the front steps to wait feverishly for Jack Bolton.

When hope was about gone, he came;

HOT DISHES
SANDWICHES
CAKES

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## TOMORROW

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Swings on its hinges, rather like a door
Through which the hopeful sponger creeps to borrow,
Only to find he's been in there before.

Of all the days, tomorrow is the dumb one.
Today we lie in our eternal port;
And all our yesterdays have lighted someone
The way to dusty— something of the sort.

Tomorrow is tomorrow is tomorrow,
As noble Gertrude very nearly said.
Time is a kind of endless bed of sorrow—
That's what it is, a kind of endless bed.

Tomorrow is a misty kind of chasm
In which we plunge to wake up in today;
Tomorrow is a kind of ectoplasm,
Faces the rear, and runs the other way.

I hold tomorrow in between my mittens
And listen to it purr and stroke its head.
And then quite suddenly the cat has kittens,
Which leaves me holding yesterday instead.

Tomorrow is tomorrow is a kind of,
A sort of wedge that runs from sharp to blunt,
A thing you get by nature stuck behind of,
And can't by any manner get in front.

—R. P. Lister

he was only five minutes late. I handed over the expense money and found that he had already sampled his gin, which I thought was a foul thing to do, somehow. He did not offer me any. We picked up our dates and went to East End. To say she was beautiful is useless; she was so beautiful every time I looked at her that I resented her, because she made me and everything round about seem awkward and ugly. We danced and danced, and I barely said a word. I knew nobody ever made any time on a dance-floor, and I was waiting until the pavilion closed. Jack had promised—in fact, the whole deal hung on this—that we would drive around afterward.

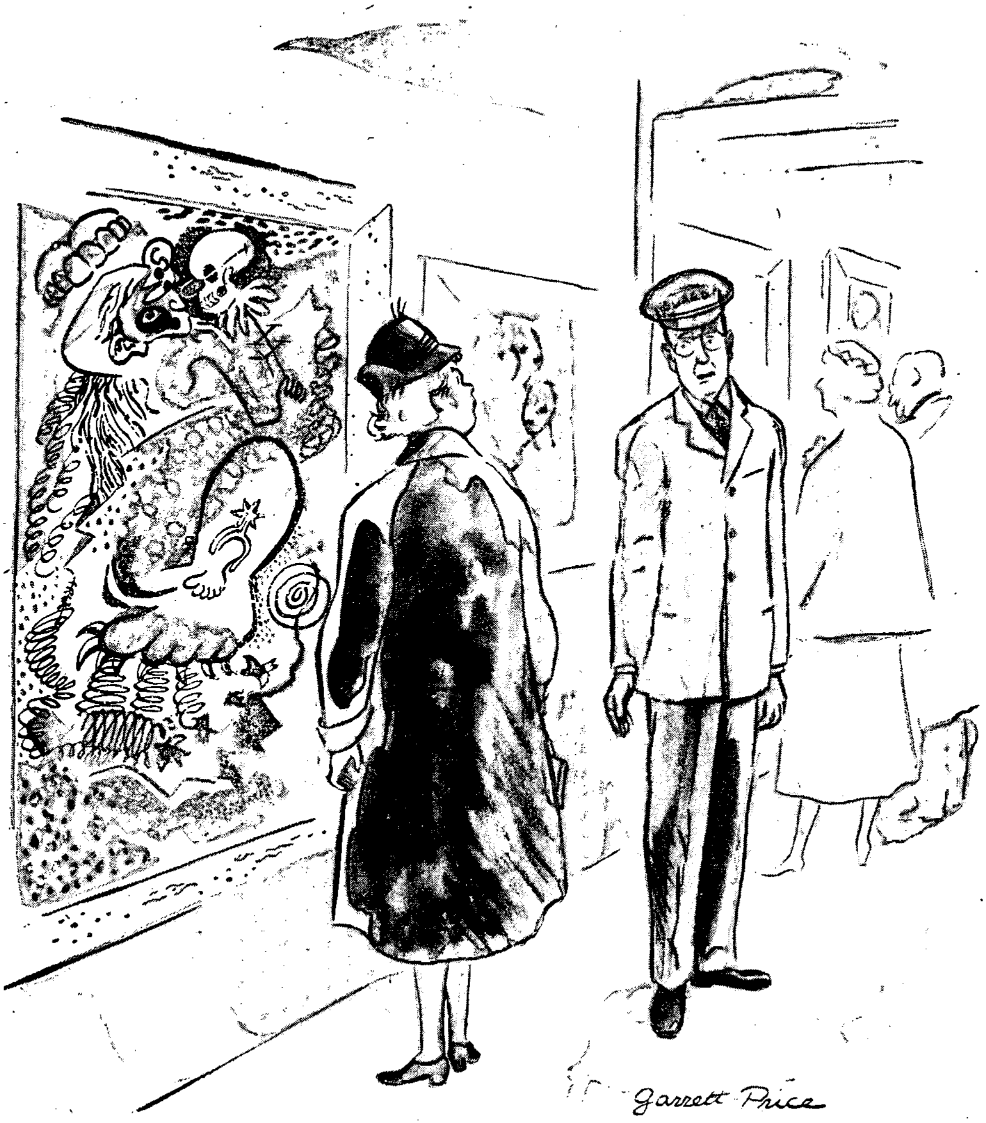
When we had done about a mile of the driving around and were going up a long hill, at the top of which stood a big magnolia tree that was always full of sparrows, I took a deep breath and said, "How about that kiss you promised me?"

She turned to me coolly and said, "I'm ready."

I kissed her briefly. No lights flashed. Her arms did not steal around my neck. The sparrows did not leave the magnolia tree and form into a heart-shaped flock above the car, twittering. She had fulfilled a contract, and I knew there was no longer any hope at all. I was simply too young to have the right technique. I don't think I was able to speak to her again except to say good night.

Later, at my suggestion, Jack and his date and I drove downtown to a joint called the Iron Gate and bought a half pint of gin for me. I knew what was proper; you took the half pint and bottomed-up with it, if you were a man. Anxious not to let Jack know this was my maiden effort, but equally anxious to learn what gin tasted like before I drank, I took out the cork, tipped the bottle up, and touched my tongue to the gin. I said, "I want to find out about the alcohol." We had all heard about liquor that made you blind. I didn't like the taste, but Jack pulled up under a street light so he and his date could watch me. I turned up the flat, ugly little bottle and drank it empty. Innocents can sometimes do this. I forced the resurgent boiling to stay down and gasped, "Gimme a cigarette." I was very drunk in a few minutes, but I felt better.

The next day, I decided all over again that I had jettisoned everything, renounced her, given her up, thrown her away. Thereafter I grew, so I thought, cynical. I made mean remarks to my sister. I drank gin on Saturday nights. I lost a swimming race to a fellow I had beaten seven times before. When I realized, at last, that I was too young and green to go to hell for a woman, I felt bad.



*"Don't look at me, lady."*

One day toward the end of summer, I was downtown and I saw a flower seller's stand in front of one of the department stores. He was selling magnificent full-blown red roses, and the price was fifty cents a dozen. They were the most beautiful roses I had ever seen, and I could afford them. I had read enough to know that roses should be presented in a long white box with the stems sticking out of a hole in one end. I said, "You got any boxes to put them in?"

"Ain't got no boxes," the flower seller said.

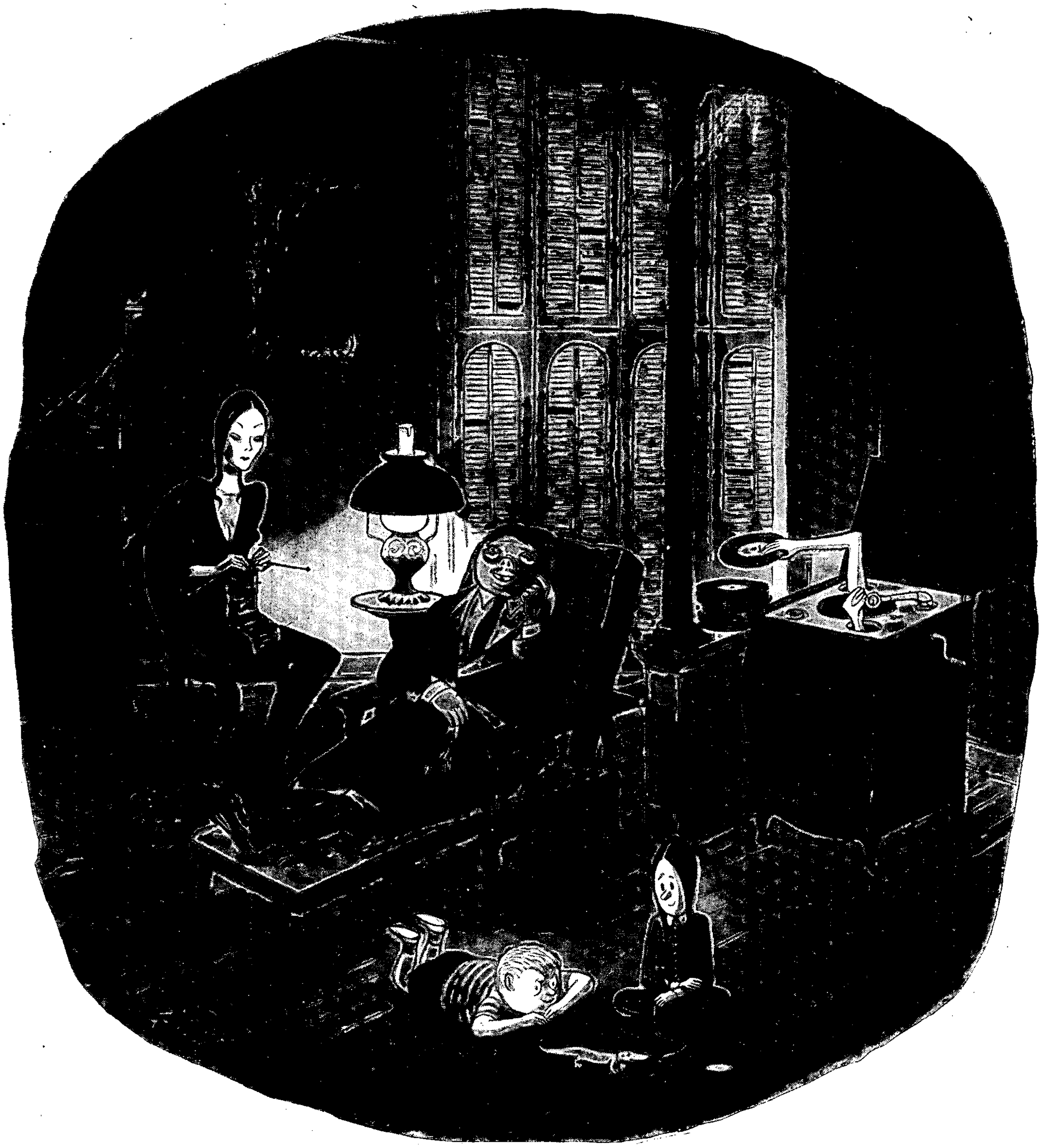
I took two dozen roses anyway, and he wrapped the big bouquet in newspaper, which he clipped together at the top. I had never given flowers to a girl before.

She lived in a ground-floor apartment on Madison near Crosstown. I took a Madison Avenue car just at the evening rush hour, carefully holding my bouquet high above the heads of the other standing people. I got off at Crosstown and went to her apartment. I went up on the porch and knocked at the screen door. She came. I held out the huge bundle and said coolly, sardonically, "A slight token of my esteem."

"How come you brought me this?" she said.

"Tear the top of the paper," I commanded, holding on to the bottom, the stems, myself.

She tore the newspaper wrapping and folded it back. There were no roses—only two dozen bare stamens. All the



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petals had fallen off. They were a jumble of red at the bottom of the paper cornucopia I was holding. Before she had a chance to say anything, I dropped the whole mess on the porch and ran. God knows what she thought.

DURING the following winter, Pavlova came to Memphis. I was getting cultural then and I went to see her. I knew nothing about ballet, but I thought "Le Cygne" was very graceful. Coming out of the theatre in the crowd, I found, for a wonder, it was snowing. Just ahead of me I saw Helen. She was wearing a little black satin hat with a veil, and with her was a big, tall, rawboned, ugly man who must have been ten years older than I. They turned up the street in the snowstorm, and I followed as if she had a string on me, until I caught myself. She walked on, erect, languid, graceful, carrying, like a colored washwoman's bundle, quite unconsciously, the load of all my fancy—the giant Tunica center with the imprints of my cleats in his back, the little gold medal representing the Southeastern fifty-yard championship, my virgin half pint of bootleg gin, and the twenty-four red roses without petals. I never saw her again. I understand she married the rawboned guy. —ALLAN SEAGER

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One great practical advantage of the hydrogen bomb was its safety, Professor Frisch explained. —*The Times*.

What more do we want?

# THAT WAS NEW YORK

## THE MARTYRDOM OF BILL THE BUTCHER—I

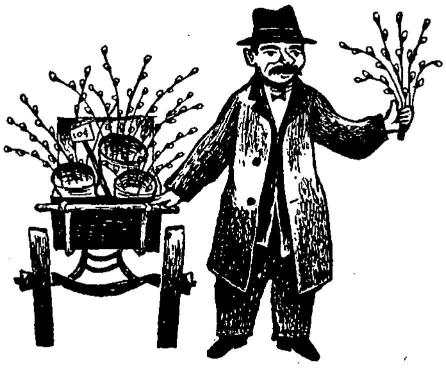
BILL POOLE was partly a butcher and partly a barkeeper by trade, but he was better known during the last few years of his life as a street fighter and as a political thinker. His political views were somewhat the same as those that have more recently been attributed by unfriendly critics to Senator Patrick J. McCarran. Poole was shot in the heart early on a Sunday morning in 1855, at Stanwix Hall, a saloon at Broadway and Houston Street. He survived the shooting by eleven days, but died of it, at home in bed, on March 8th. His funeral, on March 11th, was almost certainly the gaudiest and best-attended ceremony of its kind in New York's experience up to 1926, when Rudolph Valentino took his last ride. Proportionately, considering the city's population at the time, it was probably bigger than Valentino's.

Several months after Poole's murder, at the trial of the man who had shot him, a defense lawyer invoked the name of Richard Brinsley Sheridan in describing the dead butcher. It had been said of Sheridan, the lawyer recalled, that Nature broke the die in molding him. Counsel hoped that she had done the same thing in Poole's case. It seems a lofty tribute to have been applied, even left-handedly, to a career hoodlum, which, taking him all in all, is perhaps the best way to classify Poole, but it had its point just then, for Poole had been New York's top-ranking "American" hoodlum, and, as such, a very eminent thug. In 1854 and 1855, he collected votes—and harangued and sometimes beat up immigrants and fellow-barflies—in the interests of the Native American, or Know-Nothing, Party, whose members were for the most part called simply Americans. The Know-Nothings took the McCarranesque attitude that there were too many foreign-born people in this country—particularly (this was the main contemporary variation on what appears to be a flexible, if a timeless, theme) too many Irish Catholics. The idea was developed at several different levels. At the level of office-seeking, it was preached by men like James W. Barker, who ran for mayor of New York in 1854, and Millard Fillmore, who ran for President in 1856. At the social and philosophical level, it was cultivated in the meetings of semi-secret societies called the Order of United Americans, the Order of the Star-Spangled Banner, and the Order of United American Mechanics. (The name Know-Nothing had its source in an alleged rule of these societies, which ordered members, when asked by strangers for details of their lodge membership or business to say "I know nothing about it.") At the level of saloon life, which included drinking, fighting, and close-range epithet, Native Americanism was gaily and eagerly advanced by Poole and his friends and followers—often just as an excuse for a physical workout. From the fact that Poole, in life and in death, was more famous and popular among the Americans than Barker or Fillmore, a few reasoners of the day argued that he might represent Americanism's natural level.

Soon after Poole died, a pamphlet entitled "Life of William Poole" was published, and had a wide sale, at twenty-five cents a copy. Its anonymous author, probably someone subsidized by the Know-Nothing treasury, misrepresented Poole's character grossly. He said that Bill the Butcher, as Poole's friends called him, had been a secret intellectual and the author of a poem, of which the following lines are a sample:

No foreign hands can we allow to hold
The helm of State, or offices of gold,
No base born serf, to trample on the ground,
Or holy principle, by which we're bound . . .
Here let them have the blessings of our law,
Let justice shield them, and let justice awe,
But let them not presume beyond to go,
And teach *Americans* what they should know;
Let not our country in their hands be given,
And thus betray the trust received from Heaven.

All the evidence indicates that it was a libel on Poole's memory to charge him with the use of language such as this. He packaged the Native American program more crisply. On the night he was fatally shot, Poole took part in two brawls at Stanwix Hall. The first of these shakeups—Poole liked to call any kind of fight, with guns, knives, or fists, a shakeup—began fairly early in the evening of Saturday, February 24th, when he ran into his worst enemy, John Morrissey, at the Stanwix bar, on lower Broadway, which was the longest and shiniest in town, and the newest, having been opened for business only five days previously. Morrissey, a young Irish-born gambler and Tammany ballot-box stuffer, was generally recognized as the champion prizefighter of America. In later years, he became a congressman, a millionaire, a state senator from a silk-stocking district in Manhattan, and the father of horse racing at Saratoga. On the night in question, he was very drunk. Poole, who shared D'Artagnan's love of flourish in combat, goaded his man acrobatically. He leaped onto a washstand in a recess between one end of the bar and the oyster box, a standard saloon free-lunch prop of that era. From there he jumped onto the bar itself, drawing a revolver from the breast pocket of his brown overcoat. Standing above Morrissey and the other drinkers, with his back reflected in the long, bright, new mirror, framed in mahogany, behind the bar, he waved the gun and said to Morrissey, "You're an Irish son of a bitch."



"You're a black-muzzled American son of a bitch!" Morrissey shouted back. Morrissey pleaded hoarsely and at large for a weapon, and a boy in the crowd went out to try to get one for him. While Morrissey waited, he and Poole continued to denounce each other along national lines, to the great satisfaction of the audience. Once, Poole pointed his pistol straight at Morrissey, to emphasize a genealogical point. Mark Maguire, a Tenderloin character who was known as the King of the Newsboys, intervened. "Would you kill a man in cold blood, Bill?" Maguire said.

"You're another Irish son of a bitch," said Poole jauntily.

"An Irishman is as good as anybody else, if he only behaves himself," Maguire said.

Poole laughed. "There's no Irishman as good a man as I am," he said, "nor no man that don't eat meat on a Friday."

That statement, if Poole had died within the next few minutes, would have amounted to a plain, normal, cheaply

1

WIN A FORTUNE

2

bound set of last words for him. However, he did not die then. The gun that Morrissey had sent out for was delivered to him at about this time, and proved to be a Pym & Blunt's pepperbox pistol—a toylike weapon sprinkled with little holes, which amused artillery experts at the bar, though it alarmed the other patrons when the red-eyed Morrissey pointed it in Poole's general direction and snapped the trigger two or three times. The pistol failed to go off. The fight that led to Poole's death did not occur until three hours later. By then, Morrissey had been taken home and was sleeping it off. By the time Poole died, he had composed and uttered a deathbed speech that was even briefer than his speech on the bar but far better adapted to the purpose of making New York funeral history. "I die a true American!" Poole said—or the friends at his bedside swore he said—just before the end. The words, printed in silver block letters on a black velvet band that girdled the hearse, were a principal feature of his record-breaking funeral, at which five thousand mourners marched or rode while two hundred thousand other people—according to newspaper estimates—looked on from roofs, windows, and pavements. Supplementing Manhattan's contribution, "Brooklyn throbbed out her thousands of sorrowful spectators and old Jersey felt the fires of '76 once more aglow," a pro-American, anti-immigrant journalist reported. Throughout the civilized part of the country, in 1855 and 1856, theatres offered Poole shows. These were melodramas of one act or more in which frequently at the finale, in the words of a writer of those times, "the hero, encircling his limbs with the Star-Spangled Banner"—as Poole's friends in fact encircled Poole's limbs, to stage-set him for the funeral service—"departed this life to slow music and red fire, exclaiming, 'I die a true American!' "

THE Americans, or Know-Nothings, were a major political factor for only two years, 1854 and 1855. In 1854, they won several municipal offices, in New York and elsewhere, and Barker was defeated for mayor by Fernando Wood, the Democratic candidate, by less than fifteen hundred votes. In 1855, Samuel J. Tilden—a strong vote getter, who later became the governor of New York, and won a plurality of the popular vote for President in 1876, though he was beaten in the end by a ruling of a special electoral commission—lost a New York election for attorney general largely because he repudiated Know-Nothing support and spoke against Native Americanism. By 1856, the Party's strength had petered out; Fillmore—formerly a Whig, and formerly President by the chance of Zachary Taylor's death in office while Fillmore was Vice-President—won only eight electoral votes as the Americans' candidate for the White House that year.

But official, political Americanism was just an offshoot of a morbid line of thought that had begun to take form, as a result of so-called American societies and street, newspaper, parlor, and barroom talk, twenty-five years before Poole's death. Between 1830 and 1840, more than half a million immigrants entered the United States, mostly at New York. Between 1840 and 1850, a million and a half more came over. Soon after its beginning, the Native American, anti-foreigner movement branched out from being purely anti-foreign to include hatred of Roman Catholicism, which was the religion of most of the newcomers. Poole, who grew up in New York in the eighteen-thirties and forties, learned to put a high value on his Protestantism as well as on his Anglo-American ancestry. Actually, he was mostly interested in the American aspect of it; the Anglo subdivision of his blood was of so little importance to him that he once called the man who finally killed him, Lewis Baker, "an English son of a bitch." Baker, as it happened, was born in Wales, but with a fight in sight, Poole was generally too busy to split hairs. The broad passport to Americanism was native birth under non-Roman auspices. Tom Hyer, who was Poole's immediate predecessor as the best-known fighter and American-about-town in New York, came of Dutch stock. Both Hyer and Poole were warm supporters of the famous doctrine of the time: "No Irish need ap-

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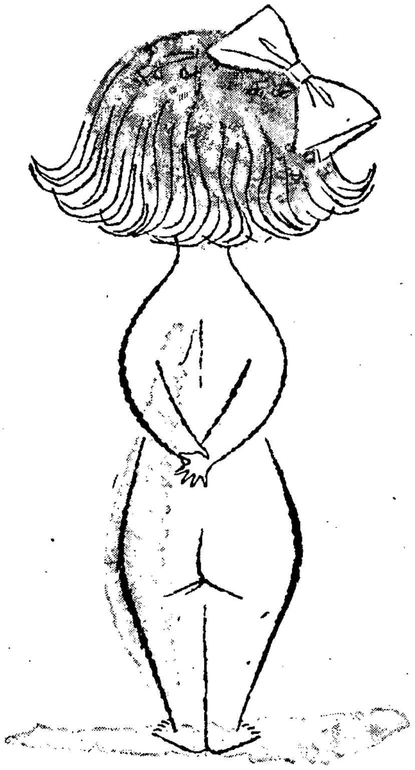

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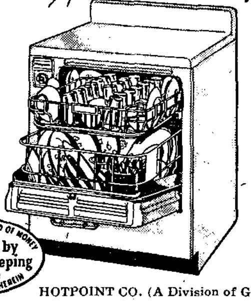

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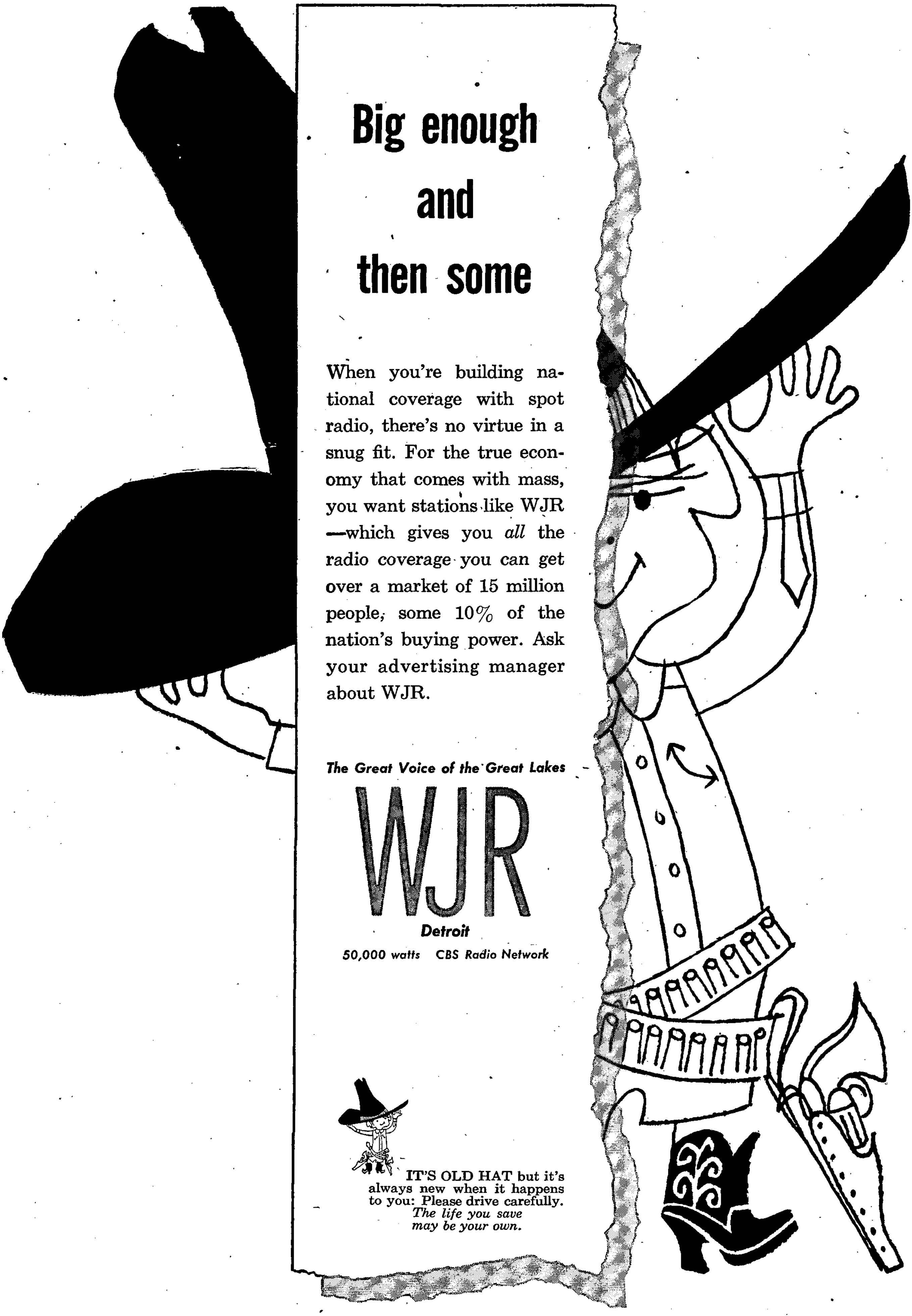
ply." Both took their chief long-distance spiritual pleasure from the thought that the Pope, a man called Pius IX, could not intimidate them.

Like the Know-Nothing Party, Poole did not reach the high tide of his prestige until 1854. But he had become a minor celebrity before that, through his reputation as the best rough-and-tumble fighter in New York. Poole belonged to a family of butchers. His father slaughtered and sold meat in Sussex County, New Jersey, where Poole was born in 1821. Charley Lozier, the husband of Poole's older sister, was a butcher in New York. After Poole's father died of cholera, in 1830 or 1831 (the mother had died when the boy was eighteen months old), Bill went to live with the Loziers. He served as apprentice to a butcher named Berriman, and to another, named Thomas C. Broadway, whose slaughterhouse was on Barrow Street. When he graduated from the apprentice class, he set up his own stall in Washington Market. Butchers, sports records show, have a predilection for fighting. In the eighteen-forties, the butchers in New York also had a predilection for Americanism; the profession was star-spangled almost to a man. Poole quickly mastered the fine points of both these sidelines, and worked them into a blend of outstanding potency.

Poole had a rich, dark mustache that curled up at the ends, and a thick growth of rough, curly dark hair. He was strong, supple, and quick in his movements. He stood a shade under five feet ten inches and weighed about a hundred and eighty pounds. His chest was remarkably full. The bullet that eventually killed him was fired from only three or four inches away, but it got no farther than the pericardium, or outer sheath of the heart, in which it stuck fast for eleven days while Poole, to the bewilderment of several doctors, lived on, rehearsing his dying words.

Poole fought more or less regularly when he was in liquor, which was apt to be the case at any time after ten o'clock in the morning. Marriage, children, and a home of his own—near the West Side dock at the foot of Christopher Street—did not settle him down at all, his admirers were glad to find. His formal fights were the ones that produced his reputation. As distinguished from his spontaneous fights, they involved the naming of a time and place at least a few minutes before they began—and sometimes a side bet of up to fifty dollars. A fight he had with Dutch Charlie Duane, a noted Tammany



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tough, in a political clubhouse on Park Row, was a formal one. He fought another man by appointment at the Union Avenue Race Course, in Queens, and still another in a bluestone yard behind a Barrow Street slaughterhouse, on the night of the annual Slaughterhouse Ball. Though formal to the extent noted, these were not "prizefights" of the kind that took place in rings, under London Prize Ring Rules, and that make a part of written sports history today. Poole held a genially unambitious view of that sort of thing. He was content to let the national prize-ring championship pass from Yankee Sullivan to Tom Hyer to John Morrissey without interfering with its course. He knew all these champions personally, and felt certain that he could lick them all (though he admired and respected Hyer, his political comrade) under any code of rules. His own fights involved no rules whatever.

At the trial that followed Poole's death, William (Wally) Mason, who was a regular member of saloon society in spite of being consumptive, was called on to discuss Poole's style in action.

"Would he gouge?" the lawyer asked.

"I think he would," Mason said.

"Bite?" the lawyer continued.

"Yes, sir," said Mason.

Coming from a man with Mason's eyewitness knowledge of the subject, this was a constrained report. One night some time before Poole's death, Wally Mason and his brother Aleck had become involved in an argument with two of Poole's friends in Nelson Brewer's porterhouse, or bar, at Greenwich and Perry Streets. The latter pair, considering themselves to be in some danger from the tubercular Mason and his brother, sent for Poole, who happened to be home in bed. Poole got up and came to the rescue at once. He found Aleck dozing in a chair, yanked him to the floor, gouged his eyes severely, and knocked him out. His friends then took care of Wally, who barely survived the evening.

This kind of consultation work, or request fighting, was not unusual in Poole's career, especially when clients of the Know-Nothing faith were beset by outsiders, as in the Mason affair. But he had no trouble lining up fights of his own. Bill's enemies sometimes described him as being of an "ugly," or "savage," disposition. When he was in the act of drumming up a match, however, his manner was gay, if not downright facetious. His spirits were notably high on the day of his first brush with Baker, his eventual murderer. It was in

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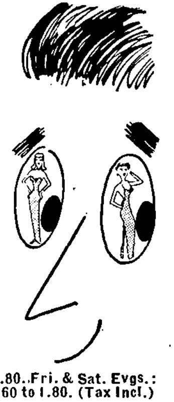

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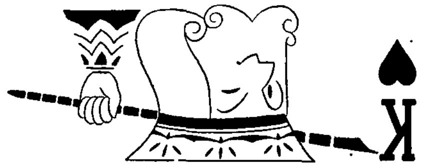

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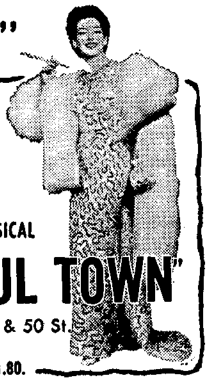

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the summer of 1853. A little before noon that day, Poole and a Native American friend named Johnston, both already nearly full of champagne, which was Poole's favorite drink, went into the Gem, a bar below the street level on Broadway near Leonard Street. Another customer, named McCann, came in soon afterward. "You're a sprightly-looking fellow, but I can take you," Poole told him. He proposed that they "take a little friendly shakeup." When the barkeeper, Chris Schaffer, stepped between them, Poole agreed to postpone business until they had all had a drink together. Baker walked into the place just then, and McCann prudently walked out. Baker, as future events were to show, was a star-crossed man. He was a city policeman, but he preferred the company of drinkers and gamblers. He was a burly man with a spectacularly low hairline, but he had a pleasant face and a gregarious nature. He was a man of peace, all his friends testified later, but he had, in the words of the judge who tried him, "a most unaccountable passion for disorderly scenes and disorderly associates."

Poole, until their meeting in the Gem, had known Baker only by sight. (Nearly everyone who spent his time in the Tenderloin area, which extended along Broadway and parts of the Bowery and Church Street from a little south of City Hall to Astor Place—above Fourteenth Street there were scarcely even any street lamps—knew nearly every other denizen at least by sight.) Studying Baker, Poole said loudly to Johnston, "Say, old man, how do you think that head would look without any ears or nose on it?"

"You'd better leave that head alone," said Baker uneasily.

"I am going to take those ears and that nose off that head," Poole went on, "and make a pot of soup of that head. I can take you," he added, speaking directly to Baker.

Baker immediately retreated a distance of fifteen feet down the bar. Schaffer, the barkeeper, ran out to look for help. When he returned, Poole and Johnston were pressing Baker's body, bent backward, over the oyster box. Johnston was holding one of Baker's arms and Poole had his thumbs in Baker's eyes. Schaffer and Police Captain Carpenter, who had come back with him, broke it up. Baker was cut around the head, his mouth was torn, one of his thumbs had been badly bitten, and his eyes were in a sad condition. "I never saw such a sight in my life," said Schaffer afterward. Poole, who was

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Welcome, Sweet Springtime

Spring begins today (March 20th) at 10:54 PM. R. L. Duffus in his column, "By My Way," in March Nation's Business, says he doesn't know whether to sit up and wait for it or not. He says he also wonders what's become of sulphur and molasses. So do we. Does anybody know?

Tonic-ed by his own enthusiasm, Duffus goes on to applaud the judge who found a ticket on his own car, and fined himself. He quotes an old friend who claims that the modern nervous breakdown came about the time the old-fashioned rocking chair made its exit. He says he misses the old-fashioned man who used to wear a boiled shirt with a collar button and no necktie. He claims that in central Philadelphia, they're going to go right on using horses and wagons to deliver the mail. Why? Because they're faster than trucks.

Welcome, sweet Springtime. Boys and girls arm in arm through the park. Housewives busy dusting. (Whatever became of the old dust cap?) Curtains going into the washing machine. Storm windows coming off. Husbands being ordered to clear their back issues of Nation's Business out of the attic. (Imagine?)

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slightly damaged, went around the corner to a barbershop for repairs.

As insurance in this sort of recreation, Poole regularly carried a five-shooter Colt revolver with a four-inch barrel. The gun was loaded and cleaned for him periodically by Robert Bunn, who ran a shooting gallery in the St. Nicholas Hotel, on Broadway near Prince Street. To meet the legal problems that sometimes followed a fight, Poole could call on what was reputed to be the best corps of "swearers," or perjurers, in the city. "One good witness is worth forty lawyers," he used to say. However, he also kept a lawyer, a man named A. D. Russell, to defend him in assault-and-battery cases. "When it was a pretty hard case, we went in and pleaded guilty," Russell said once, after Poole's death. But this must have been a rare circumstance; Poole, almost alone among the leading strong-arm men of the American and Tammany factions, never served a day of time on Blackwells Island.

Politically, Poole's chores were usually of a negative kind. Tammany, with its following among foreign-born citizens, who made up two-fifths of New York's population in the eighteen-fifties, could work more positively. New arrivals from abroad were rounded up by "emigrant runners" and naturalized overnight by certain judges, under the management of Democratic gauleiters like John Morrissey. Poole's role was to discourage Democratic voters by beating up as many of them as possible. Like some other Know-Nothings, he had begun political life as a Whig. In 1852, he belonged to a Scott Club, named for General Winfield Scott, the Whig Presidential candidate. It's doubtful if, philosophically, Poole's heart was completely in his work in those days. A fellow-Whig who was a witness at Baker's trial said he did not feel that Poole's Whiggishness was "steady." Poole, the witness said, would visit the house of any nominee for any office and ask for money in return for his support of the man's candidacy. If the candidate failed to come across, Poole would denounce him and threaten his life.

There was a flavor of the meat trade in Poole's fighting vocabulary. "I'll taste your mutton yet," he used to say to prospective victims; to established victims he would say, "You've tasted my mutton. How do you like it?" Sometimes he made threats playfully, in a squealing tone such as might be heard from livestock in a slaughterhouse. There was a certain amount of mutton that Poole wouldn't stoop to taste, main-

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ly because it had been well chewed already. A specimen of this sort was Patrick McLaughlin, a small, fiery Irishman known along Broadway and the Bowery simply as Paudeen. Paudeen spent most of his time with his fists cocked. He heckled Poole fruitlessly up to and including the night Poole was shot. "You're a pretty American son of a bitch, ain't you?" Paudeen would say, meeting Poole in a bar, and immediately assume a sparring stance. Poole would laugh, and say, "I'm too sweet for you." Paudeen was a second-hand target, in the sense that his nose had been bitten off by Murray the Mick in a private Irish fight, in which Tom Hyer had taken a hand for the American cause by holding Paudeen while Murray bit.

Poole's popularity on his own side of the political fence was enormous. He had a bold, easy way of talking and moving that fascinated his admirers. It was a mark of distinction, especially in the younger set, to "go with Poole"—on sleigh rides, on theatre parties at the Park, the Broadway, or Wallack's, or to balls at the Chinese Assembly Rooms, which was an American hangout. Poole added the final touch to his prestige when he began to travel. A few of New York's upper-echelon hoodlums, including Hyer and Morrissey, had gone to California in the early eighteen-fifties to pick up loose dollars in the boom that followed the gold rush. Some of them, to be sure, had been run right out again by the vigilantes. Still, a record of travel gave a man a cachet. Poole made his first important trip out of New York in October, 1853, when he went with Hyer and some others to Boston Corners, New York, near the Massachusetts border, to watch Morrissey fight Yankee Sullivan, in a ring set up in a field, for the United States prize-ring championship. Hyer had recently surrendered this title after giving Sullivan a sound beating in Maryland. Sullivan had then claimed it by default. Poole and Hyer, who disliked Morrissey for vari-

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ous reasons, and particularly for his growing power in New York politics, backed Sullivan at Boston Corners, but they had the loser. Morrissey won the fight, somewhat flukily, in thirty-seven rounds. When Morrissey got back to New York, he decided that his title would not be clear until he had also whipped Hyer. In any case, it was his political and ancestral duty, as he saw it, to lick a Know-Nothing right away. The American Party was on the rise and making life wretched for every Irishman in the city.

ONE night early in 1854, when Poole and Hyer were sitting in a room at Cinderella Marshall's, on Leonard Street, drinking wine, Morrissey sent Hyer a challenge by messenger. Cinderella Marshall's was "a house of assignation," as Hyer superciliously told the court at the Baker murder trial a year later, in a passage of Q. and A. that was well received by the audience. (Q. "Where were you—in a public room?" A. "It was a private room; it was such a room as one finds in a public whorehouse [much laughter]; they generally don't put everybody who goes there in one room together [renewed laughter].") This time, Hyer evaded a fight by demanding the posting of a ten-thousand-dollar forfeit, which was out of Morrissey's range. In July, 1854, Hyer agreed to a meeting with Morrissey at the Abbey, which was a pub run by a boxing instructor called Professor Campbell, on the Bloomingdale Road, in northern Manhattan. Instead of fighting Morrissey with fists, however, Hyer offered the Tammany man his choice of a brace of pistols. Morrissey declined the gambit. Some foul language was exchanged, but no shots or blows. The fact was that Hyer, at thirty-five, and after several years of almost continuous dissipation of one kind and another, did not feel that he was equal to a fight with Morrissey, who was still in his early twenties. Poole, who was thirty-three, had no such misgivings. His years, which qualified him in those times as a middle-aged man, and his drinking sat lightly on his remarkable constitution. Hyer's defection automatically made Poole the No. 1 Know-Nothing fighter of the city. Sports experts drew a distinction between free-style fighters like Poole, whom they called "blackguards," and London Rules fighters, whom they called "artists." Poole still took no personal interest in art. However, if Morrissey wanted to arrange to meet him on blackguardly terms, it was, as both men knew, just a

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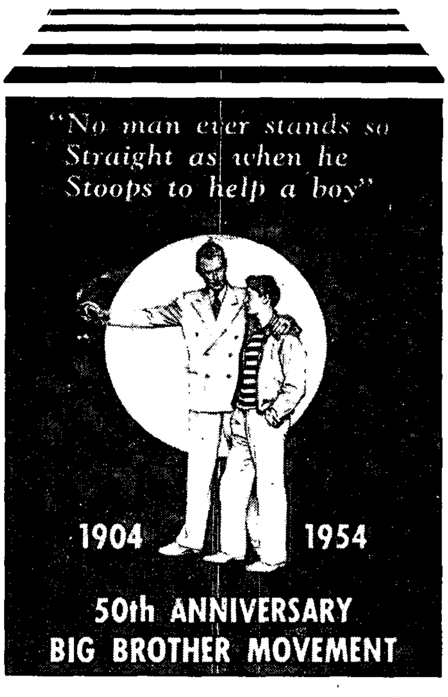
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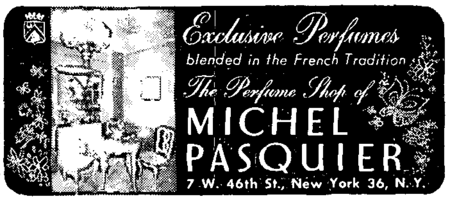
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matter of looking into the right saloon.

Morrissey found the butcher on July 24, 1854, in the City Hotel bar, at the northwest corner of Broadway and Howard Street. The municipal-election campaign had reached an inflammable stage. Irish-born Catholics were being called names even they had never heard before, and Morrissey was in a bad mood. At the sight of Poole, Morrissey spat out his cigar and said, using a standard anti-Poole cliché, "There stands the black-muzzled American fighter!"

"Yes," Poole said lightly, "and I'm a dandy."

Poole's coolness and relative gracefulness always had an unsettling effect on his opponents' intelligence. Morrissey was maneuvered into agreeing to a no-rules fight, for a fifty-dollar side bet, to be held on July 26th at the foot of Amos Street, where some of the Albany boats docked. Amos Street was one block north of Christopher, in the heart of Poole territory. A thousand Poole "heelers," or backers, turned out for the fight, which began at seven in the morning. Only a handful of Morrissey men followed the prize-ring champion's coach as it proceeded up Hudson Street from Morrissey's home grounds, below Canal, and these were carefully disarmed by the Poole crowd. The fighters stripped to their trousers and red-flannel undershirts. The fight lasted only two or three minutes. Poole ducked Morrissey's opening charge, grabbed him by the ankles, threw him over his head, jumped on top of him, and went to work with his thumbs and teeth. The crowd closed in. Some of Poole's henchmen, it was credibly reported, used their shoes freely on Morrissey's skull. Morrissey bit a long gash in Poole's cheek, but, with blood streaming from his own eyes, and choking his throat, he finally said hoarsely, "I'm satisfied. I'm done." The crowd set up a yell of "Poole's won!" that could be heard for several blocks. Enthusiasm was so intense that a friend of Poole's, Smut Ackerman, in reënacting the fight with gestures soon afterward, fell and broke his head on a sidewalk. He died that same afternoon, in Poole's arms, at New York Hospital, at Broadway and Anthony Street.

Poole opened a saloon of his own after his fight with Morrissey. It was a gesture he owed to himself as a major fighter; Hyer already had a place, the Branch, on the Bowery between Canal and Bayard, and Morrissey owned a piece of the so-called Bella Union (officially, Belle of the Union), at Broadway and Leonard. Guests could gamble

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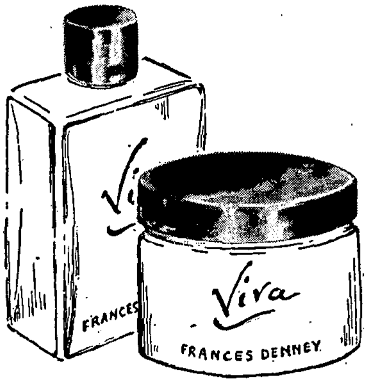

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as well as drink in these places. In Poole's new Bank Exchange, on the northeast corner of Broadway and Howard (the name seems to have launched a sort of tradition, for the site is occupied today by a branch of the Merchants Bank of New York), the bar was on the first floor, the faro bank was on the second, and Poole's office was on the third. The trick in that neighborhood in 1854 was to find room for another pair of swinging doors. It was hard to see the desert for the oases; within a few camels' lengths of the Bank Exchange were the Star, Phil Maguire's Lafayette Hall, the City, Brady's, the States, the Dexter House, Charlie Abel's, Jack Wildey's, Pete Barlow's, Dick Platt's, the Gem, the St. James, Bill Allen's, Johnny Lyng's Sportsman's Headquarters, the Senate, the Cooper House, Charley Sturges's Concert Saloon, Poughkeepsie Jake's, Abe Florence's The Corner, and the St. Nicholas. Much of the city's high homicide rate during the eighteen-fifties was built up in these resorts. The Metropolitan Hotel, which was situated in the heart of this cluster of informal shooting galleries, on the east side of Broadway between Houston and Prince, struck a more refined and expensive note. Thackeray was staying at the Metropolitan, resting up between deliveries of his lecture, "The Four Georges," at about the time Stanwix Hall, right across the street from the hotel, got its blood baptism in the shooting of Poole, which took place, as previously noted, just five days after its green baize double doors began to swing.

The Know-Nothing Party's affection for Poole overflowed late in 1854. One evening, his friends gave a ball for him at the Chinese Assembly Rooms, and native-born sporting characters, male and female, came from as far away as New Orleans to honor Bill the Butcher. There was a good deal of hand-to-hand fighting with foreign-born citizens outside the ballroom on this occasion. Even after the out-of-town Americans had gone home to vote in their own districts, mayhem continued to be the order of business in New York up to and during the election in November, when the Know-Nothings, having won some local offices, polished their weapons for what looked to many political authorities to be a promising future. As a result of one brawl around Election Day, Poole was summoned to Jefferson Market Court to answer charges before a Know-Nothing judge named Stuart. The

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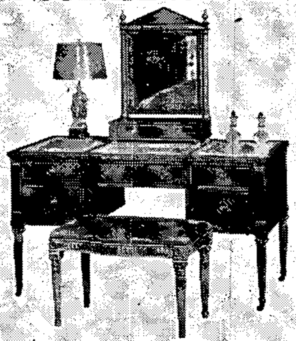

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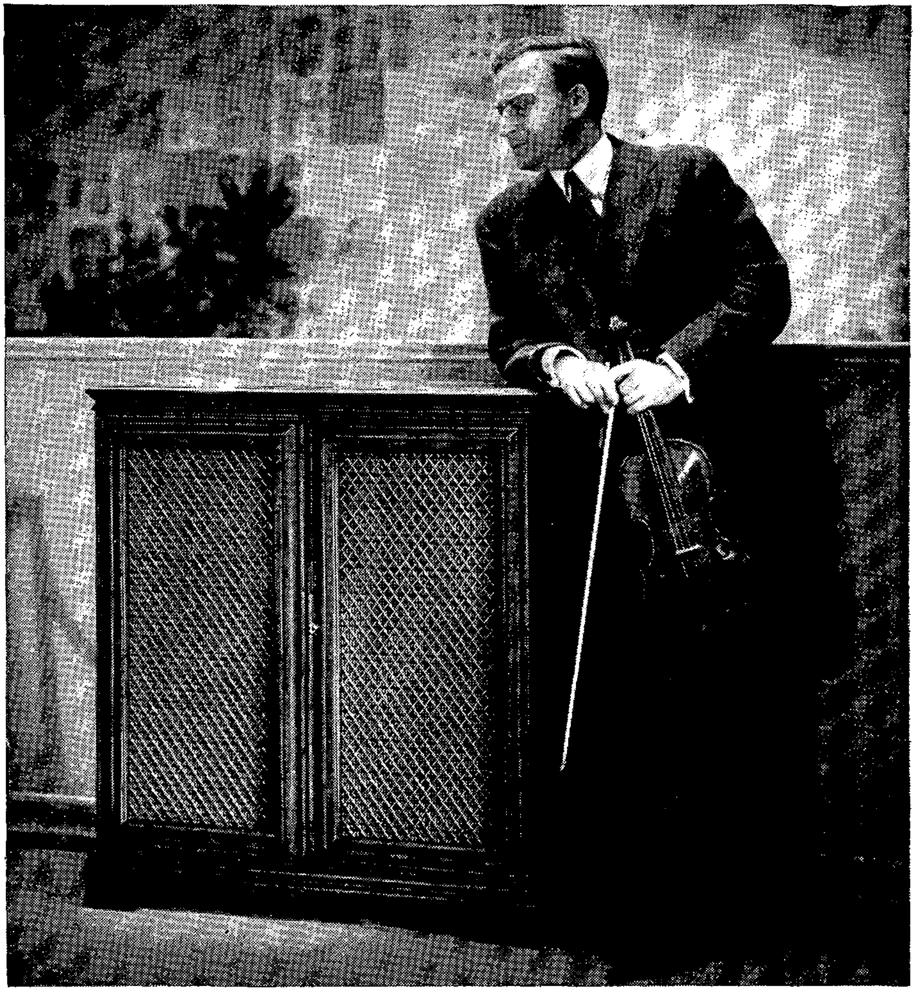
hearing was interrupted by a discussion between Poole and a policeman named Morris Underhill. Poole, his nerves edgy from hangover, finally leaped at Underhill and gouged one of his eyes so thoroughly that it bulged out over his cheek. Judge Stuart reacted tolerantly to this disturbance. A few weeks later, he became one of the chief organizers of a search for Poole's killer, which was so ardent that it defied international law and culminated in piracy on the high seas.

Baker followed a luckless, bumbling course of his own toward the approaching climax. On January 7, 1855, he got into a gun fight that cost him his job on the police force. It began when he met Poole's ally, Tom Hyer, by chance that day at the bar in Lafayette Hall, and Hyer jovially pushed his face into a gas-jet cigar lighter. An hour or so after that, they met again in Platt's, a saloon in the cellar of Wallack's Theatre. This time, Baker was accompanied by California Jim Turner, a new crony, who had made a deep impression on the naïve cop. "He's a demon," Baker used to boast to acquaintances. "He would just as soon kill a man as look at him." California Jim encouraged this sort of advertising. He was a baroque-style desperado who had brought his Western trimmings to New York with him when the vigilantes chased him out of San Francisco. He wore a wide hat and a talma—a cloak with full, dashing lines, which bucolic Broadway drinkers spoke of as "a kind of a wrapper." In a belt beneath the cloak, he carried a Colt pistol with an eight-inch barrel, a type of gun that was commonly called a Navy six-shooter or, in the West, a taranta pistol. His performance in the next few weeks amounted to a series of violent pratfalls. In Platt's, according to Hyer's subsequent testimony, Turner, after observing the code duello by delivering a short, unprintable speech, fired his gun twice at Hyer and missed both times. Hyer said to him arrogantly, "I do not want to kill you, friend, but I have a little penknife in my pocket here," at which he drew a small pistol and fired deliberately into the wall. Then he knocked Turner down. Baker grabbed at Hyer from behind, according to Hyer, and hit him with a gun butt. Hyer turned around, seized Baker, disarmed him, dragged him upstairs, and threw him into the street. Under pressure from Hyer and other Know-Nothings, Mayor Wood, who liked to please all parties, dismissed Baker from the police a day or two later. Baker had been lukewarm about politics until



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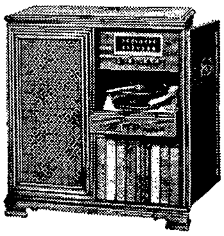

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then, but the loss of his job and fear of further manhandling caused him to line up unreservedly with the Morrissey, or anti-Native American, group.

At the time of Baker's misfortune, Poole was in Charleston, South Carolina, on a sporting junket. There he expanded his fame by proving the superiority of Northern mettle over Southern. A quarrel had arisen at a Charleston dog pit as to whose dog had killed which rat, and a Tennesseean named Chetham had questioned Poole's integrity. The next morning, when Chetham came out of his hotel, several New York tourists surrounded him and jockeyed him into a cab. Poole was already in the cab, with his revolver drawn. He made Chetham sit in the seat opposite him, pointed the gun at the Southern sportsman's breast, and said that they would drive around until Chetham apologized, which Chetham soon afterward did. It was a clear-cut victory for Poole and the North. All Poole's friends acknowledged this after he got back to New York with the news. They had to acknowledge it many times, for Poole told the Charleston story often in the next month or so. He was telling it again on the night of Saturday, February 24th, when he and a party of admirers walked up Broadway together in the moonlight at about nine o'clock.

THE strollers went into Stanwix Hall, because they wanted a snack and the new saloon was one of the few in the neighborhood that served any meals besides the free lunch. There was an eating counter, with stools, beyond the drinking bar, which ran west along the north side of the room, from the Broadway entrance and the oyster box. There was a second room in the back, with a door that led to Mercer Street. Morrissey and some friends came out of the back room into the bar a short while after Poole's arrival. Baker was in the Morrissey party. He stood and watched, along with fifty or sixty other enraptured drinkers, as Poole and Morrissey went through the racial word fight that ended with Morrissey snapping the pepperbox pistol in rage and frustration. A detective from the Fourteenth Ward station, on Mercer Street, steered Morrissey down Broadway a little later and got a promise from him that he would not go above Canal Street again that night. There is no doubt that Morrissey kept the promise; he was too drunk to do any more fighting in person. There is no doubt, either, that before he went home he had a talk with Baker,

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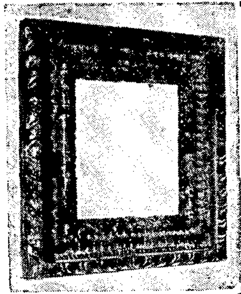

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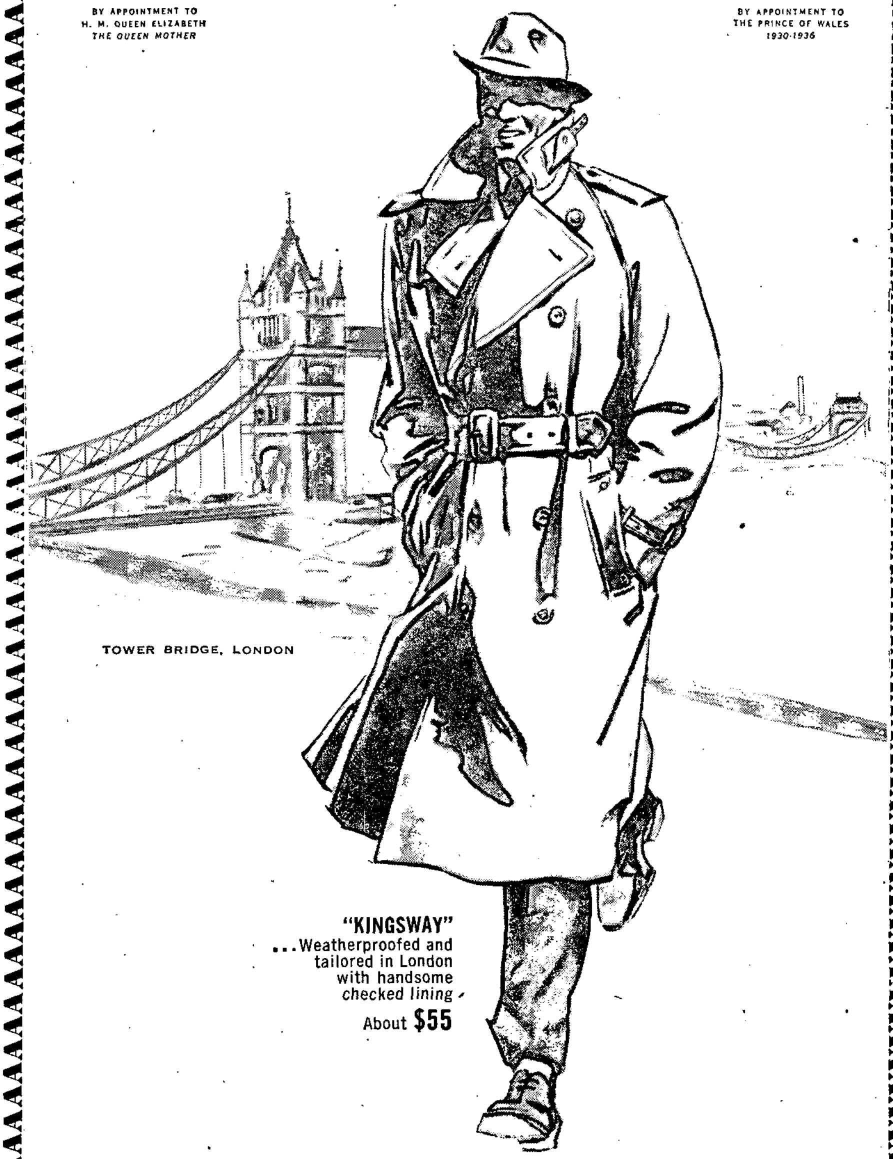
near Canal. The state claimed some months afterward that what happened next was the result of a plan Baker and Morrissey devised to avenge their sufferings at Poole's hands. At any rate, Baker spent the rest of the evening until midnight riding up and down Broadway in hacks, recruiting personnel for another visit to Stanwix Hall.

Poole had stayed on at the Stanwix, drinking champagne and occasionally buying a round for the house. A friend and fellow alien baiter, Cy Shay, tried to get him to go home when the proprietor, John Dean, put down his shutters at twelve-fifteen. Poole made a false start or two, but he was back at the bar beginning on a new bottle of wine when the Baker expedition appeared. The newcomers—six of them, including California Jim Turner and Paudeen—came in one at a time. Paudeen came last, and turned the key in the lock of the heavy door outside the swing doors as he entered.

Poole leaned back against the bar and stared at Paudeen, who immediately began to spar. "I can lick you, you American son of a bitch," said Paudeen, more or less as usual. Poole replied that he would fight any man in the house for five hundred dollars. He handed five ten-dollar gold pieces to Dean to hold as a deposit. In spite of his nonchalance, Poole undoubtedly understood the nature of his position, which was to be paralleled twenty-one years later by General Custer's. When Paudeen kept after him, Poole backed slowly along the bar toward the recess between the washstand and the oyster box. Paudeen followed closely, churning his fists. Once, he grabbed Poole by the collar and spat in his face. Poole shook him off and moved on back into the recess. Very likely he reached for the gun in his pocket at this point, though pro-Poole witnesses later denied it strongly. Two versions of the night's events were heard at the Baker trial; they had as much in common as simultaneous Allied and German communiqués during the war. It may or may not be true that Poole cried out "Boys, do you mean to murder me?" just as it may or may not be true that he went for his gun. In any case, Turner, the comic-strip badman from California, now produced his miniature cannon, waved it around his head, and said either "Ah, you would, would you?" or "Let's sail in, boys, anyhow!" He then rested the pistol on his left forearm, with the idea of taking steady aim, and shot himself horribly in the ulna, shattering the bone. From that moment on, as Poole recalled before he



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died, so many shots flew through the air that it was as if "someone took a handful of corn and threw it around." Charley Lozier, Poole's brother-in-law, who was present, was wounded in the scalp and the leg—probably, according to later expert reconstruction, by bullets from Poole's gun. Turner was shot at least once more, though not by himself. A spectator named Deagle walked into a pier mirror, thinking it was an exit. Other customers fought their way into the shelter of a closet near the bar. When one of them pulled out a gun, Professor Campbell, the boxing expert, who was among those in the closet, said, "For God's sake, there are enough of those things outside! Don't let's have any in here!"

Baker had been standing near the oyster box when Turner opened fire. As Poole, whom someone or other had shot in the knee, staggered past, he clutched at Baker, and the two went careening together across the room to the south wall. Poole fell against the wall, and Baker shot him in the left side of the chest from a distance of a few inches. The next moment, Baker himself was slightly wounded, most likely by Cy Shay; one bullet creased his head, and another, a spent one, grazed his abdomen. However, all the anti-Poole forces managed to reach the street alive and make their escape. Poole got to his feet after Baker had gone. He had found a carving knife on the floor, and with this in one hand he walked to the outer door and stood there for several seconds, holding on to the door handle. Then he collapsed. When the police came, he was carried to the bar and laid out on top of it, on his back. A doctor named Putnam examined him, built a fire in the stove, and covered Poole with a coat. Poole began to vomit. Later, Shay, Lozier, and some others took him home to Christopher Street in a carriage.

The deathwatch was solemn and protracted. The *Times*, the *Tribune*, and most of the other newspapers kept reporters on hand. Poole was conscious much of the time during the eleven days before he died. He passed his own judgment on "the Irish assassination plot," as the Know-Nothing papers called it. Baker was the man who had shot him, all right, he said, but he was inclined to put the bulk of the blame for the shooting on Morrissey and on James Irving, another Tammany worker, who had been present during the Poole-Morrissey quarrel earlier in the evening. Poole's political instincts were sound in this dying effort to rate his party's enemies. Morrissey and Irving were the only

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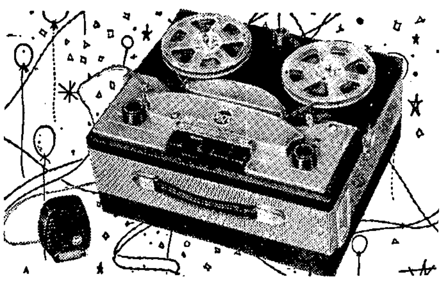

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alumni of the night of February 24th and 25th at Stanwix Hall who later achieved public office.

In the days just after the shooting, even the more conservative people and newspapers in town accepted the idea that Poole had been the victim of a brutal, unprovoked criminal attack. The atmosphere became difficult for the attackers—so much so that Baker lost as little time as possible in fleeing the country under an assumed name. Americanism had a first-class martyr to work with, complete with grief-stricken wife, orphaned child (a boy, aged nine; another child had died a few years before), and surefire dying words. The demand for fan material—details about Poole's life and personality—was great. Two nights after Poole died, Messrs. Fowlers and Wells, phrenologists, visited the house to take readings for the April issue of their *Phrenological Journal*. Their analysis of Poole's skull has the ring of scientific objectivity. In a "Table of Temperaments," in which each temperament was weighed by a point system, with seven points the highest mark, they gave Poole a low score of two for Veneration; it was "the smallest organ in the moral lobe." For Spirituality, he got no more than three points. For Ideality and Benevolence, however, he chalked up five points each, and for Hope, Combativeness, Amativeness, and Alimentiveness, six each, or almost perfect. —JOHN LARDNER

*(This is the first of two articles on Bill Poole.)*

•

It has been the policy for the Internal Revenue Service not to regard a club, the purposes of which include the promotion of nudism, as a social, athletic, or sporting club within the meaning of section 1710 of the Code (tax on dues and initiation fees). Upon reconsideration it is now held that a club operated in the manner and for the purpose described above constitutes a social, athletic, or sporting club or organization within the meaning of section 1710 of the Code.—*Ruling of the Internal Revenue Bureau.*

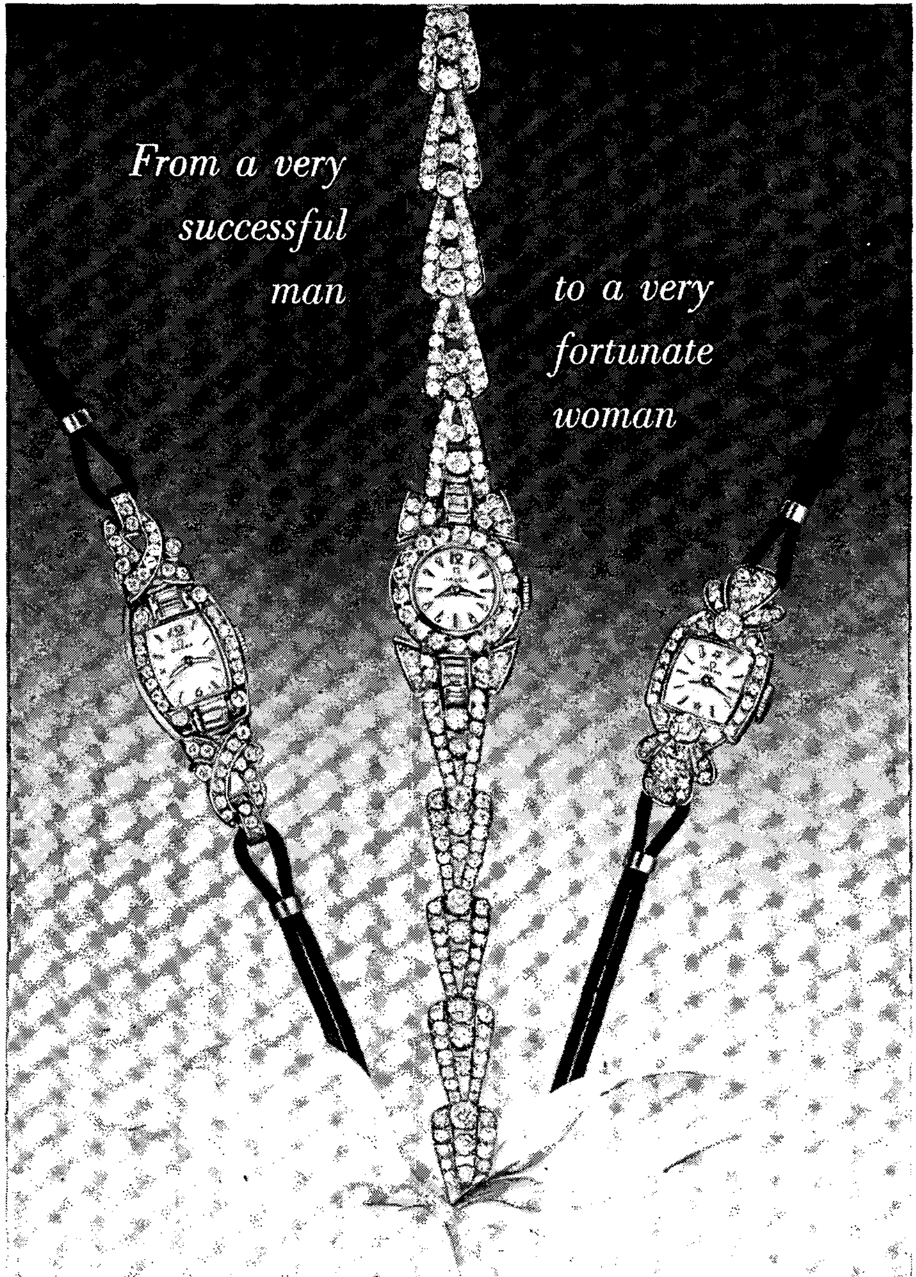
Mercy, what could be *more* sporting?

•

### WHAT COLUMN OF PAGE 16 OF THE "HERALD TRIBUNE" D'YA READ?

When Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer landed at the Dublin Airport more than 200 of Rosemary's relatives greeted them. The couple is house-guesting at John Huston's home in Kildare, Ireland.—*Hy Gardner in the Herald Tribune, February 23rd, page 16, column 5.*

ROME, Feb. 22 (AP)—Jose Ferrer, the actor, arrived here today from Nice for a short holiday.—*Same paper, same date, same page, column 4.*



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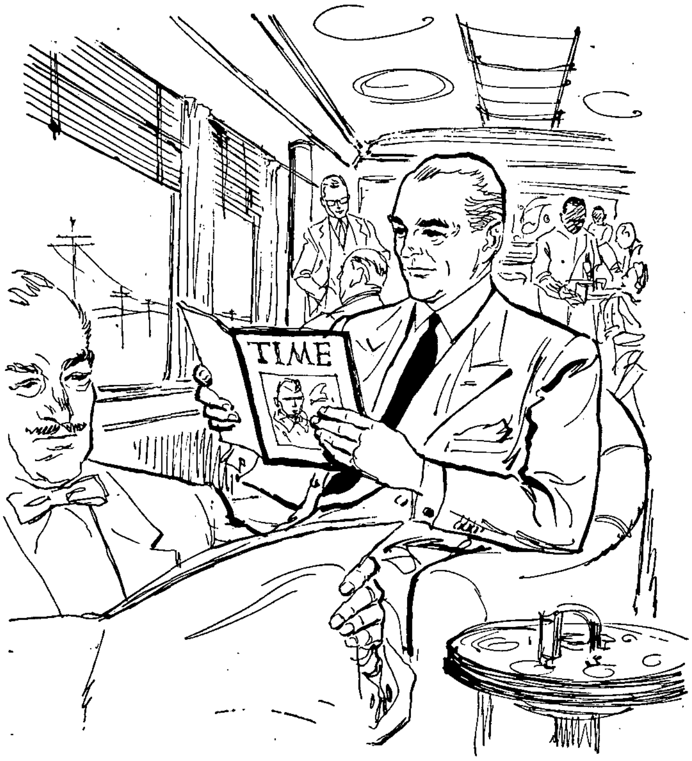
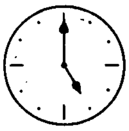
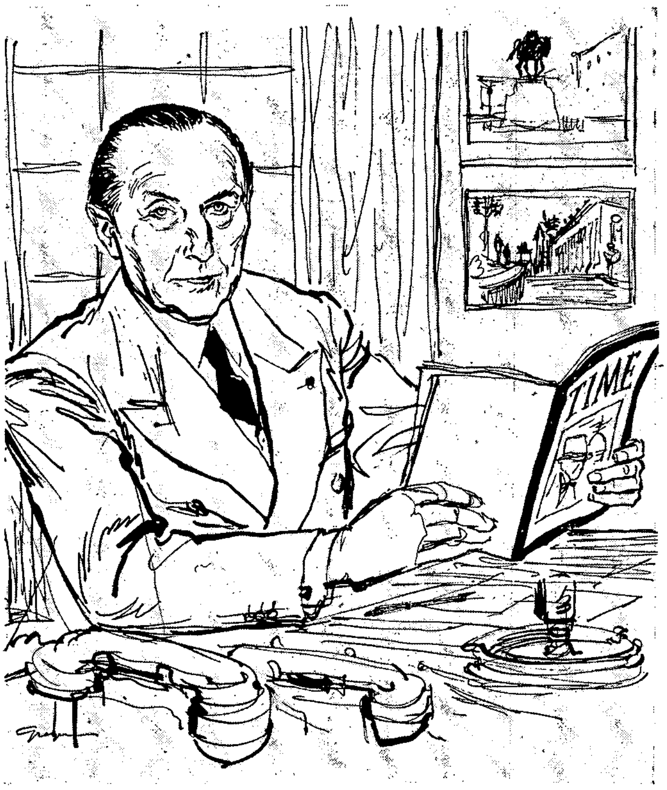
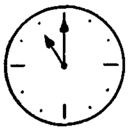


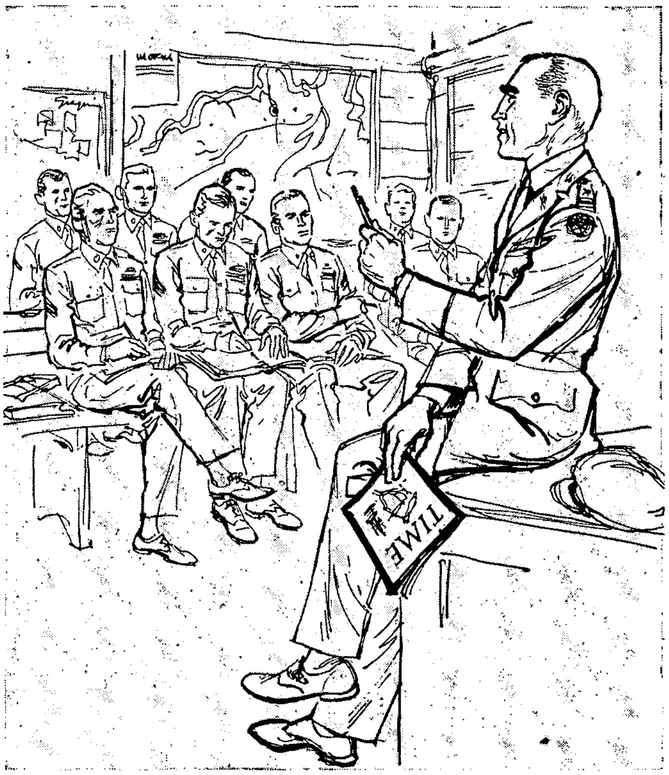


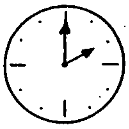
**NEW YORK:** AS YOU OPEN your copy of TIME, here are some of the things going on around the world...at the same time.



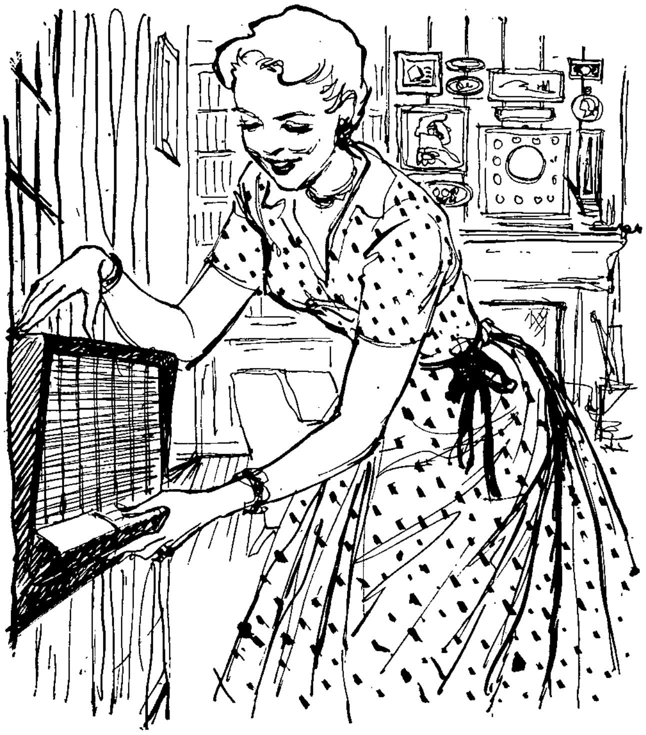


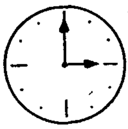
**BONN:** KONRAD ADENAUER reads the "foreign language" magazine he most prefers.



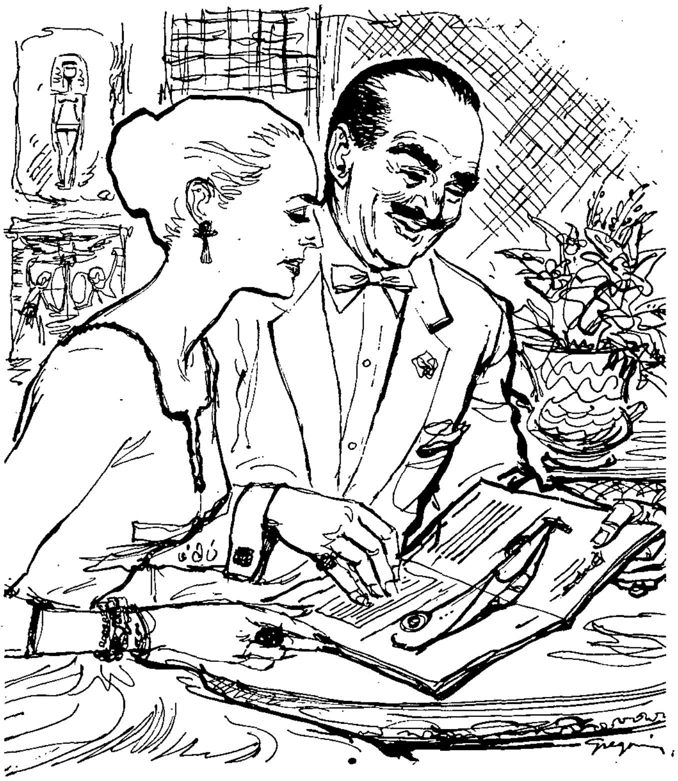


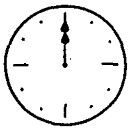
**LOS ANGELES:** ARMY EDUCATION OFFICER instructs class at army base, using TIME as a model.



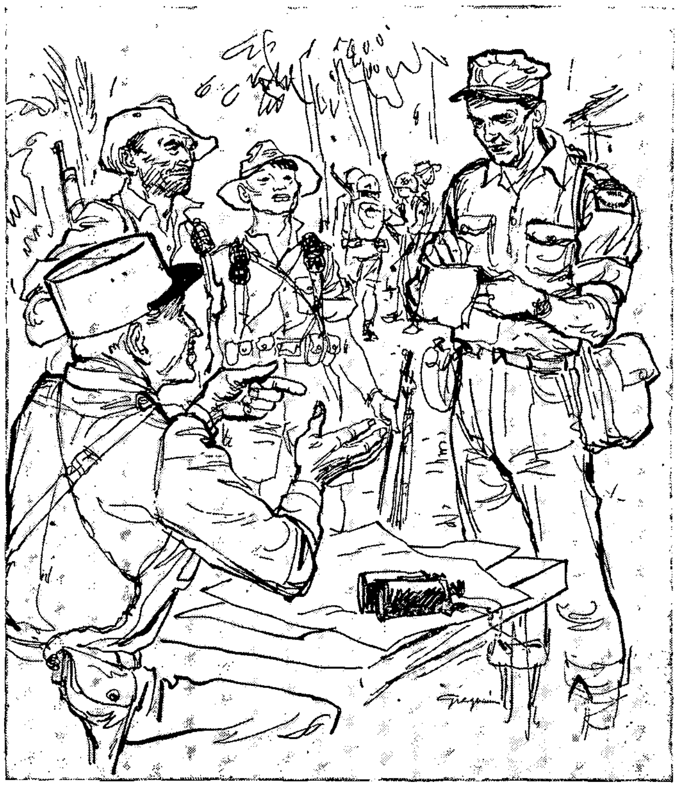


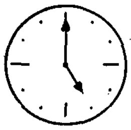
**DENVER:** HOUSEWIFE with new air conditioner she first admired in TIME advertisement.



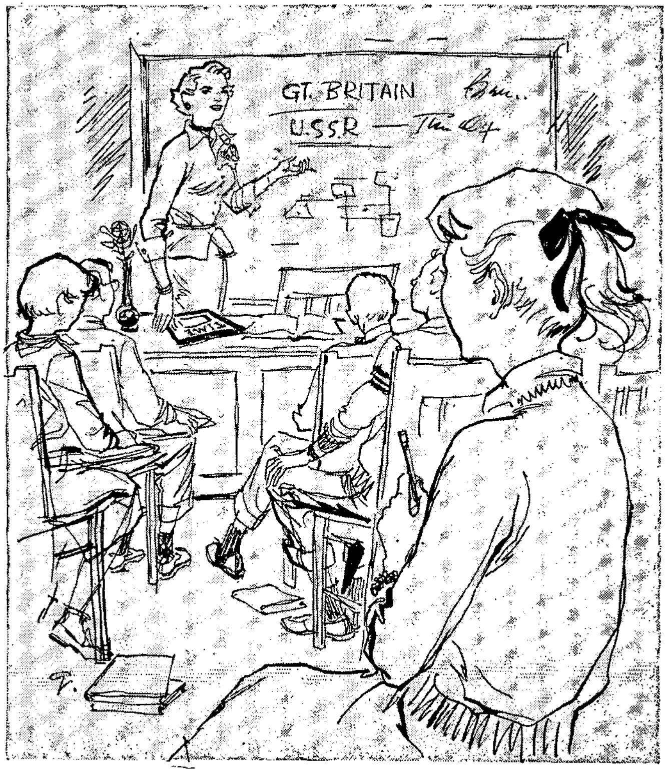


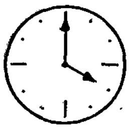
**CAIRO:** EGYPTIAN IMPORTER and his wife discuss advertisement announcing new American sports car.





**INDO-CHINA:** TIME CORRESPONDENT in front lines interviewing French troops.





**CHICAGO:** TIME REPORTS are used as basis for assignments in current history class.

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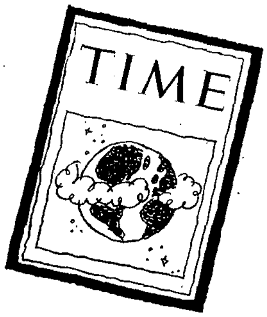


# THE THEATRE

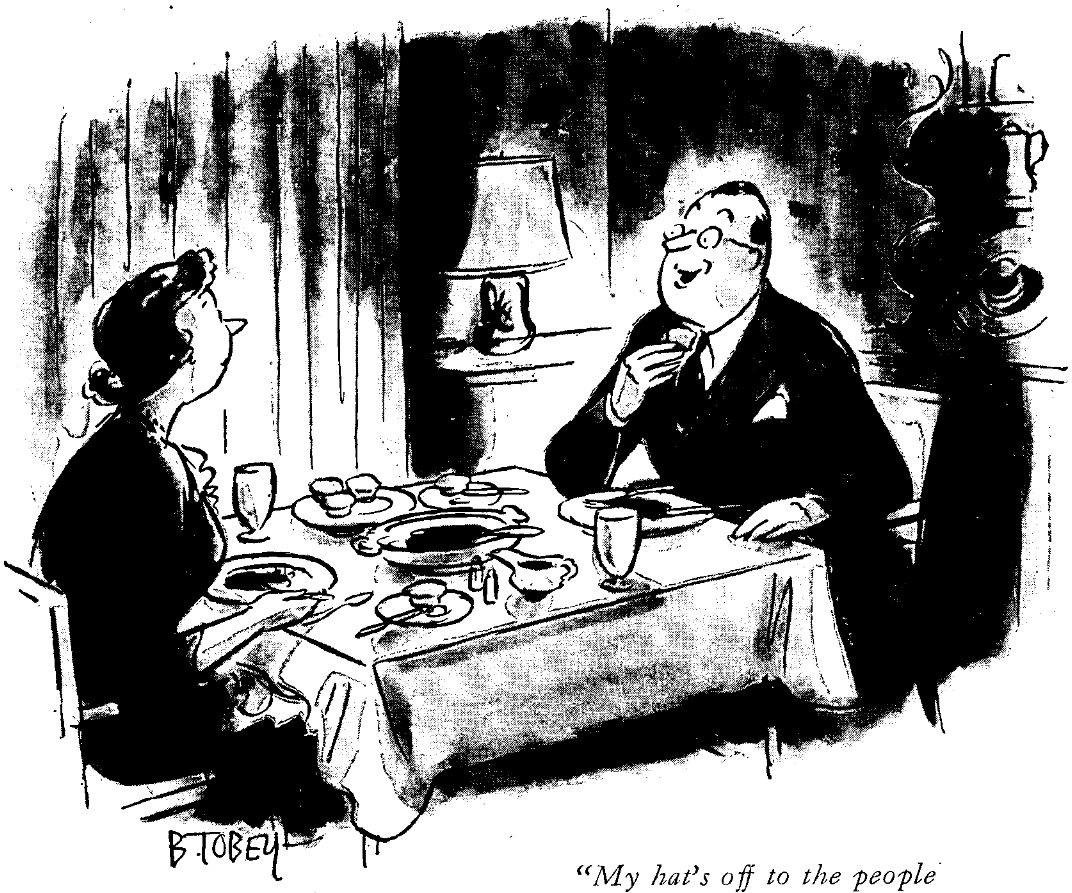
## HOMER NODS

IT was in "The Beautiful and Damned," I believe, that F. Scott Fitzgerald caused his heroine to remark thoughtfully of another young woman, "Oh, I like her, except not very much." This note of qualified rapture was evident in most of my colleagues' reviews of "The Golden Apple," which opened last week at the Phoenix Theatre, and it comes close to expressing my own opinion, too. The musical, for which John Latouche furnished the book, Jerome Moross the songs, and Hanya Holm the choreography, has quite a lot to recommend it: the humor is generally at least acceptable; there are some fine tunes and some agreeably rakish dances; the scenery and costumes alternate sunny and innocent charm with representations of rather elaborate depravity; and the cast, though lacking the services of any really electrifying personalities, is composed of attractive people whose hearts are clearly in their work. All this should obviously make up a more than usually satisfactory evening. The fact that I found it only mildly and intermittently diverting—scarcely, indeed, justifying the long voyage down to Twelfth Street and Second Avenue—isn't easy to explain, but I should say that the answer has something to do with familiarity. As I watched the stage, it kept occurring to me that I had seen almost everything on it somewhere else before—not in any single play, of course, but distributed through a hundred of them—and almost always executed with that little extra verve that separates the truly distinguished from the simply meritorious. "The Golden Apple," in short, is more than competent in every department; it just doesn't happen to strike me as terribly interesting in any.

The plot is based on a rearrangement of mythology—a device that has certainly served the musical stage with some regularity in the past—specifically, on a tampering with the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." It is Mr. Latouche's fancy to transplant Ulysses to the American Northwest at the end of the nineteenth century. He returns from the Spanish-American War, where he and his fellow-heroes have done quite well, and is preparing to settle down with Penelope in the town of Angel's Roost, at the foot of Mount Olympus, when the peace of the little community is suddenly disrupted by the arrival of Paris, in the shape of a travelling salesman, who descends on it in a balloon. He awards the golden apple, provided by a sibyl named Mother Hare, to the local Aphrodite, here called Lovey Mars, and, thanks to the sexual prowess conferred on him in return, has practically no trouble seducing Helen, the sultry spouse of an elderly banker, and carrying her off in his balloon. Their destination is a seaport called Rhododendron, and presently Ulysses and his men set out to bring them back. This concludes the first act and the more bucolic portion of the entertainment.

Things are considerably more lively in Rhododendron. Somehow or other, the simple adventurers get involved with a dapper and plausible scoundrel called Hector Charybdis (it may be that Mr. Latouche's nomenclature is sometimes a little too ingenious for its own good), and under his guidance they visit a Madam Calypso, who humiliates them socially, after the tiresome fashion of the newly rich; they are clipped in a bucket shop, conducted jointly by Charybdis and his partner, Scylla; they drop in at a waterfront dive, where some Sirens in straw skirts go to work on them; they go to Minerva's laboratory, where, unfortunately, one of them is dispatched in a space rocket; and, finally, they are caught up in a brawl on a dark and sinister street, where another man gets stabbed. Naturally, Ulysses finds all these goings on somewhat exhausting, though not, perhaps, quite as exhausting as I find it to chronicle them, and it is a relief to him to get back to Angel's Roost, where Penelope has just about reached the end of her knitting and her patience.

All this, as you might imagine, pro-



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vides some nice opportunities for comedy, and on the whole the performers make the most of them. The most successful is probably Kaye Ballard, whose Helen is a very funny girl indeed, whether she is repelling the warriors—with, however, remarkably little conviction—or making Paris's wooing as easy for him as a lady possibly could, or providently taking Menelaus's silverware with her as she sets off in the balloon. Of the rest, Jack Whiting brings a fine professional touch to the role of Charybdis, a part practically identical with a good many he has done before; Stephen Douglass is a sonorous Ulysses; Nola Day is a handsome, menacing, full-voiced sibyl; Priscilla Gillette has the proper modest appeal as Penelope; Jonathan Lucas, speechless throughout the play, dances Paris with great style and agility; Dean Michner is good as Menelaus, and excellent as Scylla in a Gallagher and Shean duet he sings with Mr. Whiting; and Bibi Osterwald, Geraldine Viti, and Portia Nelson double with considerable effect as matrons in Angel's Roost and rather more worldly types in the wicked metropolis of Rhododendron. The subordinate dancers and singers (the lines of "The Golden Apple," incidentally, are all sung) are very praiseworthy, too.

I'M embarrassed to say that I have almost no idea what emotion "The Threepenny Opera," at the Theatre de Lys, was calculated to stir in me. At times, I thought it might be the kind of indulgent amusement that we were once supposed to experience at exhibits like Christopher Morley's Hoboken revival of "The Black Crook" and Second Avenue renderings of "The Fireman's Flame," where, as you may recall, whimsical people went to drink beer and chuckle over the innocent foolishness of the bygone drama. No beer, however, was available down on Christopher Street, and if an outright burlesque of anything was intended, it seemed to me singularly flat and uninspired. At other times, it occurred to me that the management might have another kind of humor in mind—something social and universal, having to do with the fundamental identity of vice and virtue—but if that was the case, the point escaped me, too. And at still others I tried to think of the work as a simple comedy melodrama and the characters in it as picturesque figures engaged in interesting adventures. Of this notion I can only say that it was a matter of such overwhelming indifference to me what happened to Macheath, Polly Peachum, and all their disrepu-

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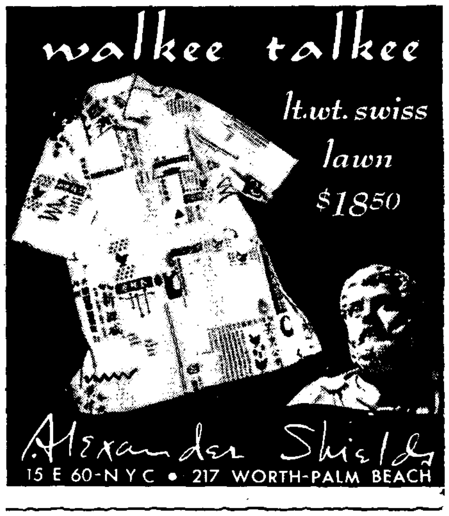

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**PUBLISHERS • PRINTERS • MAP MAKERS** • ESTABLISHED 1856 • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON table relatives and companions that I left them unreluctantly somewhat before the end. It is certainly a poor kind of criticism that can report nothing more than an emotional vacuum, especially in the presence of a piece that has enjoyed international renown for more than a quarter of a century, but it is the best I can do. There was, of course, the Kurt Weill score, which reverberated handsomely through the little hall, but its merits as music were, I'm afraid, largely obscured for me by the overriding torments of the script and the production. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

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Now I have a waving acquaintance with Blackstone; good fellowship with Thale and Pythagoras; am a master of arabic notation and find nothing so exasperating as the theory of limits and circulating decimals. I admire Cicero for his eloquence, Demothene for his earnestness, Hannibal for his generalship and Napoleon for his audacity.

I enjoy the musing of Milton, the odes of Anacreon, the writings of Riley, and the deductions of Doyle.

I understand the functions of the universe—the sun and his eclipses, the moon and her phases and the Good Earth—her physical and political divisions—the big booming ocean and deep sounding sea with all the Fauna and Flora that haunt their rockbound shores.

I understand the Torrid Heat and the Frigid poles and why all of the zones were so properly divided as shown and illustrated on the Tellurian Globes.

I could mention many other things that might appertain to the wellbeing of mankind—But right now I am trying to tell you that if you will elect me Justice of the Peace I will do my best to sift and solve your least problem as tho it embodied a ransome beyond telling, treasure innumerable, and honors continually and in multitude.

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I am native of the County—a citizen of this town, a member of the adamic family and classified a caucasian.

Respectfully and sincerely,
J. Al Morris

—*Adv. in the Henderson (Texas) Times.*

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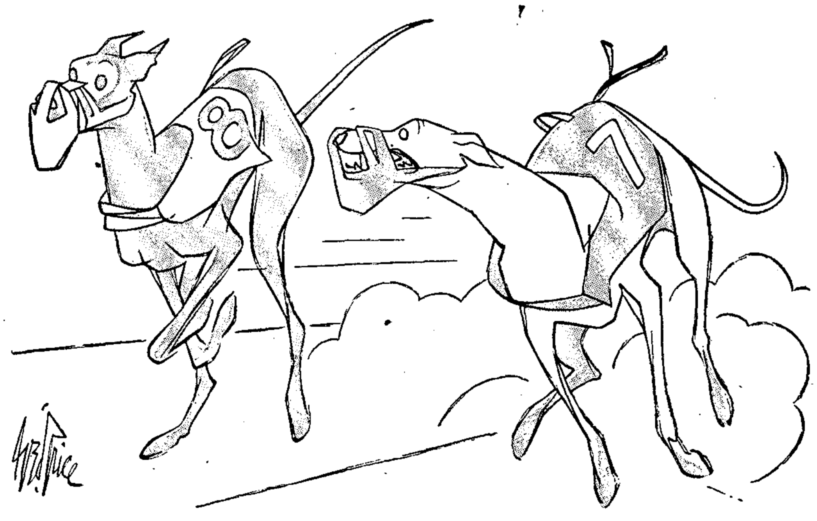
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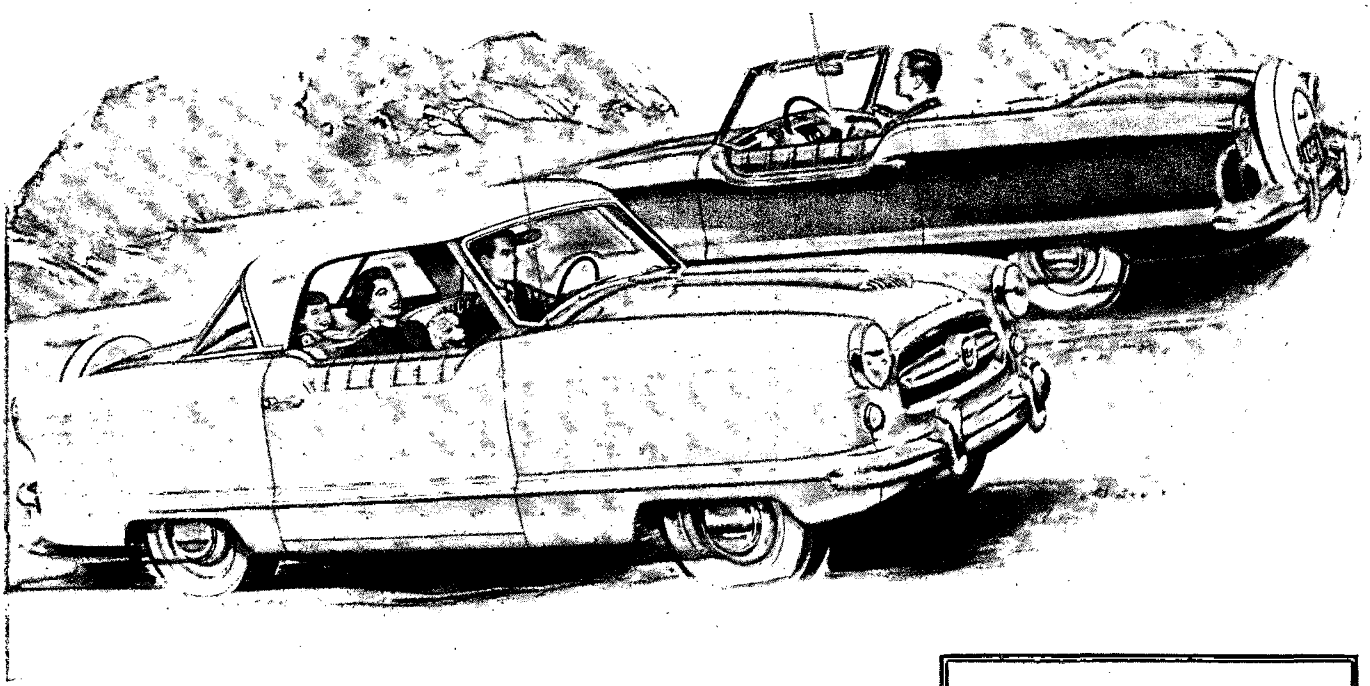

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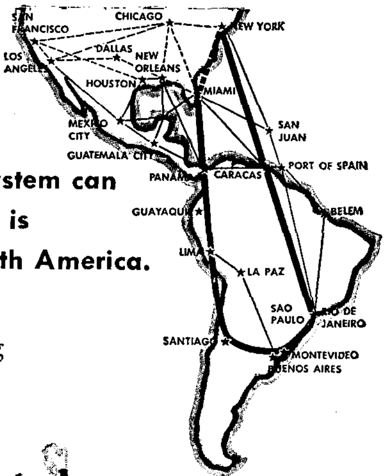
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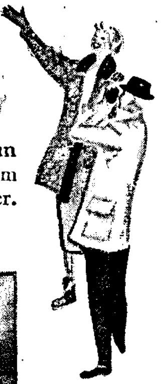

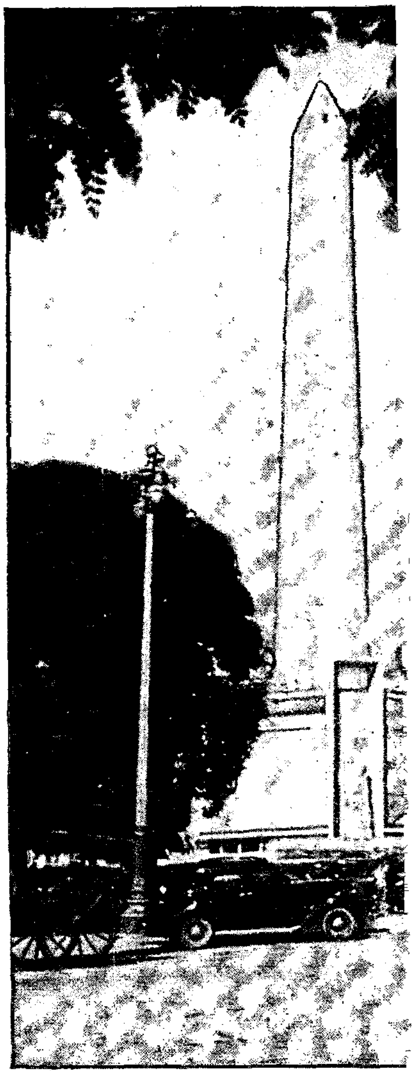

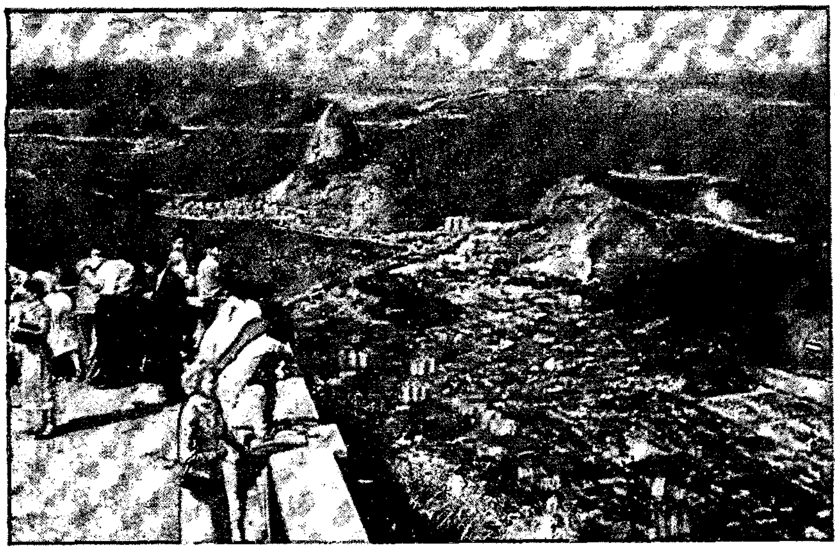

**Marvel at the incredible beauty** of Rio de Janeiro. See how Sugarloaf Mountain stands as a sentinel at the entrance to the harbor. It's about the height of the Empire State Building. Rio has one of the finest race tracks in the world, excellent golf courses, and boats for sailing and fishing.

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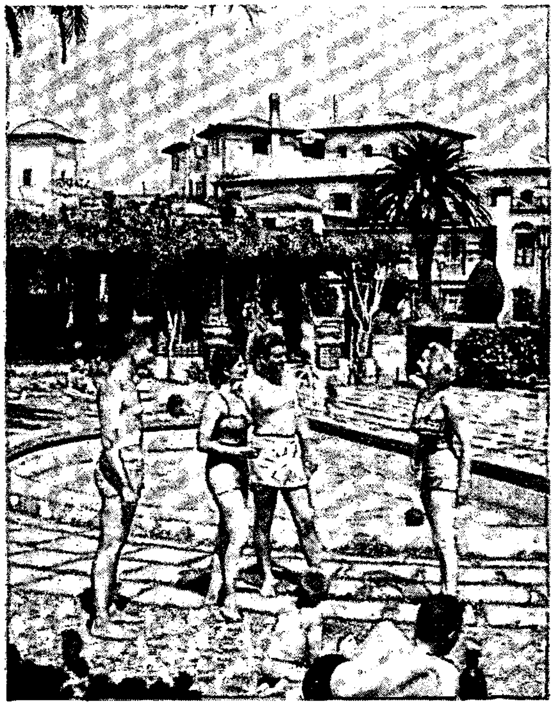

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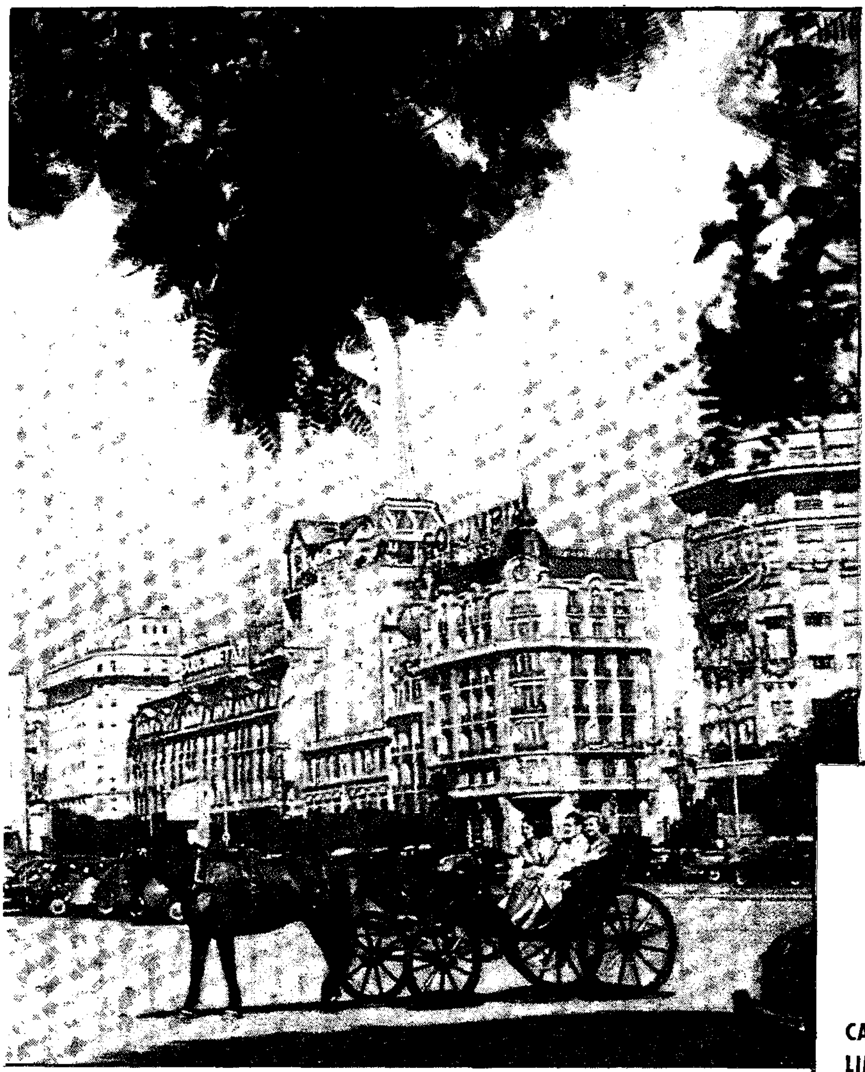

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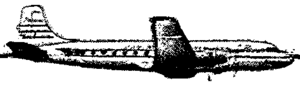

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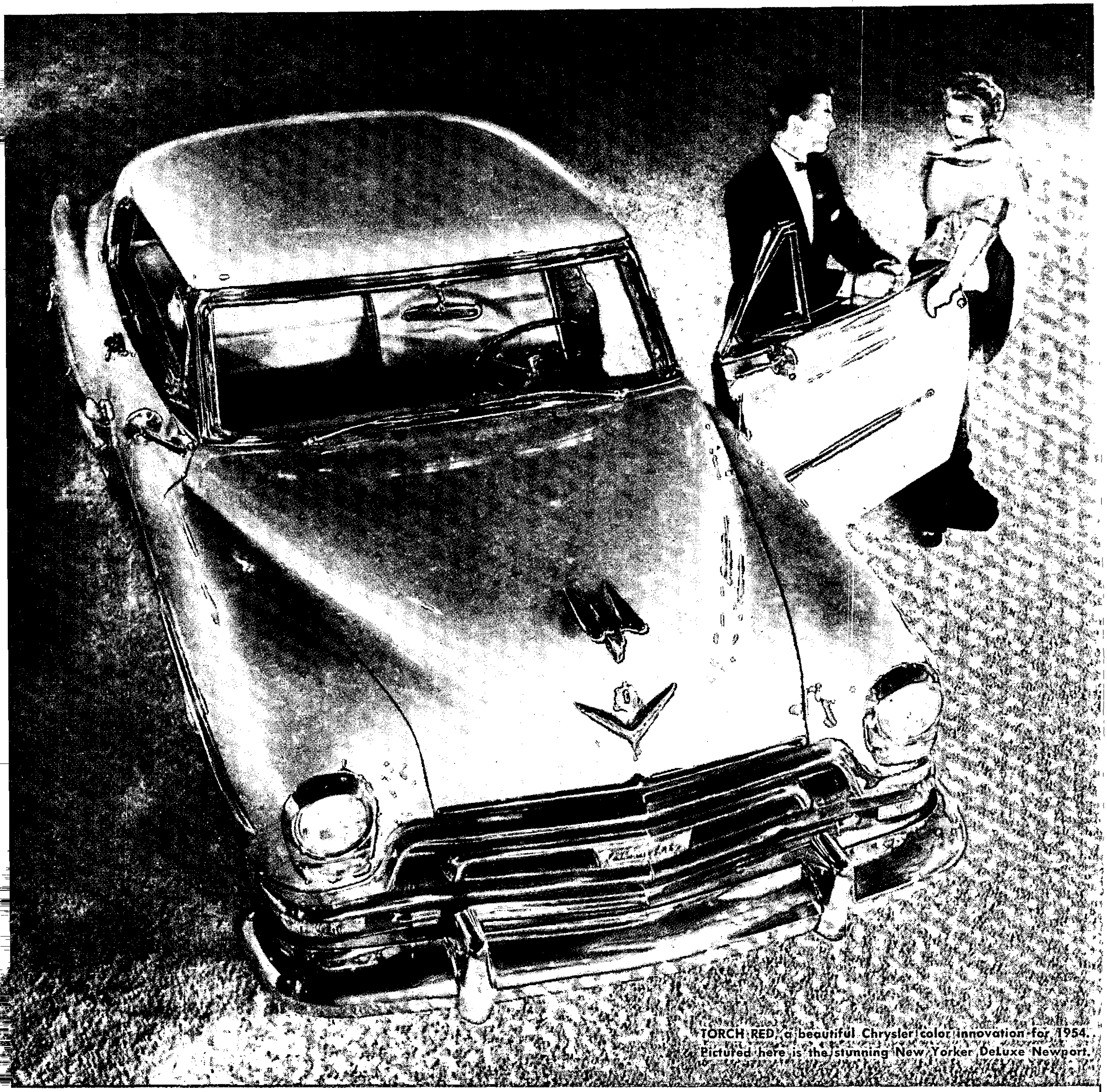

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# THE RACE TRACK

### *Down South*

THIS used to be a good time of year to sit back and take stock of the past winter's racing—or just to sit back—but nowadays, with horses running all over the place, one can't do that. Last weekend, there was a fifty-thousand-dollar affair, the Gulfstream Park Handicap, in Florida, and a forty-thousand-dollar one, the Louisiana Derby, at New Orleans. Also, the New England season opened at Lincoln Downs, near Providence, where, a spy reports, thirty-five thousand horseplayers showed up, in spite of the weather, which was cold and drizzling. Just for the record, there was also racing at Sunshine Park, Charles Town, Hot Springs, and Bay Meadows.

To take up the most important event first, the Gulfstream Park Handicap went to Wise Margin, a son of Market Wise, after a blanket finish with Ruhe and Intencion. The winner, who hadn't been first in his last thirteen tries, picked up $44,500 and rewarded his backers with a $23.20 mutuel—not a bad return when you remember that in February he finished third to Elixir and Royal Vale in the McLennan Handicap at Hialeah. The performance of Straight Face, the favorite for the Gulfstream Park, was too dismal for words; he was tenth most of the way and finished tenth. Another surprise, earlier that afternoon, was the defeat of the previously unbeaten Duc de Fer, whom everyone has been talking so much about lately. He lost emphatically, as those wonder colts usually do when they lose, coming in fourth behind Post Prandial, Goyamo, and Correlation. Personally, I think Duc de Fer is a sprinter. By the way, after he won his fifth straight a fortnight ago, his owner, J. W. Rodgers, is supposed to have remarked that the colt's first loss would take a big load off his mind. Owning or training an unbeaten racer may not be altogether a picnic, but a lot of men I know would willingly take on either chore.

THOUGH I have the memory of an elephant, I can't recall any Louisiana Derby winner who was absolutely first-class. Black Gold, who won in 1924, was a gallant little fellow, with

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great individuality, but that's not the same thing. Gigantic, who beat his stablemate Bobby Brocato in the race last weekend, shouldn't be mentioned in the same breath with Black Gold. In fact, I'll be surprised if Gigantic starts in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park this weekend. There will be a lot of runners in the Derby—too many to talk about individually here—but if I had to pick the winner, I'd say Cain Hoy's Big Crest: He won like a good one the other day, and, besides, his stable is in luck right now.

I'D like to remark on an item in the recent report of the New York State Joint Legislative Committee to Study Horse Racing. The Wicks Committee, as it is called for short, warns against increasing the state's share of the tax on the pari-mutuel handle at the trotting tracks lest "by some hasty legislative fiat we cause the demise of the proverbial goose." The way it works now, the state gets forty-three per cent of the tax at the trotting tracks, and the tracks get the other fifty-seven per cent. Well, as far as that goes, the racing tracks—Belmont, Aqueduct, Jamaica, and Saratoga—have managed to get along very nicely for a decade on only about thirty-three per cent of the tax proceeds, while the state and the city split up the rest. Quite a difference.

—Audax Minor

•

### ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Boston Herald*]

Devoted care to an ill World War I soldier has won a Boston nurse an expression of his gratitude—nearly 40 years later.

Miss E. Gertrude Melick of the Hotel Brunswick, who served in France during World War I, was ill in the Jamaica Plain VA Hospital recently.

Convalescing, she walked down a corridor one day, and a man looked hard at her. "Remember me?" he asked.

Miss Melick confessed that she didn't.

"You nursed me through the flu in France, and I never forgot it," he said. "As long as you're in this hospital, I'm going to see that you get The Boston Herald every day."

•

Arthur "Royal Hawaiian" Ostap gave a surprise party for Bobby Bruns last week at the lovely Zimmerman residence. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Harry "Primo" Birsner, Senator John McCarthy, Robert Williams of the DAV, Lieut. George Larrieu PIO officer at Hickman, Mr. Chas. Lavine, Mrs. phone me for the names and her lovely daughter Miss Margie.—*Honolulu Sports Spotlight.*

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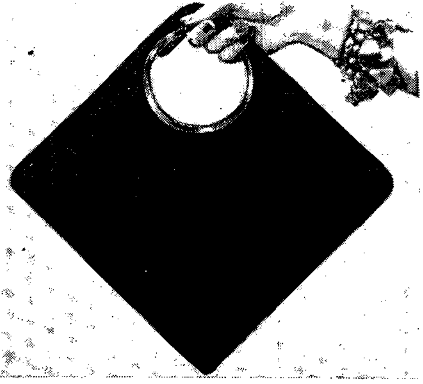
by MM



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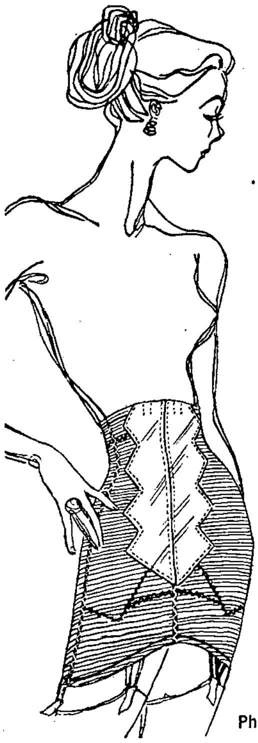

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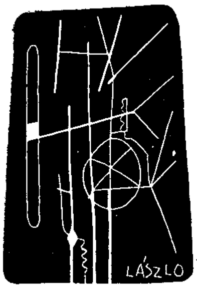
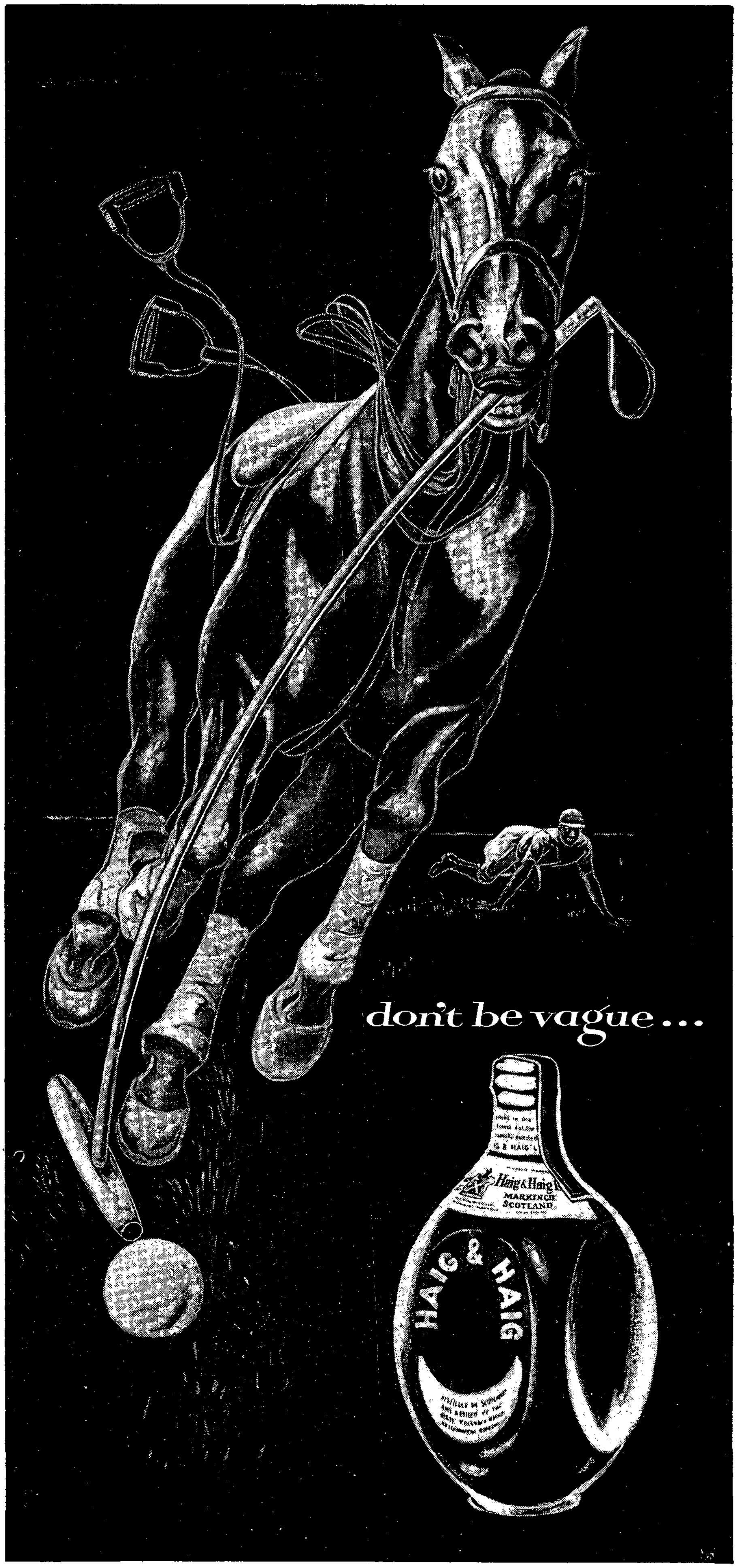
# TELEVISION

## *Man from Wisconsin*



AFTER his interrogation by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy a few weeks ago, General Ralph Zwicker, the commandant of Camp Kilmer, turned to his aides, according to the papers, and remarked, "Boys, now you've had an education." I felt the same way the other night after watching Edward R. Murrow's half-hour report on the Senator, over his weekly "See It Now" program, sponsored by the Aluminum Company of America (C.B.S., 10:30-11 P.M. on Tuesdays). Mr. Murrow brought off an extraordinary feat of journalism by the simple expedient of compiling a pictorial history of the Senator, complete with sound track, that showed him as he has performed in a variety of places and under a variety of circumstances during the past few years. Mr. Murrow let the Senator do most, but not all, of the work. We saw McCarthy speaking in Milwaukee, we saw him speaking in Philadelphia, we watched him conduct an investigation of the Voice of America, we heard a tape recording of a speech he delivered in Charleston, West Virginia, and we watched some of his operations during the 1952 Presidential campaign. We also got a pretty good look at the fellow—the best that I, for one, have ever got. To begin with, he's a big man, with big hands and a large head. Most of the time, he has a petulant, droop-jaw expression, as though, at the very instant he was all set to challenge everybody in the place to step outside, he was convinced that everybody in the place was about to jump him. He has a soft, almost silky, droning voice, which he tries somewhat too obviously to control. His laugh is frightening. He uses his hands a great deal for emphasis. While interrogating a witness, he gives the impression that all light, all truth, and all honesty belong at the moment to him alone, but then destroys the impression by appearing, curiously and unexpectedly, to be uncertain of his next move.

Mr. Murrow's intent was to pick the Senator up in a series of contradictions. He quoted the Senator as having declared in Milwaukee seventeen months ago, "If this fight against Communism is made a fight between America's two great political parties, the American peo-



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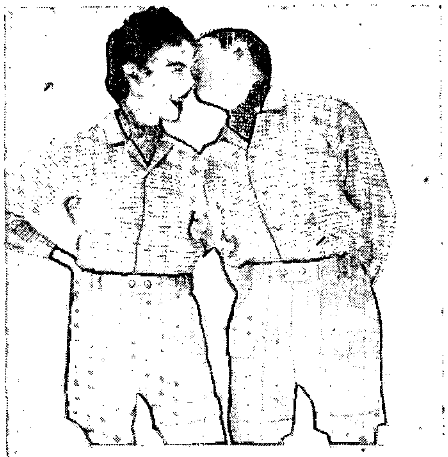
ple know that one of those parties will be destroyed, and the Republic cannot endure very long as a one-party system." He then let us hear the remarks of the Senator in Charleston on February 4th of this year: "The issue between the Republicans and Democrats is clearly drawn. It has been deliberately drawn by those who have been in charge of twenty years of treason. The hard fact is that those who wear the label 'Democrat' wear it with the stain of a historic betrayal." We saw the Senator in many moods—arrogant, aroused, fierce, and humble. To depict this last mood, Murrow threw a shot on the screen of a political dinner somewhere. An elderly gentleman at the speaker's table who was introducing the Senator became almost overwhelmed with emotion. He said he could not express what was in his heart, and he reached across the table and plucked some flowers from a floral arrangement, remarking:

> "Ah, 'tis but a dainty flower I bring you,
> Yes, 'tis but a violet, glistening with dew,
> But still in its heart there lie beauties
> concealed.
> So in our heart our love for you lies unrevealed."

McCarthy arose, gulping, and said, "You know, I used to pride myself on the idea that I was a bit tough, especially over the past eighteen or nineteen months, when we have been kicked around and bull-whipped and damned. I didn't think that I could be touched very deeply. But tonight, frankly, my cup and my heart are so full I can't talk to you." And he turned away, almost in tears.

Throughout the program, Mr. Murrow quietly added comments of his own. He made no attempt to hide his strong feelings of distaste and shock at the methods and language of the Senator. Murrow is, of course, a master of pictorial presentation and rarely forgets that television is designed for the eye as well as the ear. His most effective use of pictorial technique, it seemed to me, came in his discussion of the Senator's charge that "extreme Left Wing elements of press and radio" were attacking his committee over the Zwicker affair. Mr. Murrow had before him two stacks of newspapers, and, pointing to one, he said, "Of the fifty large-circulation newspapers in the country, these are the Left Wing papers that criticized." Then, pointing to the other, he said, "These are the ones that supported him. The ratio is about three to one against the Senator. Now let us look at some of these Left Wing papers that criticized the Senator." Thereupon he



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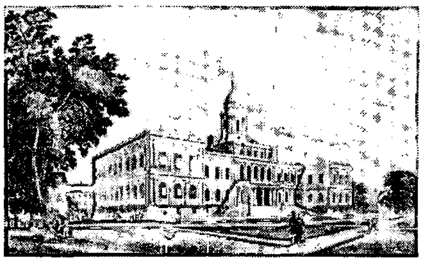

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read editorial excerpts from the Chicago *Tribune*, the New York *Times*, the Washington *Times-Herald*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, the Washington *Star*, the Milwaukee *Journal*, the *World-Telegram & Sun*, and others.

Just before the conclusion of his program, Mr. Murrow fixed the audience with an almost glassy stare and read, solemnly and deliberately, an editorial he had composed for the occasion. I thought that he was especially impressive when he remarked, "This is no time for men who oppose Senator McCarthy's methods to keep silent, or for those who approve. We can deny our heritage and our history, but we cannot escape responsibility for the result. There is no way for a citizen of a republic to abdicate his responsibilities. . . . The actions of the Junior Senator from Wisconsin have caused alarm and dismay amongst our allies abroad and given considerable comfort to our enemies, and whose fault is that? Not really his; he didn't create this situation of fear, he merely exploited it, and rather successfully. Cassius was right: 'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves. . . .' Good night, and good luck." —PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

Raylea Gail Sacker, 10-year-old daughter of A. A. Sacker, Hartford, Conn., agent, packed most of the main points of fire prevention in the home into the following brief essay, written in connection with Fire Prevention Week:

"Fire Prevention Week is here. In order to keep my house safe from fire, I remind Dad not to throw cigarettes in the waste paper basket. I clean all papers out of the attic and cellar. I don't leave oil cans and rags hanging around. I tell Mom not to leave the iron going while she's talking on the 'phone. I don't leave the fire on when we go out, and I throw all papers out that accumulate around the house.

"Most important, *I don't let my little sister play with matches.* I tell Dad to watch out when he's burning trash or leaves. In case of a fire, I call the Fire Department immediately. All these things will make Fire Prevention Week a happy one for my family."—*The Standard, New England's Insurance Weekly.*

How did that fire start that you had to call the Department for?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Lincoln (Neb.) High School Advocate*]

The Orpheons were entertained at their Feb. 17 meeting by an accordion solo by Mary Jane Phelps. Roma Leichner played a piano solo and Gloria McKim sang a solo.

The members decided to have outside entertainment.

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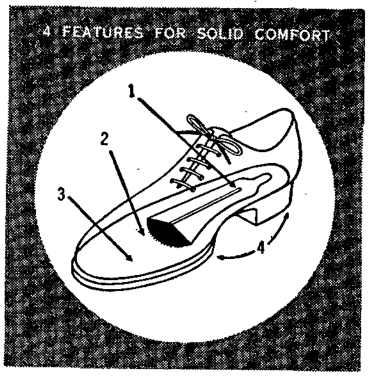

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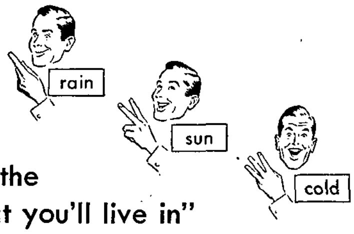

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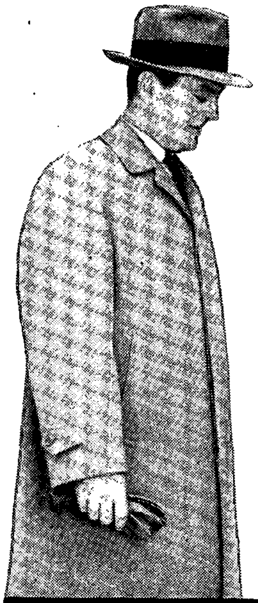

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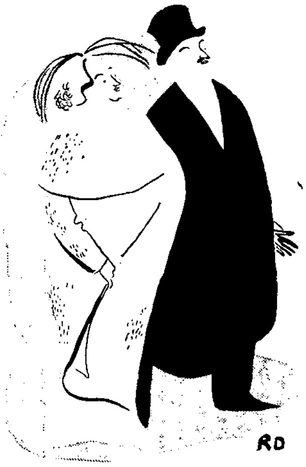
## NO MUD ON THEIR FOOT MITTENS

TOKYO

IT is probably not surprising that the Japanese, left more or less to their own devices since the signing of the peace treaty and the end of the Occupation in the spring of 1952, should have reverted to many of the thought and behavior patterns that the United States Army, whether wisely or not, sought to obliterate during the seven years it ran the islands. But since the most basically Japanese trait of all still appears to be the compulsion to copy and adapt, it may also not be surprising that perhaps the most noticeable consequence of their having become themselves again is an intensified effort to become as Western as possible. Reversing the adage, one might say of the Japanese that the more they remain the same, the more they change. The chameleon neurosis in the Nipponese psyche, whereby the process of adaptation seems to derive from unbreakable habit rather than an effort of the will, enables them not only to appropriate Occidental manners and customs without effort but to do so without altering, to any material extent, what the Westerner would take to be totally incompatible Japanese ones. The resulting confusion—in the arts, in politics, and, indeed, in all aspects of everyday existence—tends to make life in Japan generally, and in Tokyo particularly, even more engrossing than it might otherwise be.



The contradictory elements in Tokyo become apparent long before the arriving traveller has completed the nerve-racking taxi ride from the airfield to the hotel section of town, which takes one along part of the main highway between the capital and its port of Yokohama. This dingy four-lane road—doubtless the most travelled thoroughfare in the country—is divided down the center either by a white line or by streetcar tracks, but these are boundaries that Tokyo drivers of trucks and taxis resolutely ignore, preferring to dash head-on toward the traffic in the opposite lane and then swerve aside at the last possible instant. Even more chivied and harried than pedestrians by these antics are the chauffeurs of smaller and slower vehicles, which include heterogeneous swarms of bicycles, motorcycles, scooters, and all sorts of three-wheeled contraptions, some powered by motor and some by foot. When brushed or capsized by a truck or taxi, the operators of these humble conveyances, far from expressing rage or agony, merely grin sheepishly and apologize for having got in the way.

The Japanese have always lived for the most part in engagingly fragile wooden shanties, on the theory that they could be speedily put up again, or replaced, following a flood, a typhoon, or an earthquake. The Tokyo-Yokohama road is lined with such structures, but because most of them also serve nowadays as small factories or machine shops, high cement chimneys, which might be rather dangerous in the event of a natural disaster, have been added to them. In Tokyo itself, divergent architectural objectives are also in evidence. The rumpled façade of the famous Imperial Hotel and, farther down the street, the sombrely rectangular one of the Dai-Ichi office building remain unchanged, but sprouting up all over the business district are massive new structures of steel and light-gray brick, of which a characteristic example is the ostentatious Nikkatsu Building, at the southeast corner of the Imperial Palace moat. This is a sort of architectural sandwich, with four floors of deluxe hotel rooms and restaurants on top, five floors of office space and shopping arcades in the middle, and a four-story basement that is at present devoted to car storage but could be easily converted into a bomb shelter.

As evening falls, Tokyo's Ginza district blossoms suddenly into what—since Japanese lettering is ideally suited to the medium—must surely be the world's most decorative display of neon lighting. In the highly cosmopolitan assortment of restaurants, the food, whatever its national origin, is usually of superior quality, since tricks of adulteration and mechanical short cuts in preparation have not yet crept into general use here. The cafés and bars along the Ginza, and the shady resorts in the side streets, are mostly of a stridently Western character, offering strip-tease

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acts and Filipino bands. In the Shimbashi district, which was noted before the war chiefly for the pulchritude of its geisha, well-appointed rickshaws, their occupants demurely curtained against prying eyes, are still often seen moving dexterously among the oversize sedans and convertibles that block the narrow alleys. Geisha traditionally favor rickshaws for their frequent brief journeys from one restaurant to another, because these vehicles can cross the sidewalks to the very threshold, thus sparing their passengers the risk of getting a speck of dust or mud on their white foot mittens.

ACCORDING to experienced travellers, Tokyo is currently the world's most expensive metropolis to live in. This is a difficult statement to prove. It may be true if one insists on maintaining American standards in all particulars, for most of the staples of American life—from corn cars to corn flakes—are indeed astronomically priced. So are the rents of "Western" houses. There are, however, compensating circumstances. Tokyo rents are high mainly because real estate is expected to return its value every three or four years—the customary yield on capital in Japan ranges from ten to a hundred per cent a year—and consequently a piece of property that commands a high rent can be bought for a startlingly low price. A house that in the States might rent for two thousand dollars a year and cost twenty thousand to buy, in Tokyo will rent for the equivalent of three or four thousand dollars but cost only ten or twelve thousand.

Household wages, in comparison with those in the United States (if not in Hong Kong, Formosa, and some other parts of the Orient where labor still gets paid something), are also startlingly low. In terms of American currency (the yen is currently stabilized at three hundred and sixty to the dollar, though four hundred or more can be bought for a dollar on the free market in Hong Kong), a highly efficient couple, usually consisting of a cook and an amah, gets from fifty to sixty dollars a month, while ordinary housemaids average twenty dollars or so when they work for American employers and about half that when they work for their compatriots—who, however, ordinarily supply a number of feudal amenities, such as dowries in the event of a marriage. Owing to an odd blind spot that has to date prevented many Japanese from absorbing the Western notion that household work of all kinds is a bore, Japanese servants per-

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However, only a small area of the island's 700 acres is devoted to vineyards. Cemetery, school yard, homes, gardens, orchards, airport and the marsh lands leave perhaps less than half the total island for Catawba cultivation.

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sistently take a creative satisfaction in performing their tasks well and with every possible ceremony. Instead of insisting on short hours and light assignments, they demand long hours and heavy assignments, and on top of that they spend much of their limited income, and even more limited spare time, buying presents for their employers.

From the domestic point of view, indeed, about the only thing that tends to impair the comfort and peace of mind of the Westerner in Japan at the moment is a crime wave, manifesting itself mainly in house burglaries, that has lately reached annoying proportions. To blame the crime wave on the Occupation might be farfetched. Nonetheless, although, as in most other places, there has always been a certain amount of crime in Japan, it used to be committed according to manners and techniques peculiar to this country, while nowadays Japanese burglars show a boldness and impetuosity that would do credit to their confreres in America. The old methods, according to an American friend of mine who has lived here for a long time, had considerably more élan. Twenty years ago, he told me, his house was broken into by a burglar who arrived on the scene in a kimono, apparently the conventional costume for such enterprises. He placed a ladder against a second-story window, shucked off his kimono, and entered the house stark naked—except for a coating of grease, which made him hard to grab by anyone who might try to impede his getaway. My friend, who came upon him in the upstairs room, noted the grease and did nothing until the robber was leaving the house by the ladder. Then he pushed the ladder away from the wall, which caused the thief to topple over backward and, as it developed, sprain his wrist in the fall. The result of this maneuver was that my friend recovered the booty but was required to pay damages to the porch climber, on the ground that he had unjustifiably taken the law into his own hands.

As it happened, my own first encounter with the lawless element, which occurred recently, was a perfect illustration of the present debasement of the old techniques. The burglar selected a night and an hour when the adult members of my family were not only at home but wide awake. Placing a ladder against the side of the house outside the drawing room, in which my wife and I were playing a game of Scrabble, he climbed into a bedroom directly overhead. After banging about for several minutes with

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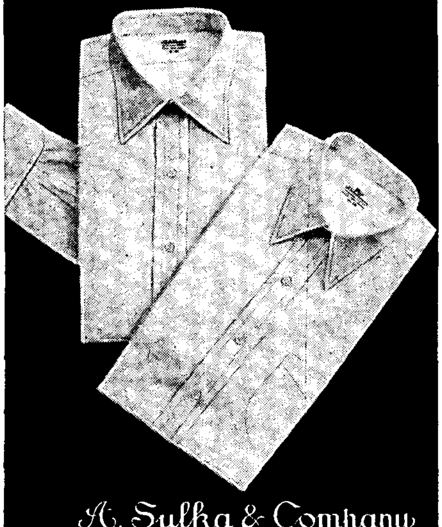

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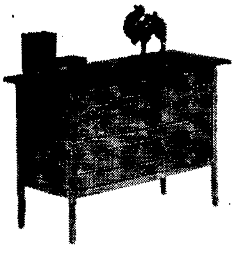

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such disdain for the rudiments of stealth that we stopped playing long enough to ask each other why our usually adroit maid was making such a production out of turning down the bedspread, he collected four suits of clothes (all much too long for any Japanese except a *sumō* wrestler), along with a minor amount of clothing, jewelry, and currency. Thereupon he departed, leaving the window wide open, which sent a cold draft whistling down the stairs and prompted me to go up and discover the intrusion a few minutes later.

The loss was not severe, and I was at least partly compensated for it by the chance to watch the Japanese police in action. (Before the war, I was an avid follower of the celebrated Mr. Moto.) Half an hour after our amah had notified Police Headquarters of the mishap, agitated policemen began to troop into our bedroom, until a total of five were present, standing about in their stocking feet and muttering "Sah, sah"—the expression Japanese use when they are deeply puzzled or distressed. Meanwhile, two other policemen were conducting a search of the grounds. This resulted in the recovery of one bedraggled evening tie, which the *dorobōsan*—"*dorobō*" is the Japanese word for "robber," and, like other such appellations, it is rarely used without the honorific "*san*," which roughly corresponds to "Mr."—had discarded, either accidentally, in his haste, or because his professional schedule precluded evening social engagements. The next morning, a fingerprint expert arrived and, after brushing powder over the lacquered edges of the room's sliding doors, which are handled daily by most of the members of the household, confessed that he was stuck for a clue.

When I told an elderly Japanese friend of mine about the burglary, he said that the decline in Japanese criminal techniques dated not from the Occupation but from the introduction of the rickshaw, which replaced the palanquin in Japan around the beginning of the century. Palanquin riders had been an accepted form of prey, and palanquin bearers, it seems, spent almost as much time robbing their passengers as toting them. The rickshaw equalized the odds between the passenger and his means of locomotion, and had, in effect, diverted the attention of criminals from travellers to the community at large.

AMERICA has not exerted as great an influence on crime here as it has on sports. As everyone knows, the Japanese long ago became addicts of base-

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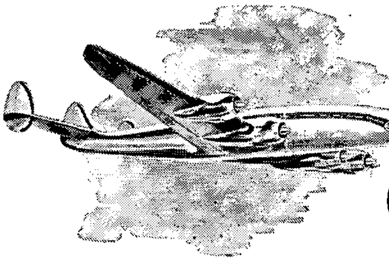

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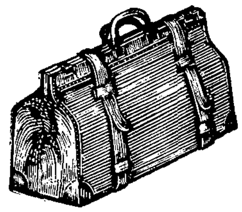

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ball, skiing, boxing, and swimming, among other imported forms of athletic competition, without losing any of their original interest in such indigenous pastimes as *sumō*, duck-netting, pike-fighting, judo, and fishing, with or without the aid of cormorants. Of late, however, their enthusiasm for all these pastimes, foreign and indigenous, appears to have increased, and so has their enthusiasm for several new ones—most notably a noisy game called *pachinko*. A combination of pinball and the slot machine, both of which had been introduced into Japan previously without awakening any particular response, *pachinko* apparently reached Tokyo from Shanghai shortly before communications with that unhappy capital were closed down a few years ago. It resembles pinball in that it is played by knocking a little ball with a hammer in an effort to cause it to bounce through a maze of brass pins and find its way into a rewarding aperture on the board, which is vertical, rather than horizontal. It resembles the slot machine in that the payoff, when there is one, consists of a shower of tokens poured into the player's hand from an opening at the bottom of the mechanism. The tokens are steel ball bearings, which are also used in the game, and they can be exchanged at a cashier's window for prizes of varying value, beginning with a bar of Lux soap. The popularity of the game is such that there are now said to be upward of ten thousand *pachinko* parlors in Tokyo alone, and it is estimated that throughout Japan an average of two million people play it every day. A fairly substantial percentage of *pachinko* devotees claim to have attained professional standing; by the exercise of unusual skill coupled with diligence in detecting defective machines, they win enough ball bearings in the course of a day to buy up prizes that, when bartered, pay for their food and lodging.

Horse racing is another sport that is thriving here. The postwar American influence on Japanese racing seems to consist chiefly of a change in the makeup of the English-language tip sheets, which used to confine themselves largely to past-performance statistics. Now such dry tabulations are accompanied by breezy footnotes whose sometimes overconfident use of idiom may be misleading, as I discovered during a recent visit to the Fuchu Race Club. The Fuchu track, about an hour's drive from town, is reached by taking the Yokohama road to a point a bit beyond a railroad overpass on which is painted a large sign

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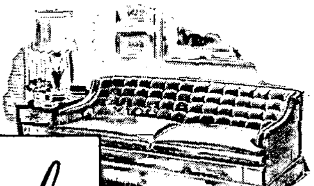

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that says, with simple eloquence, "PRAY SAFETY TRAFFIC," and then turning right. After a ten-mile drive through neatly landscaped rice-paddy country, with a good view of Mount Fuji on the left, one sees Fuchu's massive concrete grandstand looming up incongruously amid its pastoral surroundings. The track itself has a turf surface, like Ascot, and the horses run counterclockwise, as in the United States. There isn't much likelihood, however, of mistaking a meeting at Fuchu for one in either Britain or the States. The most interesting sartorial novelties one is likely to see are elderly gentlemen wearing fur tippets around the collars of their kimonos and sometimes also carrying muffs. In many cases, a racegoer will efficiently combine his own recreation with a healthy day in the open for his child, carrying the youngster bundled up in a quilt on his back, where it is lulled to sleep by the gentle jogging of the parent's progress in the queue at the mutuel windows. The mutuels are much like those anywhere else in the world, except that the odds appear to be worked out on an abacus.

The kind of thing that makes the English-language tip sheets so disconcerting was well illustrated by the advice given in the erudite *Race Times*' forecast for the eighth race on the day of my visit to Fuchu: "Keneryu's actual strength that have accord him win with ease on second day beating Golden Gate by a many length will be sure to win this race if does not miss starting. Next to him, Hatsuwaka's power that catched a speed horse on home stretch on second day will be favourable." In Japanese races, horses almost always run according to the experts' prognostications, and the difficulty in making a coup lies not

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so much in picking a winner as in getting any sort of odds on him. The only chance one has, indeed, is to find a race upon which the various experts differ sharply, but instances of this sort are remarkably rare. At Fuchu, I thought for a time that such a phenomenon had come to pass. In the main event of the day, the *Nippon Times'* expert recommended a horse named Lada, whereas the *Race Times'* advice read, "This race will be contested among Reda and Queen Nerby, with Takahata in the center. But Track-O's pull-away hoofs and Cheerio's chasing strength will be given an even chance against the above horse." My hopes were dashed, though, when I consulted a third authority, for this source indicated that Reda and Lada were the same horse—an animal whose real name was Leda and who ultimately proved to be the unanimous choice of the experts. It was the vagaries of Japanese proofreading compounded by the perennial Japanese uncertainty concerning the letter "L" that had led me astray. As matters finally turned out, Leda, Lada, or Reda was the only favorite of the day who failed to finish in the money. She fell on the far turn, breaking a leg, and the mutuels paid off handsomely on Track-O, with his pull-away hoofs. —NOEL F. BUSCH

•

MEMPHIS, JAN. 26 (AP)—WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF A RABBIT ATTACKED YOUR CAR AND BIT THREE HOLES IN THE RADIATOR? AND, WHAT'S WORSE, YOU HAD TO LIST THE DAME IN AN EXPENSE ACCOUNT?

CHARLES W. WATKINS WAS EQUAL TO THE OCCASION. HE GOT A SIGNED STATEMENT FROM THE MECHANIC WHO FIXED THE RABBIT-GNAWED RADIATOR.

"CAUSE OF RADIATOR DAMAGE—BY RABBIT LEAPING IN FRONT OF CAR AND TEETH ENTERING TUBING," THE STATEMENT READ. "RABBIT WAS REMOVED HERE."

BACK IN MEMPHIS YESTERDAY, HE RELATED THIS STORY:

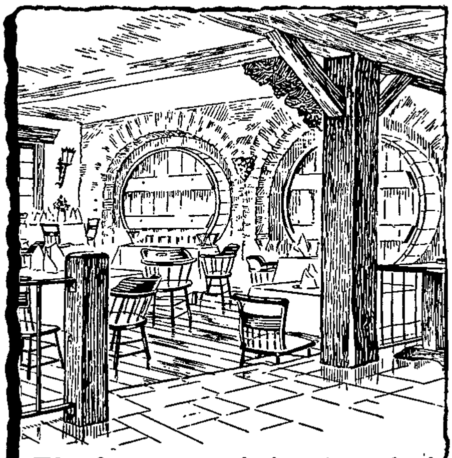
CRUISING ALONG THROUGH THE RAINY GLOOM OF WEST TENNESSEE . . . —*News dispatch received by the Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune.*

Skip it. What about that dame you mentioned?

•

The Young Marrieds will gather on Tuesday evening, Feb. 9, to socialize. The meeting will be held at the Y.M.H.A. at 92nd Street and Lexington Avenue and old time movies and games are planned. The social evening will give the group an opportunity to eschew and digest the last discussion on the Kinsey Report so aptly led by Robert Sherwin.—*Park Avenue Synagogue Bulletin.*

For good digestion, eschew Kinsey thoroughly.



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# THE ART GALLERIES

## *One American, One French*

THE big exhibition of Stuart Davis's works at the Museum of Modern Art in 1945 and a much smaller one at the Downtown two years ago (both largely retrospective in character) have been the only showings of his current paintings in ten years, an incredibly poor record for so prominent an artist. But Davis, so brisk and apparently spontaneous on canvas, is actually a painfully slow, cautious worker; three or four pictures a year seems to be his over-all average, and his present collection at the Downtown, though it covers the last four years, is a fairly small one, of no more than a dozen canvases.

I suppose we must be grateful for that much, however, and certainly the affair is extremely handsome and impressive. Davis, curiously, is one of those artists whose works appear to best advantage when seen en masse. Taken singly, almost any one of his pictures, with their clashing interplay of bold primary colors and jagged, complicated patterns, is likely to seem overemphatic and even overpowering. In a group, though, the effect of stridence disappears, or perhaps it would be better to say that it is established as the *tone* of the collection, a brighter, higher-keyed, more insistent tone than one is accustomed to, but—like an unusually bravura yet still consistent performance in music—understandable and coherent once one gets used to it. This is probably because Davis has a sound and well-integrated philosophy to back up his painting. The result, anyway, since his work is aimed always at the contemporary scene, is to make us more vibrantly aware than ever of the noise and the color and the fast-moving vividness and variety of the world around us. Though this is far from being a profoundly moving experience (perhaps one fault in Davis's work is that he is fascinated by the surface of things and not always enough by their inner workings), it is always an exciting one.

So it is in the present show. "Rapt at Rappaport's," for instance, with its offhand swing-style title, so well suited to the jazzed-up mixture of seascape

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suggestions (is that the "port" in "Rapaport's"?), broken squiggles of letters and numbers, and big, blaring rectangles of reds, greens, and blues that one sees on the canvas, seems at first glance uncomfortably arbitrary in design, as well as mildly confusing. But if one comes back to it after a look at the others—"The Mellow Pad," say, with its confettilike shower of color fragments over the main pattern, and the more broadly handled but equally colorful "Something on the 8 Ball"—one finds the artist's purpose beginning to assert itself. Although, even on the second time around, the design may still appear harsh and the color uncompromising, these are now comprehensibly so, as each picture complements and clarifies the others.

I have lingered on this effect because it's odd and slightly disturbing, as if one were suddenly confronted with a whole that was more than its parts, and the entire thing is a tribute to the strength and singlemindedness of the artist. One does not always feel this effect, however. "Little Giant Still Life," which, in its combination of blue, rose, and white, is one of the most attractive pieces in the collection, has a serenity that sets it apart; and in several of the latest paintings, such as "Tournos," "Midi," and "Deuce," Davis shows a tendency toward a more tightly knit geometrical design, its main elements grouped at the center of the canvas, that by virtue of its very simplification suggests a development of new points of view by the artist. I liked "Midi" especially—blue tonality, with a little, windowlike central aperture framing an abstract suggestion of distant houses—and "Deuce," a sort of diptych done largely in black-and-white, is also a striking performance. Yet there is something tricky about it, and on the whole I prefer the more raucous but forthright earlier pictures best. It's not unnatural, incidentally, to use musical references, as I've been doing, in connection with Davis's work, for he is a jazz enthusiast of long standing and admits that this music has had a great influence on his approach to painting. He is also one of the few people who can give in to that influence without getting corny about it.

IT has been some time, too, since there has been a really good Renoir exhibition in town, and the new one at the Rosenberg is all the more welcome in consequence. The last twenty years of the artist's life, from 1900 to 1919, is the time covered, and though

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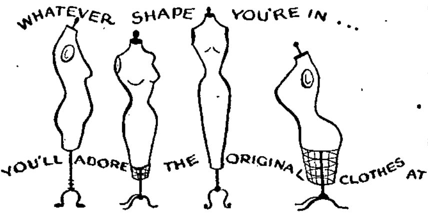

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this may seem a small part of the career of a man whose life span was seventy-eight years, it still represents a period of notable achievement. Like a good many other major artists—Rembrandt, Titian, and Tintoretto are the first examples that come to mind—Renoir seemed not only to grow stronger but also to become freer in his expression as he grew older. It was as if, with advancing age, he returned more to fundamentals—not so much to that more or less legendary second childhood that affects ordinary mortals, for he kept all his artistic acumen and adroitness to the end, as to a distillation into more basic form of the complex problems of composition and interpretation that had concerned him earlier. The result is that in his latest work there's a combination of innocence and wisdom, tenderness and sensuality, that is peculiarly entrancing. It's all put in the simplest terms—sun and flesh, warmth and shadow—and if this work hasn't always the exquisite brilliance that marked his more youthful pieces, it has a sumptuous form that more than makes up for the lack.

The current show is not large, for only seventeen pieces are on display, and a few, among them "Young Shepherd with Birds," "La Source," and the always delightful "Gabrielle with Rose," are fairly well known here. But even these are worth seeing again, and there are a number of others, mostly loans from private sources, that are almost entirely new to us in this country. These include the small but panoramic "Washerwomen," done in 1912, and one of his latest landscapes, as well as "Nude Girl Reclining" and the completely charming "Young Girl Looking at Flowers," done in 1917 and 1918, respectively. There is also a pair of paintings, "Dancer with Tambourine" and "Dancer with Castanets," dated 1909, that are in curious contrast to two similar studies of the dance (in the country and in the city) that he did over thirty years earlier, and a big "Reclining Nude," done in 1902, which in its brown, ruddy tones and flowing, half-dissolving forms is dreamlike in its suggestion.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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[*Leonard Lyons in the Post*]

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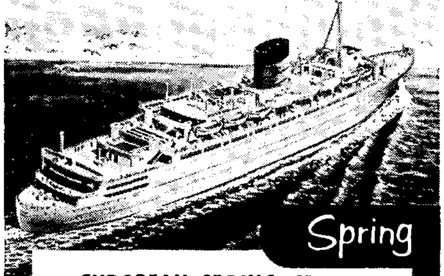

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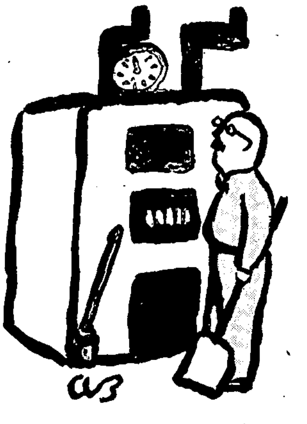
# THE MERMAID AND THE MINE

When I was five years old, my father died, and my mother sent my two younger brothers and me from England to Denmark, to stay with her parents. They had a large winter house in the Vester Søgade, in Copenhagen, and a smaller summer place outside Vedbaek, on the Danish Riviera. The Vedbaek house was a one-story converted farmhouse with a thatched roof and Hans Andersen gingerbread windows. It had its private beach—a strip of dark sand, heavily laced with seaweed, and at certain times of the year strewn with dead, transparent jellyfish—on the almost tideless Øresund. There was a bathing hut out in the shallow water, which could be reached by way of a narrow wooden pier.

My grandmother was an erect old lady who had a passion for being photographed with as large a portion of her family as possible grouped about her, so although we boys spent most of our playtime on the beach and pier, we were dragged back to the garden from time to time to pose with her and my grandfather. This was a long and complicated process. My grandmother always sat on a garden bench clutching one of her favorite parasols and looking with a fixed and rather vacant expression at my grandfather, who stood beside her and, resting a hand lightly on her arm, stared back with grim marital devotion. My uncles and aunts and my numerous cousins, male and female, were arranged around them according to seniority, the elders closest to the central tableau, while my brothers and I usually formed a secondary pattern on their left flank.



I still have many of these photographs, for my grandmother habitually gave a copy to each of the participants. They are all composed on the same plan, but some of them contain an alien figure, which stands out in sharp contrast to the family group itself. This is our Nanny, who had come with us from England and who, because of her position of trust, was occasionally included. A tall, stern-looking Englishwoman, she invariably dressed in stiff gray and wore a nurse's starched cap. Her expression in the photographs is always the same, and exactly as I remember it; it conveys disapproval, or at least wariness, and seems to say that although she might unbend somewhat at times, she would never really trust a foreigner.

She was an unswerving disciplinarian with a mania for routine and detail. Our days were regulated with the precision of a railway timetable. Even during our play hours on the beach, no opportunity to impress a moral lesson was allowed to pass. Teatime, a supposedly carefree period, had its appointed program, and we had to eat, always in the same order, a slice of brown bread and butter, a cucumber sandwich, and a piece of bread and jam before we were allowed to help ourselves to the pièces de résistance—the chocolate biscuits and the frilly cakes coated with icing and topped with maraschino cherries.

At the approach of the hard, snowy winters, my grandparents would close the country house, and we would all return to town, where, in place of visits to the beach, we children and Nanny would take her favorite walk. We'd go past the Botanical Gardens and up toward the Castle, then past the English Church, and finally onto the Langelinie, a promenade running along a portion of the harbor, where the air slapped you hard in the face, and ships, with their red-and-white Danish flags cracking in the breeze, sparkled on the water, and the bronze statue of Hans Andersen's Little Mermaid gazed mournfully out to sea. We took this route every day, weather permitting. I, being the eldest, went in front, and my two brothers, each clasping one of Nanny's hands, walked stiffly beside her.

There was, at one point on the Langelinie, a large mine that had been washed up on the shore during the 1914-18 war, and had subsequently been placed there as a memorial to the sailors who had lost their lives at sea. A slit had been cut in one side of it, into which passersby could drop money for naval charities. Nanny considered that the giving of charity was as essential a part of the upbringing of children as discipline, and she made us put an øre into the slit every time we passed. "If you don't," she said, in her alarmingly soft voice, the first time we went there,

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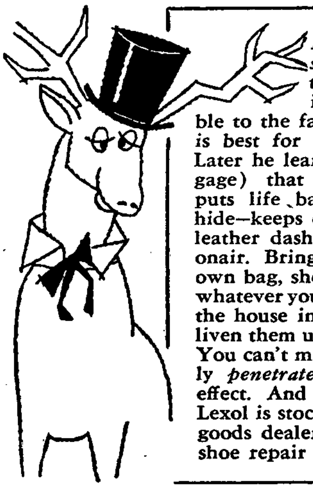

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"the mine will explode and kill everyone in Copenhagen."

"Even Granny?" one of us asked.

"Even Granny."

"And you?" The thought was almost too incredible to consider.

"Yes," said Nanny. "Even me."

After that, we used to regard the mine with fascination and alarm. When we came in sight of it, we would go up to it and put our coins into the rusty mouth quickly, afraid that perhaps we were already too late and that, its patience exhausted, it would explode just as our hands went up to it. Sometimes, if there was a loud noise in the night, we would wake up thinking that the mine had exploded at last. And if we were kept from our walk for a few days because snow had piled too high in the streets, we would run to the mine as soon as we were allowed out, ignoring the snowmen that other children had built until we had put our money in the mine and made the city and ourselves safe for another day.

One evening when I was six, Nanny was taken ill with bronchitis and was confined, protesting, to her room for an indefinite period. We boys became aware of this state of affairs the next morning, when, instead of Nanny's walking briskly into our bedroom clapping her hands, the door opened and my grandmother, in dressing gown and nightcap, came in, followed by Tove, the youngest of her maids. "Nanny is not very well," said Granny in an agitated voice, "so Tove is going to look after you for a while."

We were delighted. Tove was the exact opposite of Nanny, and by far our favorite grownup. She was a plump girl with a high, giggling voice, very blond hair, and deep-blue eyes. We spoke Danish with her, which we liked to do, since we always spoke careful English with Nanny. Tove had no idea of discipline, time, or the importance of instilling sound moral ideas in the young.

We boys and Tove set off that afternoon on the usual walk to the Langelinie. I was in front, as always, and my two brothers were leading Tove rather than being led by her. It was a brisk winter day. The snow had become crystallized, and it crackled underfoot like broken glass. People were hurrying about wrapped in fur coats and looking like bears. When we came to the mine, I asked Tove for an øre.

"What ever for?" she asked.

"To put in the mine," I said.

"You don't want to waste money like that," she said.

"If we don't, the mine will explode

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and we shall all be killed," I told her.

Tove laughed. "Who ever told you that?" she asked.

"Nanny," I said.

"You don't want to listen to silly stories," said Tove. "Nanny ought to have known better. Now, hurry along. I've got to meet a friend by the Yacht Basin."

As we walked on, I felt certain that the mine would explode at any minute. I considered it very foolhardy of Tove to disregard the danger, and I looked at all the people we passed and was sorry to think that they would soon be dead.

IT was Nanny's custom to walk to the end of the Langelinie and back, and then, if it was not too cold, to sit on a bench by the Little Mermaid and let us children play on the rocks along the shore. Over the course of time, Nanny had considerably elaborated the tale of the Little Mermaid for us, and had convinced us that the gray-brown figure staring so wistfully across the harbor would rise in the hour of Copenhagen's danger and defend the city. It was to enable her to stand, said Nanny, that she had two tails instead of the one most mermaids had. I had gradually come to look upon the Little Mermaid as a natural counterbalance to the menace of the mine, and though I was not entirely sure how anyone so slim and fragile could defeat the city's bloated and horny enemy, I was confident that good must in the end prevail against evil. So after a while, I began to feel that we all might somehow escape, in spite of Tove's heresy.

Tove's friend, whom we met presently, turned out to be a young sailor whose dark, curly hair and bright-black eyes spoke of a southern extraction. We boys liked him immediately, because he gave us some øre and told us that we might play in the rowboat in which he had come from his ship, across the harbor. The rowboat was moored nearby, in the Yacht Basin. This was a tremendous treat.

Tove and the sailor strolled away, his arm around her waist, and it was quite late by the time they came back. When they did, the sailor got into his boat and rowed out of the Yacht Basin, and Tove stood at the end of the Langelinie and waved until he was out of sight. We waved, too, but by then we were feeling very hungry. When Tove could no longer see the sailor, she hurried us home. There was, of course, no time to stop by the mine or the Little Mermaid on our way. We were far too

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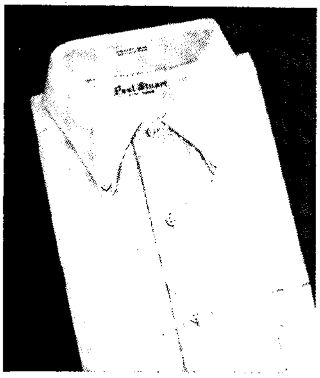

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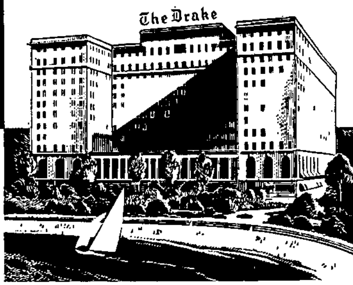

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late for that; it was already getting dark. The yellow shop lights sparkled on the snow, and the breath that came out of the mouths of the people going home from work was like puffs of smoke.

FOR a while after that, Tove took us to the Yacht Basin every day. Sometimes the sailor was already there, laughing and waving as we came up, but sometimes we arrived first, and then we would go to the end of the Langelinie, where we could watch him row toward us across the harbor.

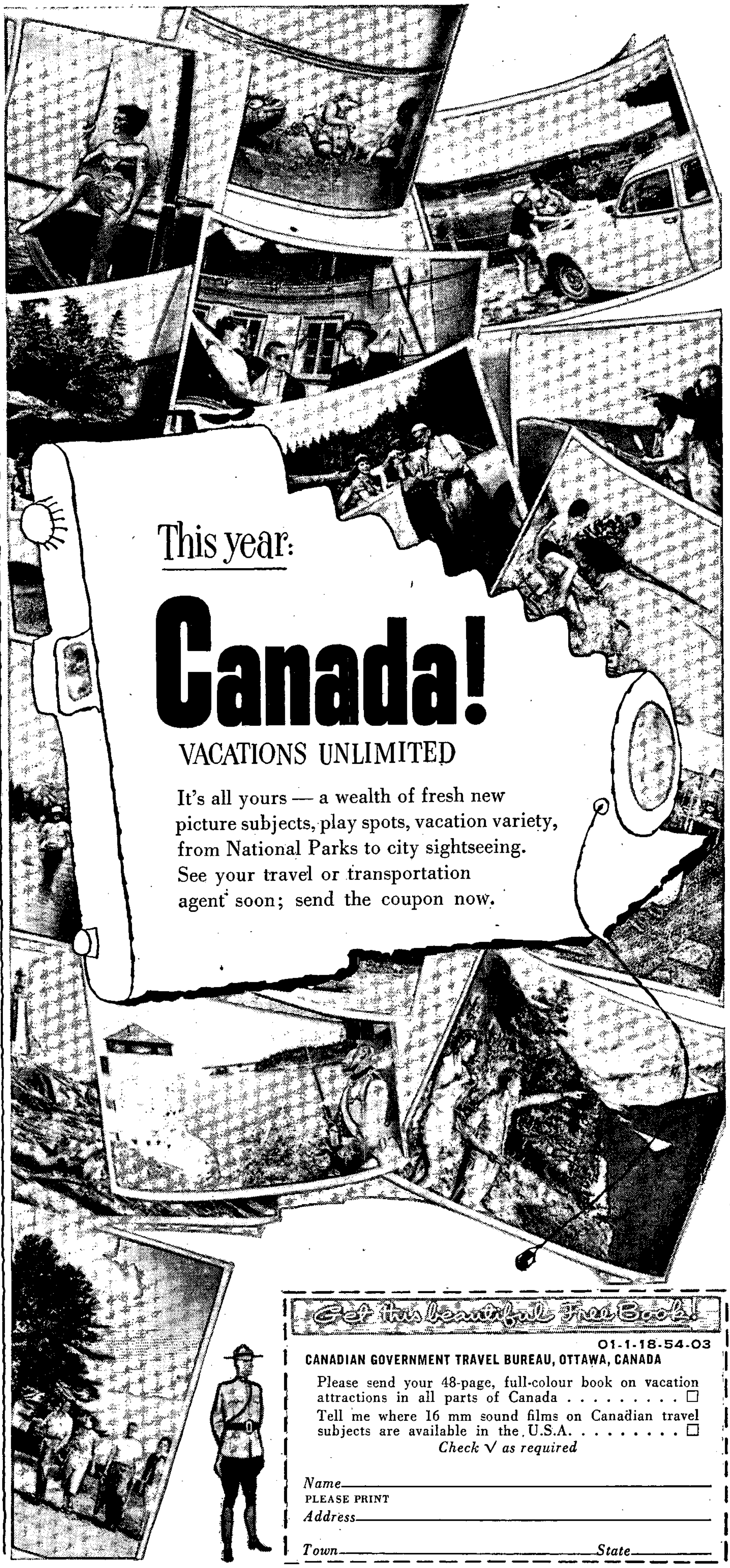
But one day, as we left the house, Tove started us toward the central part of the town instead of toward the Langelinie. She seemed on edge, and answered our questions either absent-mindedly or irritably. "Keep on walking," she said. "Just keep on walking."

We had learned early that it was quite useless to argue with grownups, even the nice ones, when they were in one of their moods. We realized, with rather more tolerance than they had, that they were weighed down by all sorts of problems of which we knew nothing, and that their frowns or moments of bad temper were merely expressions of vast adult miseries. So I walked on, in the lead, and presently I found that I was walking alone. Tove and my two brothers had vanished.

At first, I thought that I had outstripped them, and that all I need do was retrace my steps, but as I pushed my way hurriedly between the fur coats and heavy boots of the people in the street, a new and far more impressive thought occurred to me: the mine had exploded and had taken Tove and my brothers away.

My knowledge of explosives was nonexistent, and it seemed quite possible that the mine could be selective about its victims, and silent, as well. Indeed, believing implicitly, under Nanny's instruction, in the fair division of crime and punishment, it seemed probable that, in spite of her previous forebodings, it would destroy only those who had not fed it. Tove had not, my brothers had not, and so they had disappeared.

Of course, I had not fed it, either, and I had come to no harm, but this did not strike me as inconsistent, for I was still young enough to believe in my own indestructibility. Also, I had no time for careful consideration. The moment had come for action, and I knew what I had to do. Turning around abruptly—and thereby missing a frantic Tove by



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a few seconds, as I learned later—I hastened toward the harbor.

COPENHAGEN has been described as the Paris of the North, but to me it has always been a place of ships. It is the only capital city I know of where ships tie up in front of the Stock Exchange and where ocean liners sail past the windows of the seat of government. This adds to the attraction of the city but lessens one's maneuverability in it. Every turn I took brought me to the water—either to the inlets of the inner harbor or to the wider sweeps of the outer. But by asking people continually for the way to the mine, and refusing to be sidetracked by questions, I eventually found myself approaching it.

It was, somewhat to my surprise, still there, but in the reddish glow of the wintry sun it had a savage, rumbling look about it, as though it were containing its rusty flanks only by a superhuman effort. I ran forward and, putting one hand on its encrusted belly—either to contain it or to reassure it, I do not know which—pulled out of my pocket all the øre that Tove's friend had given me during our walks along the Langelinie, and that I had scrupulously hoarded, and pushed them, one by one, into the slot.

I had the feeling, as the last one disappeared, that I had been only just in time, and I was quite certain as I stood back, relieved, that the infernal thing looked smaller and more composed. But now, although I had saved the city, I still had to bring back my brothers, and with this in view I made for the Little Mermaid. I believed without the slightest doubt that, as the protector of Copenhagen, she would bring them back. It was just a question of waiting. I settled myself on the seat that Nanny had always occupied and, staring fixedly at the statue, waited.

I had not been there long when a policeman who had been walking up and down near me and glancing in my direction came over to me and asked, "What are you doing here, my boy?"

"I'm waiting for my brothers," I replied.

The answer seemed to satisfy him, for he said no more and moved away, but I noticed that he did not go far.

It grew much colder. The evening set in, and the sun dipped behind the harbor masts. I was tired, cold, and hungry. I did not doubt the power of the Mermaid, but I felt that she was being unnaturally slow. Perhaps the

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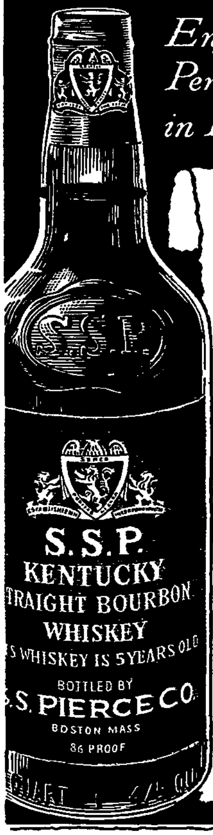

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task I had set her was harder than I imagined. I began to cry. Then, suddenly, the policeman was standing in front of me again. He held out a huge colored handkerchief. "Here," he said. "Dry your tears and tell me what's the matter."

I blew my nose and handed back the handkerchief, but I made no reply.

"You're lost," he said.

"No," I said. "It's my brothers who are lost."

"Ah!" He appeared to think this over for a while, and then he squatted down beside me and said, "What's your name?"

"John," I replied.

"Your surname?"

I did not understand what he meant.

"I'm trying to help you," he said. "Where do you live?"

"One-seventy-five Gloucester Terrace," I answered. My mother had always told me to say that if I was asked. I had practiced it over and over again. Sometimes my father had pretended to be a stranger asking the question, and he had always been pleased when I answered correctly.

The policeman did not seem to understand. "But that's not a Danish name," he said.

"No," I said. "It's an English one."

"But you're in Copenhagen," he said.

"One-seventy-five Gloucester Terrace is where my mother lives," I said.

"Where is that?"

I pointed across the water. "Over there," I said.

"Sweden?" He sounded peeved.

"No," I said.

The policeman was silent for a moment, then he said, "Look, my boy, you're staying in Copenhagen now, aren't you?"

"Yes," I replied. "With my grandmother."

"Where does she live?"

I pointed behind me, to where the city was disappearing in the gloom. "Over there," I said.

"Do you know the address?"

"No," I said. "She lives in a big house."

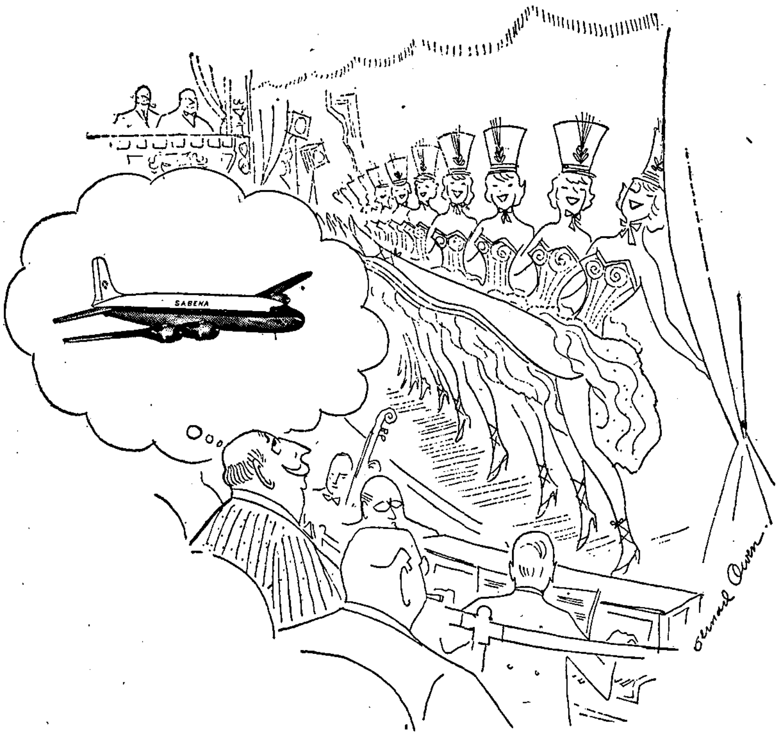
The policeman stood up and rubbed his face. "You'd better come along with me," he said.

"No," I said. "I must stay here until my brothers come."

He took hold of my arm. "Come along," he said. But I would not let go of the seat. I clung to it as hard as I could, and kicked at the policeman.

Quite a crowd was gathering. I do

(Advertisement)



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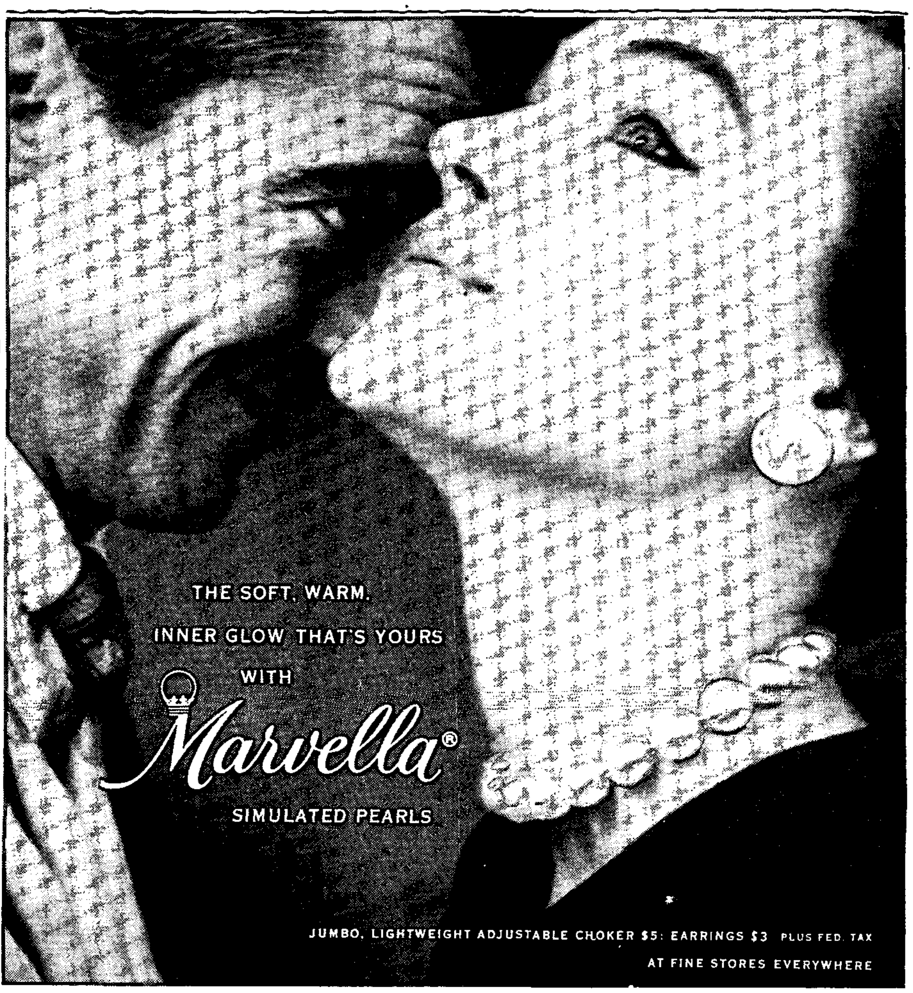
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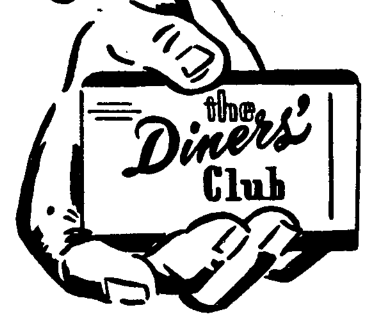

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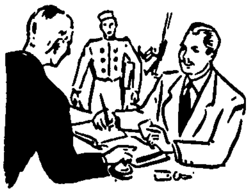

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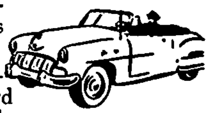

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not know just what would have happened if a sharp feminine voice had not said suddenly, "It's all right, Officer, I know the little boy."

The policemen let me go. "Thank goodness," he said.

I looked up and saw that Nanny was standing beside him, her starched hat stiffly upright on her head, a huge gray cloak enveloping her body like the folded wings of a sleeping bat. She held out her hand. "Come on," she said. "Time to go home."

"Do you know where my brothers are?" I asked.

"Yes," said Nanny. "Of course I know where they are."

"Did the Mermaid tell you?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, without a moment's hesitation. "She specially sent me to look for you. She said I'd find you sitting on the bench by her statue, and that I am to take you straight home, because the boys have a special treat in store for you."

"I knew she would find them," I said, and jumped off the bench and allowed her to lead me away.

I WAS pleased to get home and see my brothers there, but I couldn't understand why everyone was excited. Even my grandmother, who was usually quite distant, embraced me warmly, and the hearty Danish maids slapped me on the back, saying "Good boy!" as if I were a circus dog that had performed a trick. I cannot recollect now what the special treat was, but it must have been good, for I remember thinking, as I went to bed, that in spite of the dangers and difficulties of the day, I had come out of it very well.

I never saw Tove again. I heard, much later, the true story of what had happened that afternoon. Tove and her sailor had for some time been planning to elope, and as we took our walks, she kept an eye open for items for her trousseau. That day, she had seen in a shopwindow something she was particularly anxious to find, and, in her excitement, had turned at once into the shop with my two brothers, without a thought of me, marching ahead. By the time she had remembered me, I had vanished. After looking around for some time, Tove had run home in hysterics, blurted out her story, and locked herself in her room. My grandmother had followed her upstairs and dismissed her, whereupon Tove had packed her bag and had gone at once to join her sailor.

Meanwhile, Nanny, who had just

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begun to convalesce, had heard the commotion, and, on learning the cause of it, had wrapped herself up in her cloak and insisted on going out in search of me. She had marched through the snow and gloom, guided by instinct or knowledge, straight to the seat by the Little Mermaid.

The following day, Nanny declared herself able to resume her duties, and life immediately went back to normal. We had our meals on time. We put our øre in the mine. We sat by the Little Mermaid. We spoke English and were corrected. We digested hours of moral teaching.

But the strange thing was that although I never lost my fear of Nanny, and although I often rebelled against her harsh discipline, I never again would have changed her for anyone in the world. Tove had been jolly and gay—somebody with whom you could spend an afternoon making sticky toffee in the kitchen and giggling while you did it. But when it came to the serious things of life, such as saving a city from destruction or bringing back your lost brothers, it was Nanny, with her strength, to whom you turned.

—JOHN WATNEY

•

Take a short-short, "400 Feet Up," which *This Week* used back in 1947. Jimmy, a college kid keen on mathematics (1) but without experience, arrives on the dangerous job of building a huge chimney. The first trip up to the 300 foot level he gets scared, has to go down followed by the jeers of Dubuc, an old-timer. Working on the ground, he asks Dubuc to tell him the exact proportions (3) for mixing the cement. Dubuc laughs, tells him this is no classroom.

Jimmy overcomes his fear of being "up top" and is working 400 feet from the ground when Dubuc falls down the elevator shaft, following the fast-descending platform. The foreman leaps to stop the elevator to save Dubuc; Jimmy battles to prevent the elevator from being stopped. Where is our pattern now? We have a 1 and a 3; what can redeem this sequence and give us, say, a 5?—*Writer's Digest.*

A parachute?

•

### QUESTIONS WE DOUBT EVER GOT ASKED WITH OR WITHOUT INCREDULITY

[*Richard L. Neuberger in the American Writer*]

In 1952 my wife and I were East on an extended visit. My writing friends asked me, and not without incredulity, "How do you manage it, way out there on the Coast? You see the editors face to face but seldom. You can't thrash out a piece over an editor's desk."

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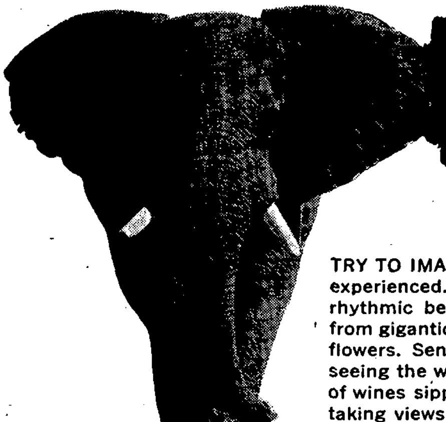

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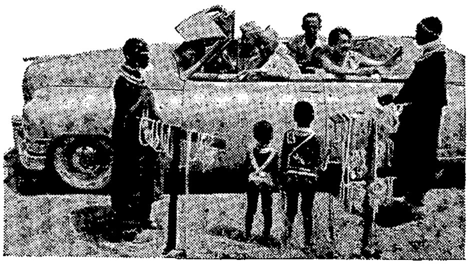

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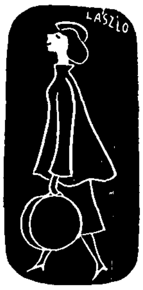
# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## THIS AND THAT



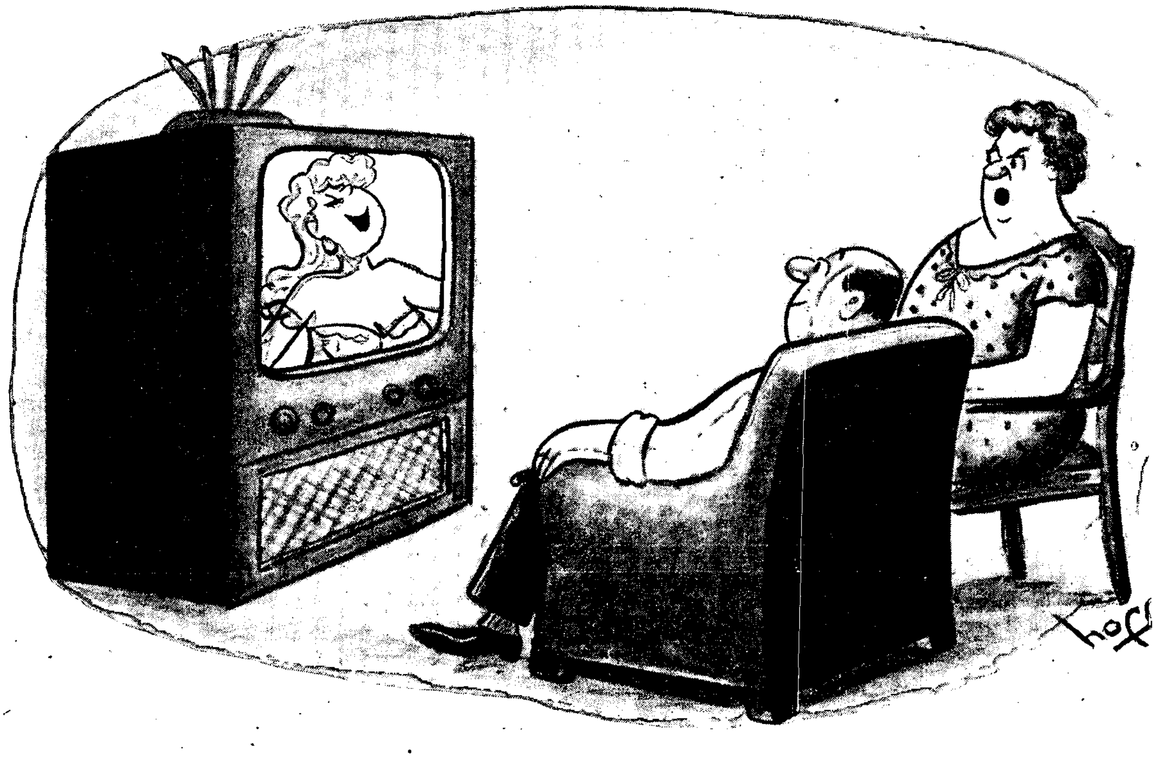
IN Bergdorf Goodman's spring collection of custom French hats is a group of bloused-crown sailors by Dior to match his new bloused suits. Some of them have black velvet or faille crowns and narrow brims of black *paillasson* straw. The taupe velvet tam-o'-shanter crown of another Dior almost smothers the beige straw brim. And his sailor of honey horsehair (my!) involves a huge mushroom brim on which a navy grosgrain buckle and band are appliquéd. One of Fath's prettiest hats is a completely feminine platter of pink-and-gray dotted surah. Balenciaga's Eton cap is of white starched linen; small quills and a pale-pink rose adorn one side. Givenchy's tiny white organdie sailor is charming; more spectacular is his black satin plaque, dripping lilies of the valley down the back, and meant to be worn far to the rear. Romance is the essence of Svend's heart-shaped black Milan with a long-stemmed American-beauty rose laid casually across it. The lowest price here is $55.

THE custom Easter hats of William J. are on parade in his new shop, at 44 West 54th Street. A Cleopatra cap of strawberry-and-dusty-pink basket-weave straw ends in two fat scrolls above the brows. Black velvet cording zigzags over the flat crown and wavy cushion brim of a very small hat of beige burlap straw, and a cheerful little cap of cerise burlap straw is wreathed with white coq feathers that shoot up in back. Pink straw cloth has been twisted into a deep, open turban with tiny black silk tassels dancing beside the ear lobes. A number of hats have zodiac names. Taurus is a pillbox of shiny black straw cloth with two straw-cloth horns at the side back. Gemini is two overlapping discs of shantung straw in contrasting color combinations—navy and white, for instance—and two grosgrain tabs sprouting from the crown. Prices run from $28 to $65.

Then there are veils, for those who hate to wear real hats. A lampshade shape of coarse mesh gets a pink rose right in the middle of the forehead; a giddy mesh pleated one entirely covers the face; a mesh bird cage is decorated with birds and flowers of natural straw. The range is from $3.50 to $20.

AT Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room, where suits and ensembles with an élan are the permanent order of the day, there is a slender coat of black rayon faille, collarless, buttoned at the throat, and lined with beige-and-black flowered silk shantung to match the sheath dress beneath. An Empire coat of beige worsted, with a cape collar and buttons down the front, is lined with tie-print cocoa-and-white surah, and the accompanying dress, of the same silk, has a draped V neck, a flared skirt, and the merest suggestion of sleeves. Black crêpe strewn with cocoa and white polka dots is the material of a dress with a pleated skirt that is paired with a shapely quilted coat, of the same material, whose collar is black velvet. Among the suits is one of a gray wool-and-silk mixture that looks something like mohair. The jacket, which is fitted and belted, has a white piqué overcollar, and the straight skirt has a little kick pleat. Another good-looking suit, all two-tone stripes of gray or brown silk and worsted, has a short, fitted, round-hipped jacket whose very low square neck is camouflaged by a white chiffon scarf. A straight-skirted Empire suit is of rough Italian silk in solid navy or a combination of gray and navy. A splendid cocktail or dinner outfit of black, brown, or Copenhagen-blue barathea includes a sheath dress with a silk pinwheel at one side of the décolletage and a molded jacket with a pinwheel where the breast pocket is usually found. Sizes here run from 8 to 18, prices from $60 to $225.

THE small spring furs of Alfred Rainer, at 17 East 55th Street, are more than worth a visit. A four-skin mink neckpiece, looped at the ends, may be worn anchored over the arms, tied in a bow at the throat, or tied like an ascot. A fichu of Norwegian blue fox is tied on the chest with a chiffon bow. A tiny stole of gunmetal mink stops short just below the waist, and a wide fold of the fur frames the shoulders. Longer stoles, of black Russian broadtail, are fringed at one end with black wool, which makes them



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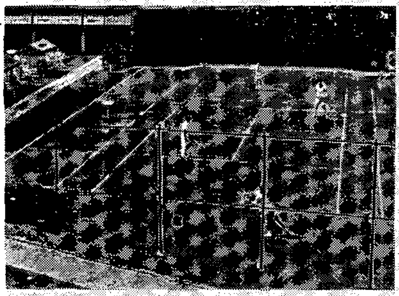

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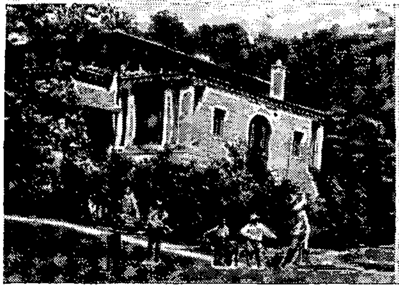

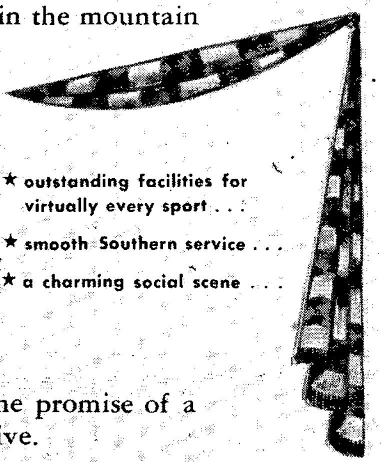

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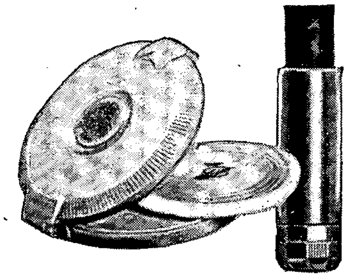

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by RICHARD HUDNUT

extravagantly Spanish, especially when the stole is wrapped around the body and the fringe dangles low at one side. The evening stoles of black or white velvet are fairly grand, with their borders of black or white fox. A useful yet opulent-looking jacket stole of dyed black mink is provided with a cape back and elbow sleeves. Close-fitting boleros with standaway collars and melon sleeves show up in black-diamond ranch mink. Prices begin at $220, including the federal tax, and go up and up. Orders take ten days.

THERE are superbly tailored ready-to-wear skirts and cashmere sweaters at Hunt & Winterbotham, 702 Fifth Avenue (55th). A skirt of a gray-and-white or beige-and-white diagonally woven Shetland tweed has contrasting hand stitching and leather piping on its patch pockets, and a perfectly plain and fuller Shetland skirt is of white, or white flecked with navy. Cashmere cardigans to go with these skirts are banded with tweed appliqués, or have the appliqué around the neck, and there are matching tweed stoles. Doeskin skirts, in the best colors under the sun, are around in four styles—slim and peg-top, slim with chevron pockets, not quite so slim and with box pleats below the knees, and the good old flared type with four gores. Among the colors, just to give you an idea, are cherry, straw, sunflower, and reseda green. Cashmere pullovers and cardigans to blend with them are on hand, too, and if you want to harmonize all over, there are button earrings and chokers of fake baroque pearls in the same colors. Skirts are $39.95 and $49.95; sweaters are $19.95 to $55; and the jewelry runs from $2.70 to $4.74, including the federal tax.

LANZ's gay cottons, in sizes 7 to 15, are lying in wait on the seventh floor of Bonwit Teller. An entire weekend wardrobe, all matched and ready-to-wear, can be assembled in blue, pink, or canary cotton with a Viennese print of fluttering white butterflies and flowers. Among the dresses of this cotton is one with a fitted bodice, a billowing skirt, and a white piqué yoke. Another has delicate lace medallions around the scoop neck and the hem. The full, gathered skirt of a two-piece dress is horizontally banded in white piqué and white rickrack, and a strapless sun or dance dress is laced down the bodice with matching cotton cord. Embroidered ruffles of white eyelet edge the bra top and the overskirt of

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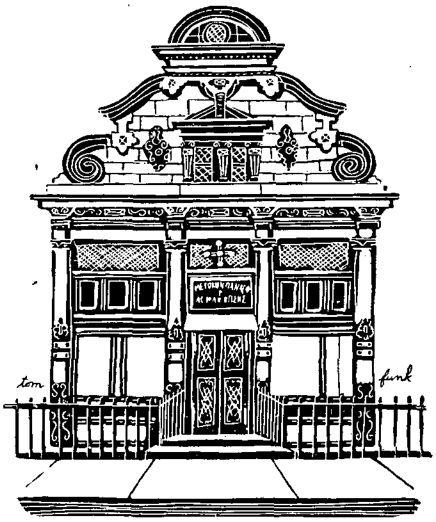
a play suit of the same cotton. Prices in this group are $16.95 to $25.95. Mother-and-small-daughter matching dresses of white or blue Austrian cotton are printed with hearts and flowers. The necks are square, and there are flat bows at the shoulders. The tap: $12.95 for sizes 7 to 15, and $10.95 for children's sizes 2 to 12. A delightful summer party dress of white swiss cotton lace has a round, collarless neck, above-the-elbow sleeves, a belt of black patent leather, and an almost real red rose below the waistline; $49.95.

Toth & Mathias, at 838 Madison Avenue (69th), make first-rate custom shoes. Their pumps are magnificent—some of them classic, some of them d'Orsay, some of them open-vamp, with tiny straps or latticework over the foot. They will copy your sketch, or duplicate shoes bought in Europe. You wait a month for your first pair, but succeeding orders are delivered in two or three weeks. From $60.

Ed Wiener, a modern jeweller indeed, is in business at 61 Christopher Street and 27 West 55th Street. Among his gold or silver earrings are abstract stars, dangling icicles (tipped with cultured pearls), smallish candelabra, and cartwheels with turquoise hubs. Bangle bracelets are wrapped about with silver or gold wire. Flexible four-strand chokers, outlined with gold wire, may be worn as collars or as necklaces. Prices range from $11.50 to $37.50 for silver trifles and $37.50 to $175 for gold ones, including the luxury tax.

Scandale is now turning out native copies of its noted French girdles, most of them of nylon power net and most of them with button-on gar-



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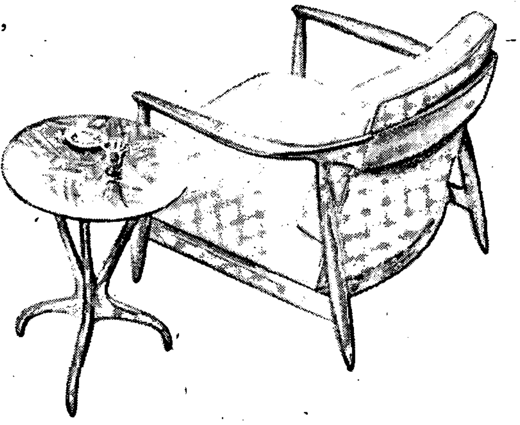

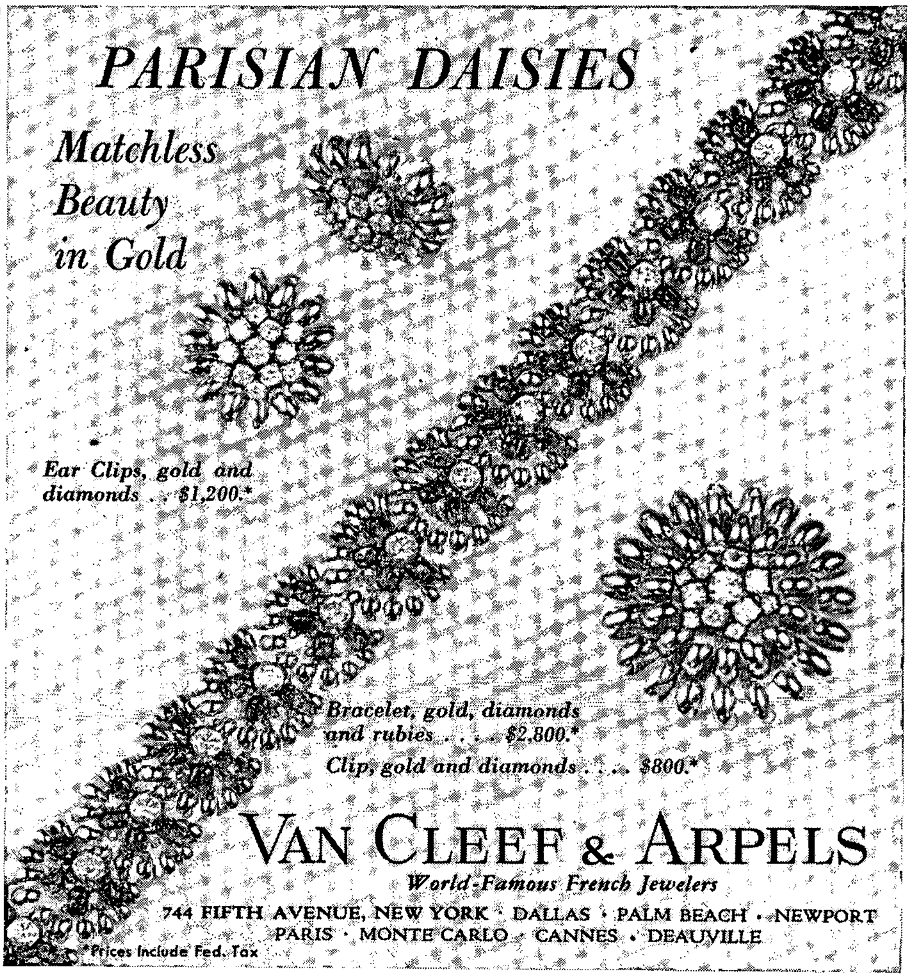

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ters. There are all-in-ones, panty girdles, and girdles that rise three inches above the waistline, to wear with suits and beltless dresses. For warm weather, there's a short elastic-cotton girdle. They all come in white, pink, black, or blue, and Scandale promises that, anchored or not, they won't ride up. The price range is from $8.95 to $18.50; the shop is Lord & Taylor.

PAULINE GORDON's strapless, wired brassière slip, of flowered cotton or of nylon, has Lastex inserts at the sides, a triangular cutout over the diaphragm, and a dust ruffle or a band of sheer nylon embroidery at the hemline. It comes only in white; $8.95 to $18.50, at Lord & Taylor, Bergdorf Goodman, Best, Saks Fifth Avenue, and De Pinna.

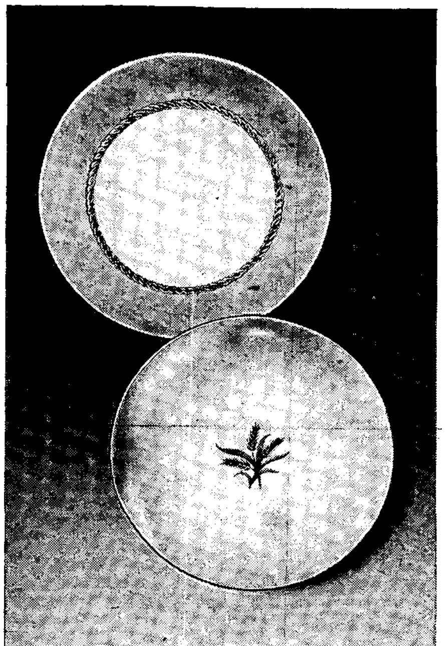
FOR women who want to get winter out of their system, and incidentally pare away a few inches, there's Nicholas Kounovsky and his gymnasium, at 39 West 54th Street. He starts you off with mild gymnastics, but in no time at all you find yourself doing—and enjoying—headstands and back bends. Once-a-week workouts are $15 monthly, twice-a-week $25 monthly. Lessons last forty minutes and classes are usually limited to five members. Private instruction is about double the class prices. Hours are eight to eight. —M. M.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

### *Land of Nod*

WITH a thoroughness that I had thought would permanently dispose of the subject and all its ramifications, I reported in these columns some weeks ago on the new crop of sofa beds, in which the small-apartment dweller might stow an overnight guest in some degree of comfort. Now I find that the means for hospitably receiving the unexpected infant visitor are also on hand, and I intend to let everyone know about them, even if I am depriving reluctant hosts of an excellent alibi. Keefe & Keefe, the hospital-supply men at 874 Lexington Avenue (65th), have undertaken to rent out, on a few hours' notice, practically everything that could possibly be considered essential to the comfort of a baby who is temporarily on tour.

The most important piece of furniture Keefe & Keefe supply is the crib. Their model is roomy enough for a child up to the age of four or five, and is fitted with a kapok mattress zippered into a plastic waterproof cover. Like all the items rented by this firm, it is



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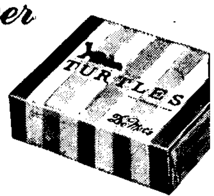

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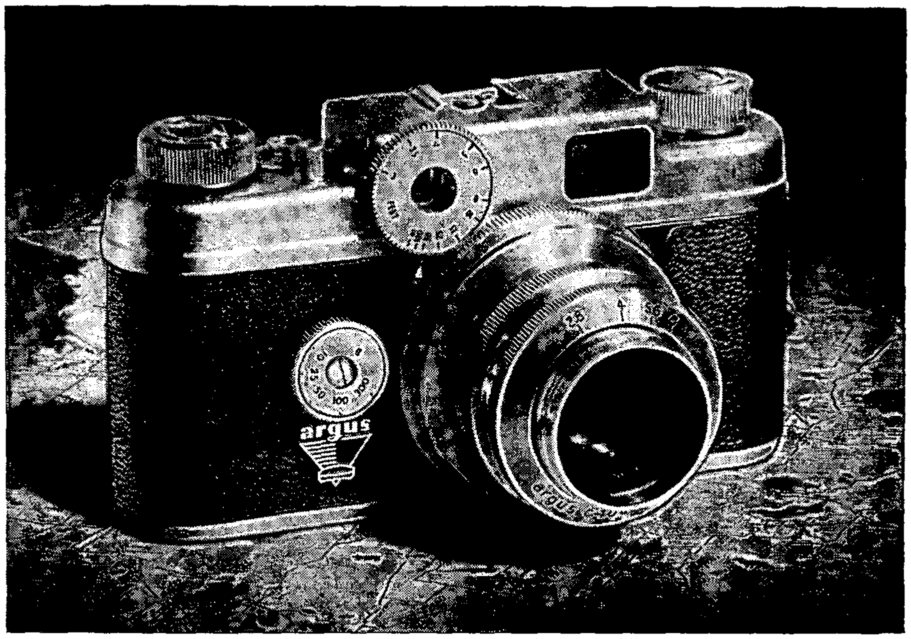
sterilized after each use and sealed in a sterilized pliofilm container, in which it arrives at the home of the renter. Among the other equipment are high chairs, play pens, prams, and strollers—all of excellent quality and all sterilized. The rental for any item is $10 a week or any part of a week. By the month, it is $15. At the same rates, Keefe & Keefe rent folding single beds—for adults—that can be stored by day in a closet. The kapok mattresses that go with them, while adequate for a brief sojourn, are nothing even the most determined guest is likely to settle down on for a long visit.

BECAUSE of the current passion for mattress-fitting bedclothes (a sound craze if there ever was one), it was only a question of time before somebody obliged with a contour electric blanket. General Electric has now produced one, and it not only has the trim, fitted corners we are coming to expect of all bed covering but does what is said to be a superior job of heating. Your old electric blanket (even your old G.E. blanket) is now—says General Electric—outmoded, and it's a wonder you ever got a good night's rest under it. The lumpy, old-fashioned—or last year's—model could, it seems, supply only spotty, uneven heat; the new blanket has no discoverable lumps and provides an even warmth over its entire area. There is, moreover, a new thermostatic device, governed by variations in the temperature of the room, that turns on and shuts off the current whenever it is necessary. In Lewis & Conger's Sleep Shop, where they brood a great deal over such matters, I was told that the contour fit is the greatest improvement in electric-blanket design since the thing was invented. To get the full value from the blanket, they say, it should be laid evenly over the bed, and of course the fitted corners make it impossible to lay the new ones otherwise. The blanket works on A.C. only, and it comes in a twin-bed size, at $47.95, and a double-bed size, at $49.95. Dual controls for the double size, one for each half, bring its price to $59.95. Hammacher Schlemmer, Altman, McCutcheon, Macy, Gimbel, Stern, and Bloomingdale, as well as Lewis & Conger, have the blankets.

TWO other new bed-warming appliances have showed up lately—an electric sheet, put out by Westinghouse, and an electric mattress pad, called Snug-a-bed, put out by the Candace Company. The Westinghouse



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The matching hat, ours alone, 3.00

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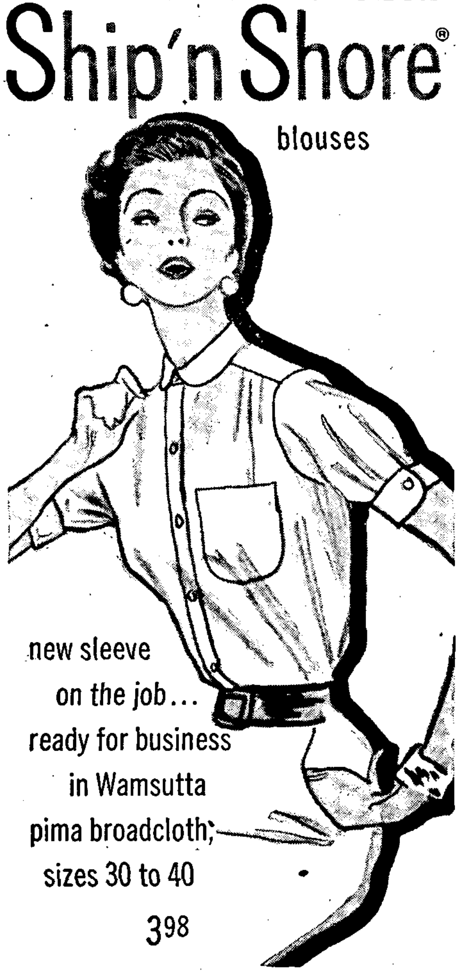

number, although it is made of percale and is called a sheet, goes above the top sheet and beneath a light cover. Its principal appeal will probably be to sleepers who find the standard electric blanket too heavy and those who believe in more frequent launderings than wool will stand up under, but its most striking advantage would seem to be the price, which is $23.95 for the single-control one and $29.95 for the double control. (The least expensive Westinghouse woollen electric blanket is $33.95.) The sheet works on A.C. only. It comes in white, pink, mauve, or blue percale, and in a pretty rosebud-sprigged pattern. Lewis & Conger, Gimbel, Wanamaker, Bloomingdale, and Stern have it.

The Candace electrified mattress pad, which looks like any other mattress pad, appears to have made numerous friends already, not only among those who can't stand the weight of an electric blanket but among arthritic patients and people with circulatory troubles, who claim it makes them feel good to lie on a heated surface. This appliance works on A.C. or D.C., and has no control, because the temperature stays at a degree and a half above body temperature—just high enough to give a gentle, comforting warmth. Hammacher Schlemmer and Lewis & Conger have it, for $24.95. A duplicate pad, *with* a control, is $29.95.

ALTHOUGH more than one manufacturer has experimented with fitted nylon sheets, up to this time nobody has managed to make a nylon pair that are comfortable. Two companies have recently offered solutions to this vexing question, but neither, I suspect, is the final one. Altman, Macy, and Lewis & Conger now carry a fitted bottom sheet of white, pink, blue, maize, or green nylon tricot that is deliciously soft and silky and so admirably fitted that it lies with hospital smoothness on the mattress. Unfortunately, no nylon top sheet has been evolved to match this elegant newcomer, and the manufacturer substitutes a percale sheet of the same shade—a rather makeshift arrangement. True, the colors match perfectly, but the textures simply don't team up, which is all the more disappointing because the nylon sheet is unquestionably blissful to lie on. The twin-bed size is $9.95, and the double one is $14.95.

The other proposition, put forward by the Pepperell people, is a pair of fitted sheets called Snug-Fits. Both top and bottom sheets are nylon, but they

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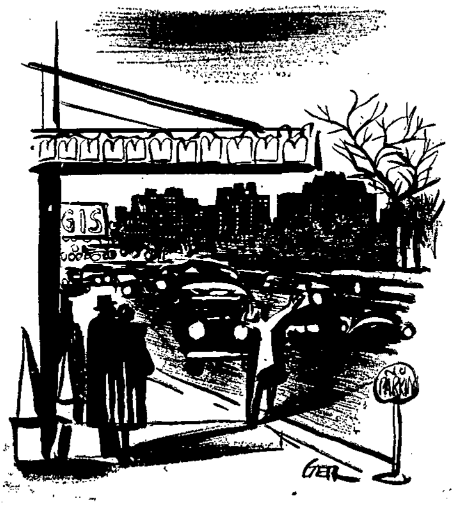
are *woven* nylon, and many women maintain that this hasn't the softness of tricot nylon. So here you are—a luxurious sheet that presents a rather unfinished appearance without a mate, or a serviceable pair that lack tricot's silkiness. You pays your money, but I'm afraid you don't exactly take your choice. Of course, someday somebody will achieve nylon bedding that matches absolutely and feels just right; in the meantime, the practical advantages of the new sheets (they can be washed and dried quickly—an invaluable asset in time of illness) are clear. The Pepperell nylon is carried by Lewis & Conger, Bloomingdale, Macy, Gimbel, Wanamaker, McCutcheon, and Stern. Bottom sheets are $5.95 single and $7.50 double; top sheets are $7.50 and $8.50.

IF you haven't had a look at woven cotton bedspreads since your boarding-school days, when matching spreads and curtains smugly decorated all proper dormitories, you are in for the surprise of your life. Most of the new counterpanes are woven on Jacquard looms in Colonial or early-nineteenth-century designs, and many of them could well pass for hand embroidery, crochet, or quilting, as the case may be. Besides these obvious virtues, lots of the new spreads are preshrunk, require no ironing, and—what's rare in house furnishings these days—are easy on the budget. Two good-looking counterpanes are Bates' Queen Elizabeth—a remarkable copy of an old quilted Marseille spread—and George Washington—whose clipped and tufted design would dress up any old-fashioned bed. Both are in antique white, with a long fringe that's a good imitation of the hand-knotted kind, and they are, respectively, $29.95 and $27.50, at Macy, Bloomingdale, Lord & Taylor, Altman, Gimbel, Wanamaker, McCutcheon, and



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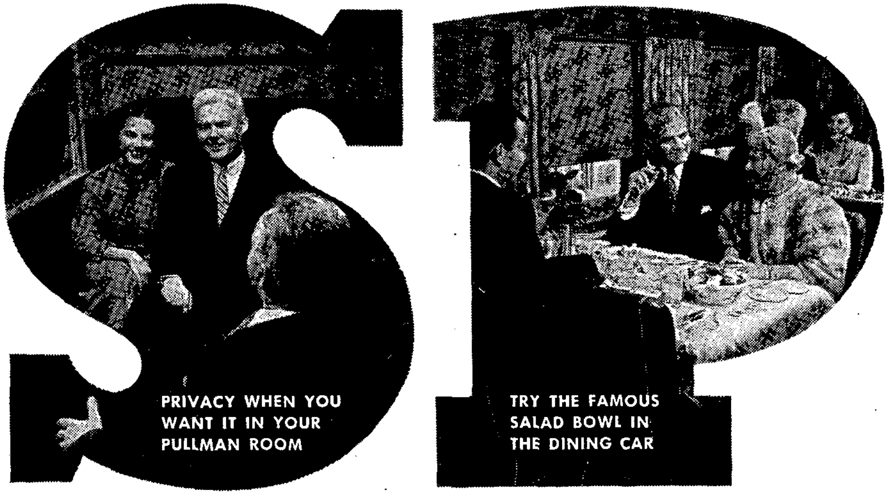
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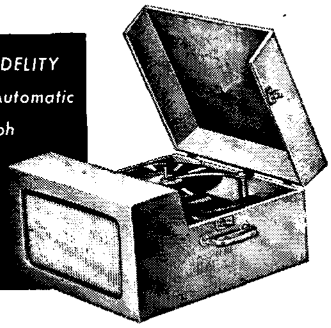

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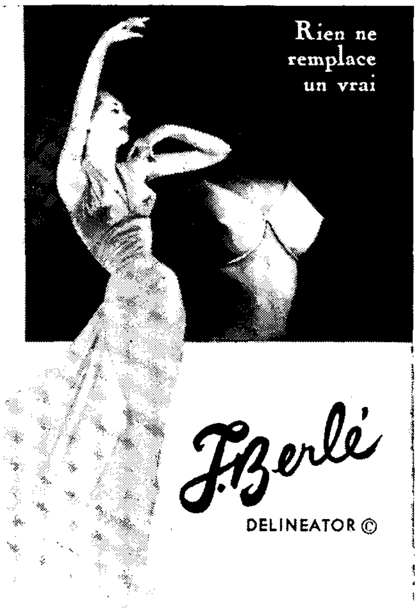
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Stern. Queen Elizabeth also appears—not so satisfactorily, I'm afraid—in mint green, hyacinth pink, aqua, daffodil, and rose beige. Another good-looking counterpane is Pride of Thomas Jefferson, a copy of an early-nineteenth-century pattern ($34.95 at Gimbel and McCutcheon). The only copy I have seen of the crochet work so popular in the eighteen-fifties is called Crosspoint. It is carried by Wanamaker and by Lord & Taylor; $25.

The two entries that I think are just about the most interesting examples in this group of reproductions are sold by Lord & Taylor. One, called Daisy, has an allover pattern of small flowers done in mercerized cotton in what looks like hand embroidery on natural muslin, and the other, Monticello, has a design of wide stripes of large foliage. Both have a long fringe that you would declare was hand-knotted; neither require ironing; and either one would be a credit to the handsomest antique four-poster. Daisy is $29.50 and $32.50 (single and double, respectively), and Monticello is $25 and $27.

Lord & Taylor also have a group of new white percale sheets with deep borders fetchingly strewn with small bunches of pastels-and-gray flowers that would be lovely to wake up among on a spring morning. Another sheet has the same deep border printed in a striking arrangement of pale-blue and gray harlequin lozenges. A twin-bed sheet with either design is $6.95, and a double-bed sheet is $8.95. Matching pillowcases are $1.95. —S. H.

•

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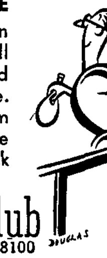

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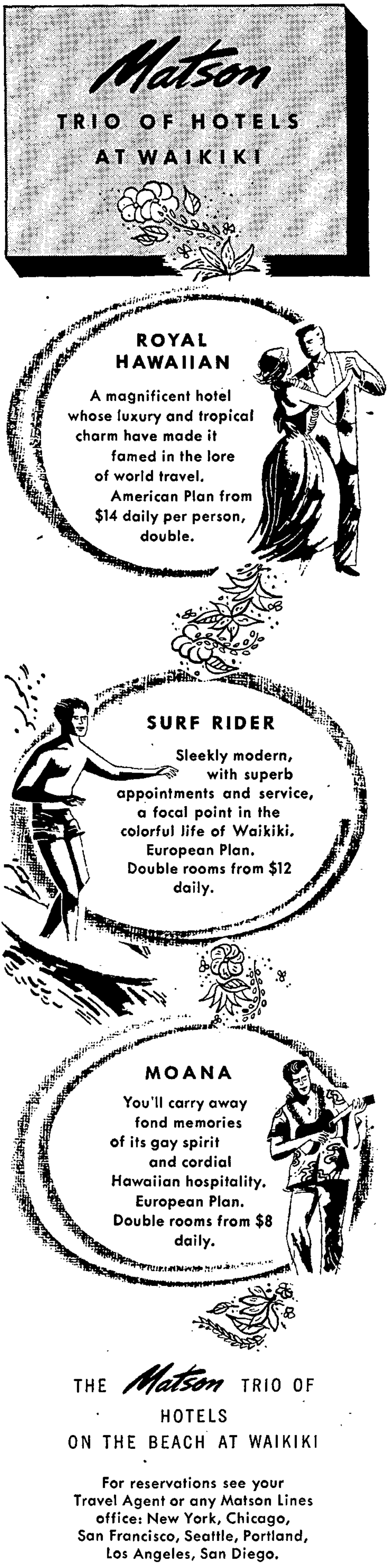
# THE SKY LINE

## *Terminals and Monuments*

THE new East Side Airlines Terminal occupies the block bounded on the east by First Avenue, on the north by Thirty-eighth Street, on the south by Thirty-seventh, and on the west by the thoroughfare leading from Thirty-eighth Street to the Midtown Tunnel, which is just south of the terminal. This means that it is nicely placed to do its job of getting passengers expeditiously to and from the metropolitan airports. Do not imagine that this is a simple feat in New York. The concept of the relation between site and function is so ill-developed here that lately we have complacently allowed a series of essential hotels, perfectly sited in the midtown district between Thirty-fourth Street and Fifty-seventh Street, to be replaced by king-size office buildings. Apart from real-estate promoters, the only people who seem to benefit from this expulsion of hotels are the taxi-drivers who haul the guests to more distant hostelries, but since the overloading of the streets with the traffic generated by the replacing skyscrapers will eventually turn this part of town into a morass impenetrable by wheeled vehicles, the taxi-drivers will lose out, too, in the end. So it is something to be able to announce that the Airlines Terminal is in the right place, close to a major, direct route to LaGuardia and Idlewild. There is only one problem that has not been taken care of—a means of reaching the terminal without a car or taxi. Until a better proposal is put forward, I would suggest a bus route, laid out like the Inner Circle underground railway in London, that would make a circuit of the midtown area, to pick up travellers at the railway and certain subway stations and deliver them to the terminal.

To say that the new Airlines Terminal, a low building with white brick walls, is better than the old Airlines Terminal, at Park Avenue and Forty-second Street, now in process of being renovated by Webb & Knapp, is austere praise. For the latter building is one of those hybrid structures, still produced in the early forties, that abandoned copying historic forms and sought instead, by using a mixture of motifs, to achieve approximately the effect of the old without incorporating a single feature that could be identified as old. It is more of a compliment to say that the new building is an improvement, in essentials, on the Port Authority's other Manhattan creation, the Bus Terminal, on Eighth Avenue, in that there is a greater unity in the exterior and a more serene handling of the inner space. Indeed, by avoiding the monumental, the architect of the Airlines Terminal has succeeded—except for the rather handsome play of windows and openings and walls on the south face—in creating an architectural nonentity. The terminal is so emphatically inexpressive, so ostentatiously neutral, that a motorist in search of it, approaching from the south, might easily whiz past it under the impression that it was merely a supermarket or a parking garage. But before going further into the question of self-identification, let us take the building as a whole.

The two main public approaches are from the west and from the southeast corner; the latter entrance, which runs the full length of the east façade (since the exit is at the north end), is screened by two long glass windows that protect travellers on the platform from wind and weather as they alight from their cabs and cars. At the edge of the marquee above this entrance is a sign, the only external one that indicates the nature of the building. In neither placement nor character is this label sufficiently arresting. In fact, the only sign visible from a distance is a great vertical one, in gold neon letters, at the northwest corner of the building—which proclaims, somewhat misleadingly, that it is a parking garage (which it also is), without any other identification. Luckily, as soon as one discovers the southeast entrance, all is plain sailing, for all is plainly marked. One passes through a bank of glass-and-aluminum doors and faces two escalators, one moving down, one moving up, flanked by stairways. These all lead to the oblong main hall, whose axis runs from east to west. Even before one sets foot on the escalators, one observes, without having to make inquiry, that on the left is the women's lavatory, on the right the men's. The lavatories have been pleasantly done in light-yellow tiles, with light-green trim, and one is glad to find that the architect has recognized that men, like women, sometimes carry bundles or have other uses for a table and a chair. (The usual failure to provide hooks and shelves and tables in



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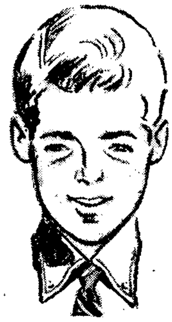

De Pinna began its New York life over 68 years ago as a Boys' Shop. Small wonder that through the years, we have reserved for the young man a very special place in our hearts.

Here are the correct, authentic, high-quality clothes which have earned us our reputation. All are made of finest, long-wearing fabrics and priced for maximum value. Most are cut over our own patterns and tailored to our strict specifications. Our experienced sales staff takes personal satisfaction in seeing a boy properly outfitted.

On our Second Floor you will find boys' size 4 to University men's size 42. New Spring collections now await your leisurely inspection. Included:

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Sizes 7 to 12 . . . . . . . 37.00

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Button-down oxford shirt,
age 6-14; prep sizes 13-14 3.50

De Pinna

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lavatories shows with what a trancelike disregard for the realities of life the design of buildings is still practiced.) The traveller entering the terminal from the west finds no such convenient provision of lavatories. Can it have been morbid fear of accepting the symmetrical Beaux-Arts plan that kept the architect from wholeheartedly adopting this functional scheme?

The ceiling of the west entrance, also for passengers arriving by cab or car, is low, and upon ascending the stairs to the main hall, with its higher ceiling, one has at first a great sense of spacious tranquillity. The materials used are of the same order as those used in the Bus Terminal, but a better choice of color, in everything except the dark, quartered-oak benches, has avoided the bleak effect of that building. The central east-to-west strip of the ceiling, slightly higher than the sides, is light gray-blue, and the two side strips are creamy white; the blue, with certain variations, not all of them completely happy, is also used in the tiles that form the lower portion of the walls and on the three main booths that occupy the center of the hall—a round information desk, a square insurance desk, and an oblong newspaper-and-candy stand. A double row of oblong columns, fifteen feet from the side walls, and their broad sides at right angles to the axis, carries one's eye down the room. The red baked-enamel finish of these columns offers a pleasant contrast to the blue and white of the ceiling, and the light ground of the terrazzo floor adds to the brightness of the room without straining the eyes. Part of the decoration of this space is accomplished by long slabs of fluorescent lights that punctuate the bays between the columns and provide ample illumination for any readers on the benches.

At the sides of the hall are the ticket desks and baggage scales of the airlines. Behind these desks, and above the tiled portion of the walls, is a narrow, continuous panel of plastic, lighted from behind, so that one may read the names of the lines, which are inscribed on the panel, mostly in dark blue and red. The letters are large and easily visible, but partly because of their bigness, partly because of the brilliance of light behind them, the signs have a tendency to run together. A more sedate approach to this problem—smaller letters, less vivid illumination—would have given more visual repose and a greater variety of color would have given more visual clarity. By contrast, the four openings that lead to the platforms, just beyond the east end of the hall, where the airport buses load and discharge, are topped

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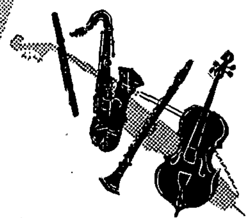

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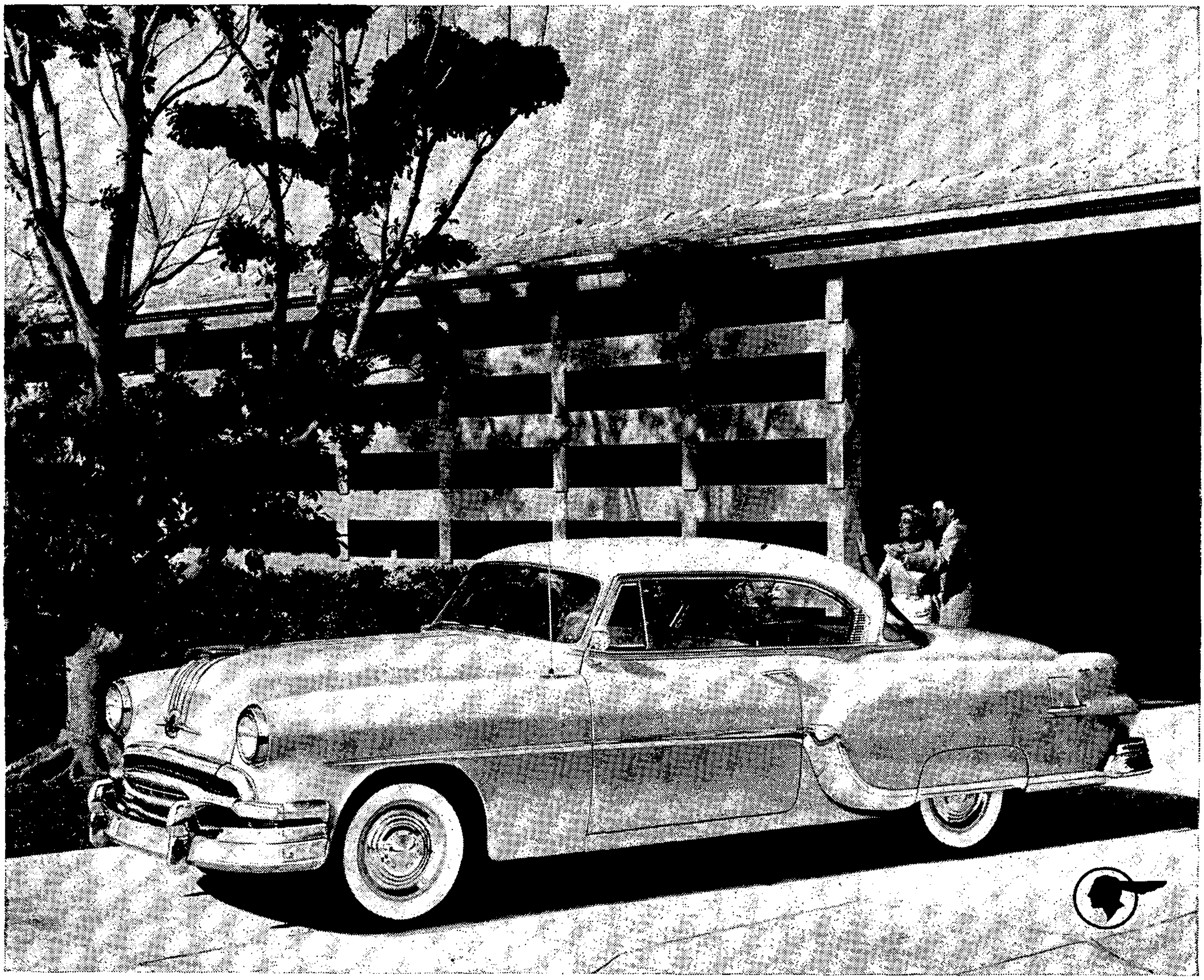

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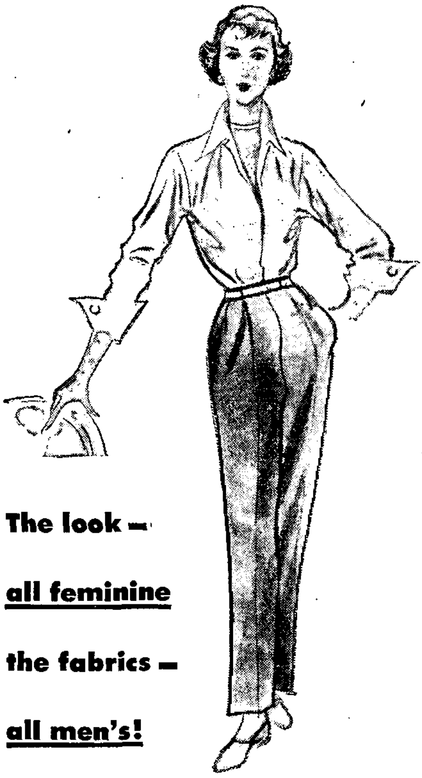

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by big, legible metal numerals to guide passengers to the designated platforms. The west entrance is flanked by a big restaurant, a cocktail bar, two shops, and banks of telephones. At the east end of the hall is a small mezzanine floor, reached by escalators, for the ticket counters of several foreign airlines.

The scale, the handling of light and dark tones, the quality of the lighting, to say nothing of the convenience and simplicity of the plan, are all so effective that one hesitates to make much of the flaws, especially since some of them are plainly due to an effort to please. As in most terminals, there is a strange lack of wastepaper receptacles, but that is a minor, if all too persistent, oversight. Yet what can one say, even in charity, about the photomontage mural at the west end of the concourse? Only that it adds an element of visual confusion to the scene without giving any pleasure to the beholder. Here is a waiting room in which a series of delicate mobiles might have been employed in the bays between the columns to distract the impatient traveller without in any way lessening the feeling of serenity. Perhaps the most useful kind of ornament would be a series of geographical or weather maps. Possibly because of some primary fault in our education in geography, American transport agents—from subways to airlines—are singularly coy about orienting their customers. Finally, though there is a clock in every bay, the device of giving the time in the major cities around the world—as is done in the News Building—has not been employed; this is the one building in the city where such a display might be gratefully received.

The problem of getting passengers to and from the airport buses has been solved in forthright fashion. A wide, U-shaped driveway surrounds the main hall on three sides. Buses from the airports enter this driveway near the northwest corner of the building and proceed up a ramp to the platforms, which are on the same level as the main hall. Here they discharge their passengers and luggage and, after reloading, descend another ramp to the southwest corner and immediately enter the Midtown Tunnel, unless they are en route to Newark Airport. The exterior of the building along this driveway has been well handled. The outer walls begin with a base, one story high, of gray brick laid in vertical rows. The driveway is marked by a series of open bays, segmented by horizontal slabs of limestone, which give a certain continuity to the wall surface. The effect is excellent, but

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the choice of material is dubious; already the limestone shows smudges of grime. On the south side of the building, above the bays, is a long row of almost square windows for the offices on the top floor—a type of window that is used in an undistinguished way on the same floor along First Avenue. White glazed brick forms the upper exterior walls of the building. This is the start of an adequate wall treatment, but it badly needs the animation of color or plastic shapes at the points of entrance, where the nature of the building should be identified. There should be bold, easily read symbols or signs at right angles to each of the four sides of the building, to indicate at a distance, day and night, what the building is and where one enters it. Such an opportunity to add color and appropriate emphasis—perhaps with the fanciful aid of a Brancusi bird or a Gabo construction of glass, plastic, and metal—should not be burked by pinchpenny economy. The Airlines Terminal is a decent building, but it is aesthetically incomplete; its design appears to have been halted before it was finished, in terms of both visual pleasure and identification. The neutrality of this building is better than the stale, effortful rhetoric of the old Airlines Terminal, but it is not enough. There is a time to be silent and a time to make oneself heard.

SPEAKING of murals and maps reminds me that although the Pennsylvania Station has been singled out by the Municipal Art Society as a public monument worthy of preservation, the managers of the Pennsylvania Railroad take a dimmer view of this noble possession. For one thing, they have practiced economy in cleaning this structure to the extent of allowing even the great colored maps in the main concourse to be obliterated by grime. These maps, beautifully conceived and executed, were the work of Jules Guérin, and they are among the handsomest and most appropriate murals ever painted in this country—worthy to endure long after the nationwide panorama of vacuous goddesses of academic painting and the acrobatic contortionists of mid-depression "realism" has been covered by a charitable coat of whitewash. As if this dirt were not bad enough, the superb effect of the steelwork in the Pennsylvania train shed has been marred by spraying the lower half of the metal columns with aluminum paint—which is the aesthetic equivalent of replacing a healthy leg by a wooden one, so completely does it demolish the strength and unity of the black steelwork. Why

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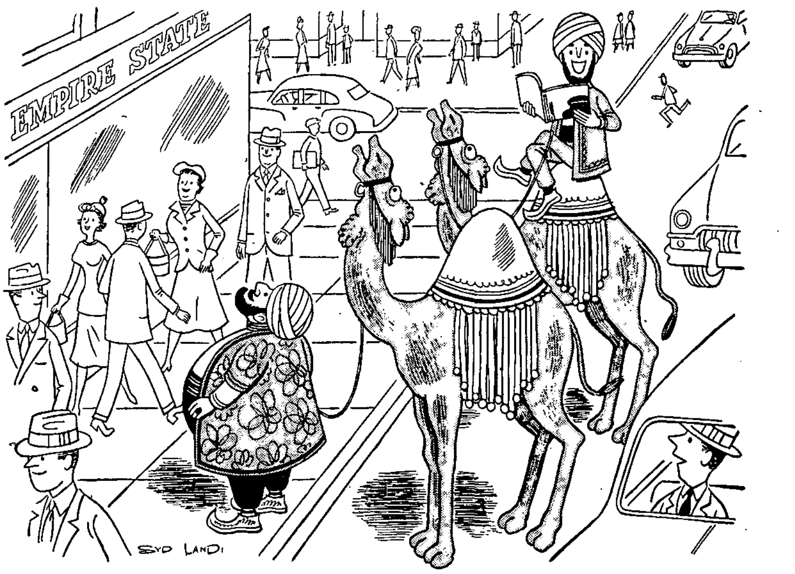

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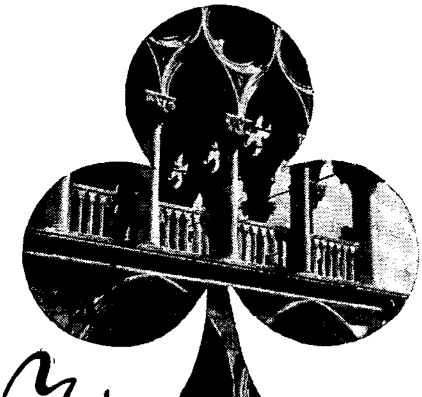
should an architect be concerned to produce a masterpiece if, only forty years later, it will be subject to vandalism? Fortunately, the remedy is simple: black paint for the steel, soap and water for the murals.

THE season's crop of books on architecture has been a bumper one, and they are especially welcome because they provide a change in diet from the desiccated fruit, the non-succulent cacti, that has threatened to become the normal rations of modern design. Fittingly, Frank Lloyd Wright's great retrospective exhibition, recently on view in town, was accompanied by a book of essays and addresses called "The Future of Architecture" (Horizon Press), illustrated by more than thirty photographs of his most important buildings. This book contains, among other things, his Princeton lectures on modern architecture, long out of print, lectures that are all the more important because the first one reproduces the famous Hull House talk on "The Art and Craft of the Machine" (1904), a landmark in both the development of modern architecture and the interpretation of the Machine Age. This book is an ingratiating introduction to Wright's life and work and thought in their characteristic aspects—his concern for the organic roots of architecture and its eventual efflorescence in beauty, his enchantment with nature, his confident mastery of the machine, his contempt for formulas and clichés, and, not least, his unqualified belief in freedom (the freedom of the artist and the creator) as the ultimate test of a good life or a humane society. Wright's thought, like his work, not merely sums up the promise of the old America but offers a further promise for the new. Such originality, such creativity, is worth the high price it sometimes exacts from its contemporary supporters.

Richard Neutra's new book, "Survival Through Design" (Oxford), deals with architecture in its broadest sense, as a major process that enters into the molding and controlling of our whole environment. Neutra, when a young man, passed under the influence of Wright, only to emerge as one of the earliest exponents of the so-called International Style, a mannerism completely antithetical to Wright's conceptions. But since the early thirties Neutra's work has been in the direction first indicated by H. H. Richardson and Wright, and this book develops the theory that organism is a more fundamental term than mechanism, as A. N. Whitehead, the philosopher, pointed out



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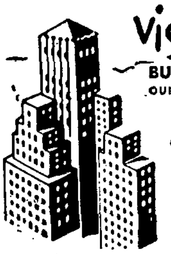

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a generation ago. Accordingly, Neutra believes, the problem of design must be reconsidered in the light of our increasing knowledge of biology and psychology. This is not an easy book for the lay reader, or even the architect, to find his way about in, but for anyone who likes to chew over some of the basic problems of our lives, as related to design, it should be a useful cud, for Neutra is a thoughtful modern man who has gone past the phase of having pat and easy answers to the problems of architecture or life.

Another interesting recent book on architecture is "The House and the Art of Its Design," by Robert Woods Kennedy (Reinhold). This is the book that everyone has been waiting for and no one till Mr. Kennedy has had the temerity to write. It is needed equally by the architect, the client about to build, and the layman who wishes to follow the gambits and variations of modern architecture—in fact, by practically anyone who lives in a house or has hope of ever doing so. Mr. Kennedy has restricted himself to the middle-class family house, largely of the suburban or the country sort, but much of his analysis, which begins not with sticks and stones but with the needs of the family, can be applied to apartment houses, city dwellings, or even—heaven grant!—Federal Housing Administration and Public Housing Administration estates. The book is written and illustrated with a dash that adds to its intrinsic readableness. At times, Mr. Kennedy's crisp ideological divisions between various schools and tendencies seem to me to add to the very defects in thought that have caused these divisions, but on the whole this is a cliché-testing and stereotype-busting treatise. His one real lapse is his failure to deal with the community in which the house must function. He should have heeded the French proverb that Emerson once quoted: "Think of your neighbor before you think of your house." That oversight indicates one of the most formidable dead spots in architectural thinking. In short, this book deals exhaustively with only half its subject, and in terms of the problems that beset the higher-income groups. And still it is a valuable book.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

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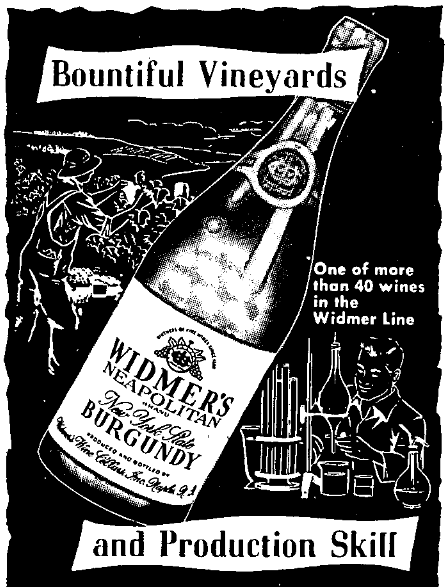
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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Ariadne and Norma*

DESPITE some faults, most of which had to do with insufficiently inspired orchestra playing, the most enjoyable event of the past week was, I thought, the performance by Thomas Scherman's Little Orchestra Society of Richard Strauss's miniature opera "Ariadne auf Naxos" on Monday night at Town Hall. The main reason for this enjoyment was the score itself, which contains some of the ripest, most ebullient, and most delightfully affectionate music Strauss ever wrote. In it he displays over and over again the rare faculty for dealing with the human and psychological side of musical theatre that characterizes his finest work. His musicians and singers are treated not as a mere palette of interesting colors to be used in painting a musical picture but as a group of human beings whose talents and enthusiasms are challenged and stimulated to a point where the whole performance becomes an engaging little circus full of prancing sopranos and bouncing French-horn players, with Strauss himself standing by like a benign ringmaster to provide delectable hoops and hurdles for everybody in the tent. I have touched on this quality of Strauss's writing in previous columns. It goes beyond what is ordinarily thought of as "orchestration"—the art of getting the specific sounds you may want out of a group of performers—and invades a different dimension, in which the composer's love of the performing art causes him to treat the executors of his music with a special sort of gallantry. Strauss writes not so much for voices and oboes as for the eager and gifted people who want to do amazing and charming things with voices and oboes, and the joy he generates in the process is largely responsible for the unique brilliance and heartening humanity that seem to bubble over the footlights in so many of his compositions. I do not mean to imply by this that Strauss is a particularly deep composer, in the sense that Bach and Beethoven and Bruckner are deep composers. There is very little spirituality, and often a touch of vulgarity, in his music. But this tender awareness of the role of the performing artist, which implies a profound under-

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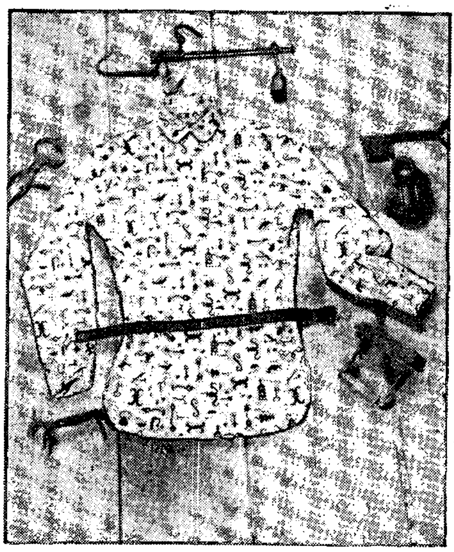

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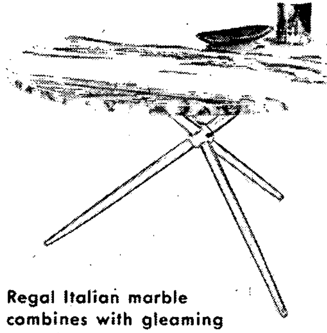

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standing of the communicative and coöperative nature of music, makes him a composer of remarkable insight.

"Ariadne," a comic-heroic little opera that mixes Greek gods, *commedia-dell'-arte* characters, and Hapsburg gaiety in a really witty satire on the nature of love, is a perfect vehicle for this peculiarly Straussian gift. I did not think that Mr. Scherman made the most of the graceful orchestral athletics Strauss had placed at his disposal, but there were features of the performance that compensated for this shortcoming. Most notable among them was the singing of Mattiwilda Dobbs, a young American Negro soprano, new hereabouts, who tackled the showy and formidably difficult soubrette role of Zerbinetta with such ease and such cultivated style that she almost stopped the show. Miss Dobbs' feat, which encompassed great appeal as an actress as well as great agility as a singer, unquestionably entitled her to a place among the ablest coloratura sopranos heard here in recent years. The young and very handsome American dramatic soprano Mariquita Moll sang quite beautifully as Ariadne, and the other roles, including the ringing Bacchus of Set Svanholm, were generally done with spirit and elegance. The production as a whole, presented without scenery and with the singers in evening dress instead of in costume, was extraordinarily tasteful, and in some ways seemed more effective than a number of performances I have seen with full stage paraphernalia, for on the operatic stage "Ariadne" is so lacking in dramatic incident that it often appears somewhat static.

THE Metropolitan Opera's new production of Bellini's "Norma," which I attended on Tuesday evening, filled me with disparate emotions. In listening to it, I could not down the depressing thought that this venerable and lovely opera may be about to enter the limbo occupied by the *castrato* operas of the seventeenth century, for the analogous reason that the type of singer needed for an adequate presentation of it has become obsolete. I never heard the famous Norma of Rosa Ponselle, which, I understand, was the most nearly adequate one within the memory of most present-day operagoers; in fact I have never heard a satisfactory performance of the opera at all. The demands it makes, especially on the soprano who sings the title role, are staggering; she must have the vocal power of a Flagstad, the stylistic authority of a Rethberg, and the agility of a Roberta

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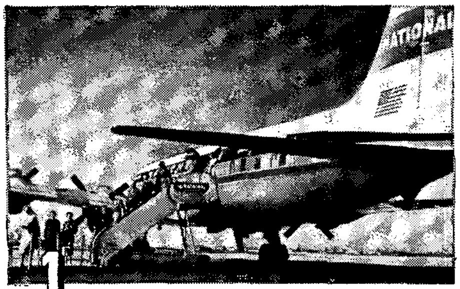

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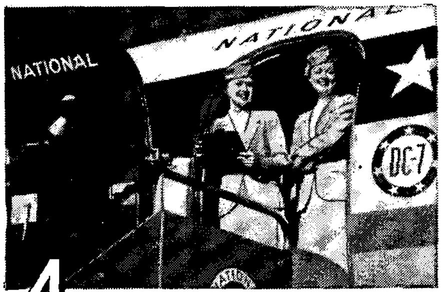

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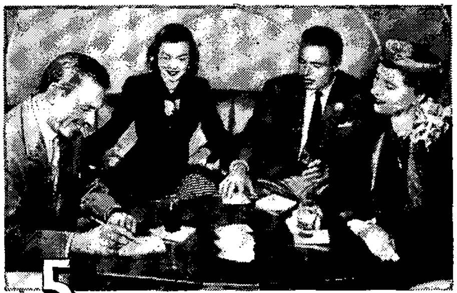
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Peters. Zinka Milanov failed completely to fill this imposing bill. She was not singing as well as usual, and in the more florid coloratura passages did not even succeed in indicating the melodic line with any accuracy. Gino Penno, currently the Met's loudest tenor, sang the role of Pollione earnestly but without much understanding of its classic style. Fedora Barbieri did a good deal better with the role of Adalgisa, but was often thrown off her stride by the insecurity of her colleagues. And Fausta Cleva conducted the whole thing as if it were a routine performance of "Pagliacci." The only wholly satisfying performance of the evening was that of Cesare Siepi, who sang the part of Oroveso with dignity and assurance.

ON Wednesday evening, I divided my time between the American Chamber Opera Society's concert performance at Town Hall of Rossini's "La Gazza Ladra" and the Boston Symphony's performance at Carnegie Hall of Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette." "La Gazza Ladra," unlike Strauss's "Ariadne," really needs a full operatic stage production to clarify its complicated plot, and its neat, tinkling music seemed a little thin and trivial in the concert hall. The performance nevertheless had its points, among which were the crisp conducting of Arnold U. Gamson and the fresh and generally pleasing singing of a young coloratura named Laurel Hurley, in the leading role of Ninetta.

I got to Carnegie Hall in time to hear only the second half of the Berlioz work, and this half confirmed an impression of the composition that I had received somewhat reluctantly on previous occasions. It is, of course, a big and respectable piece, by a composer whose music is often arresting. But I have always found that, apart from a few magical moments, it alternates between patches of rather obvious melodrama and patches of downright tedium. The Boston Symphony and a large chorus played and sang its notes beautifully, but the portion of it that I heard seemed notably dull, and the painstaking but not too eloquent conducting of Charles Münch was not of the sort that can make dull music interesting. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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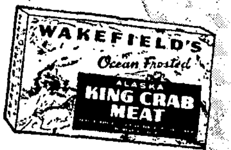

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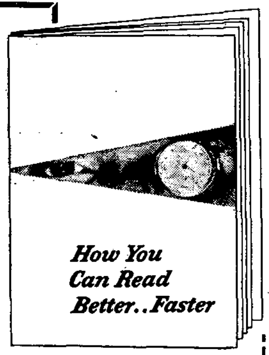
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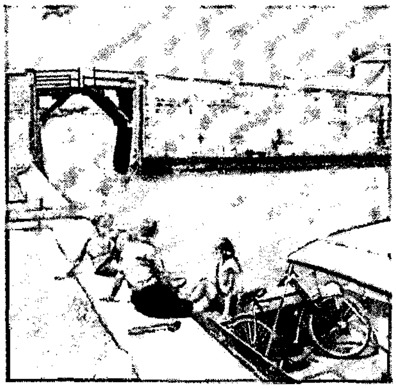

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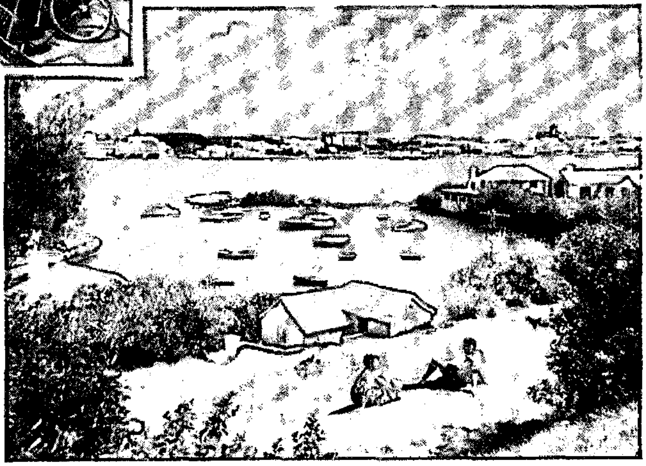

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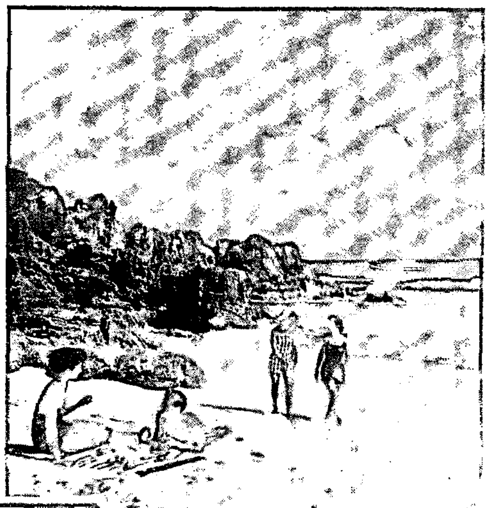

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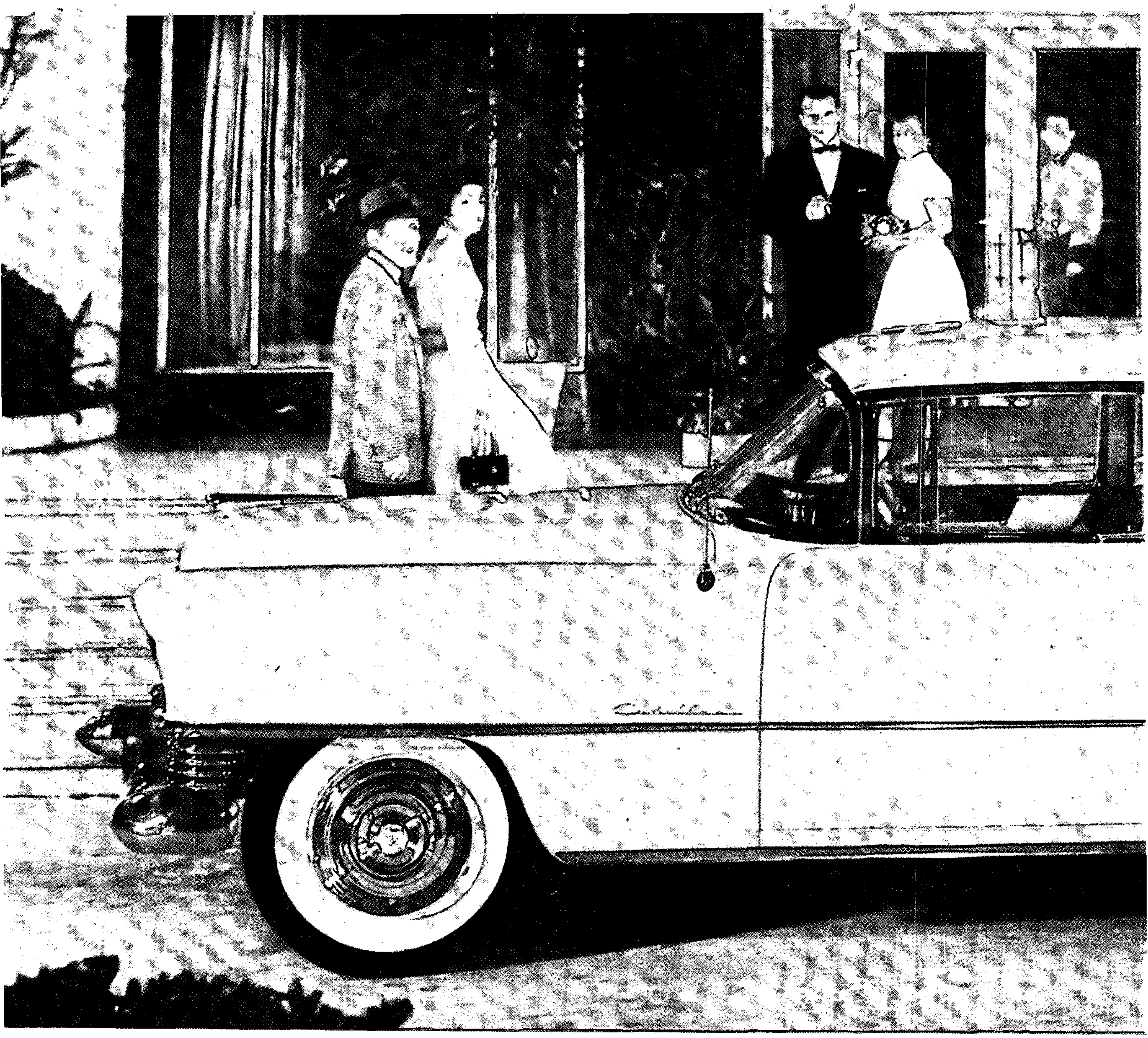

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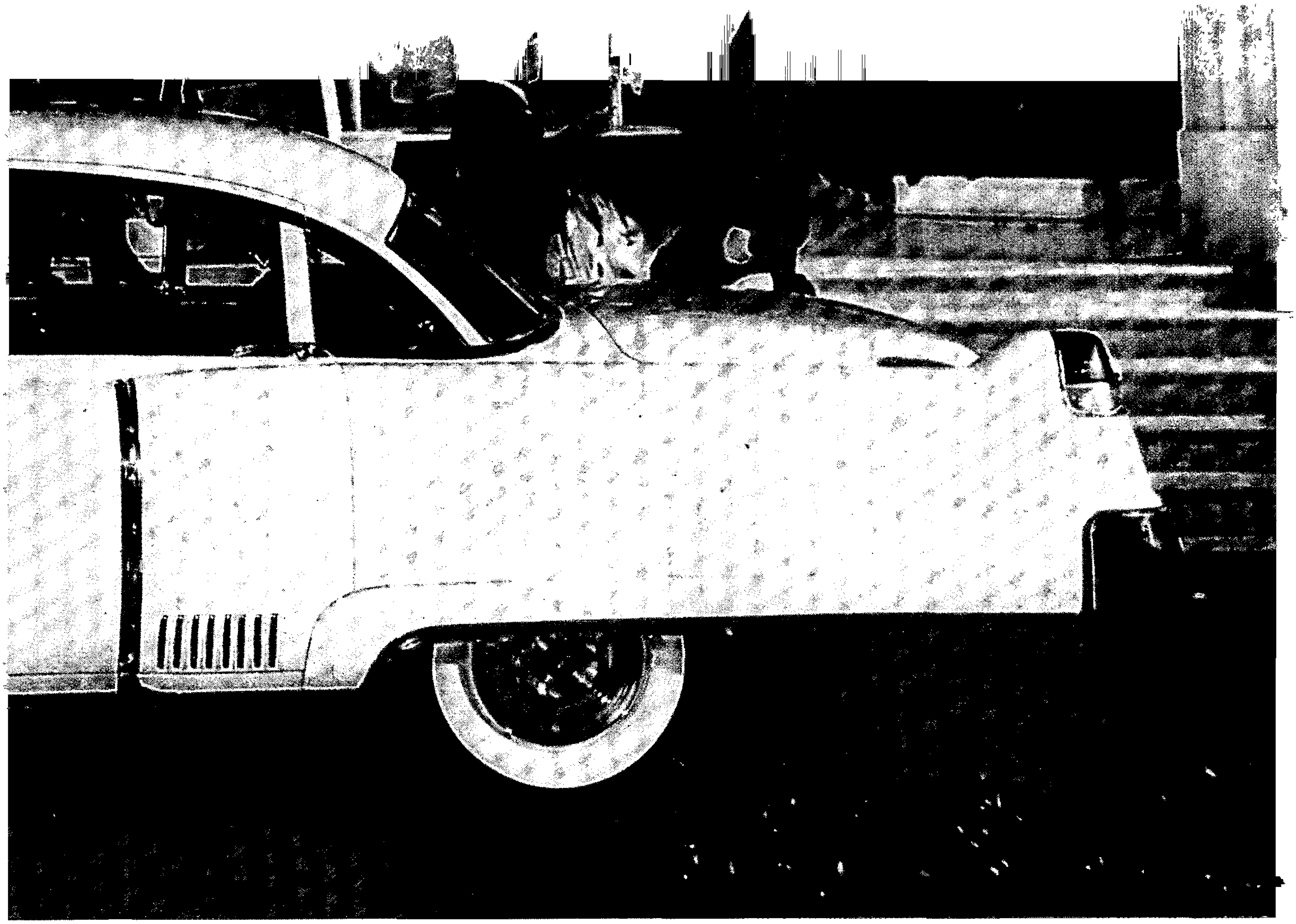

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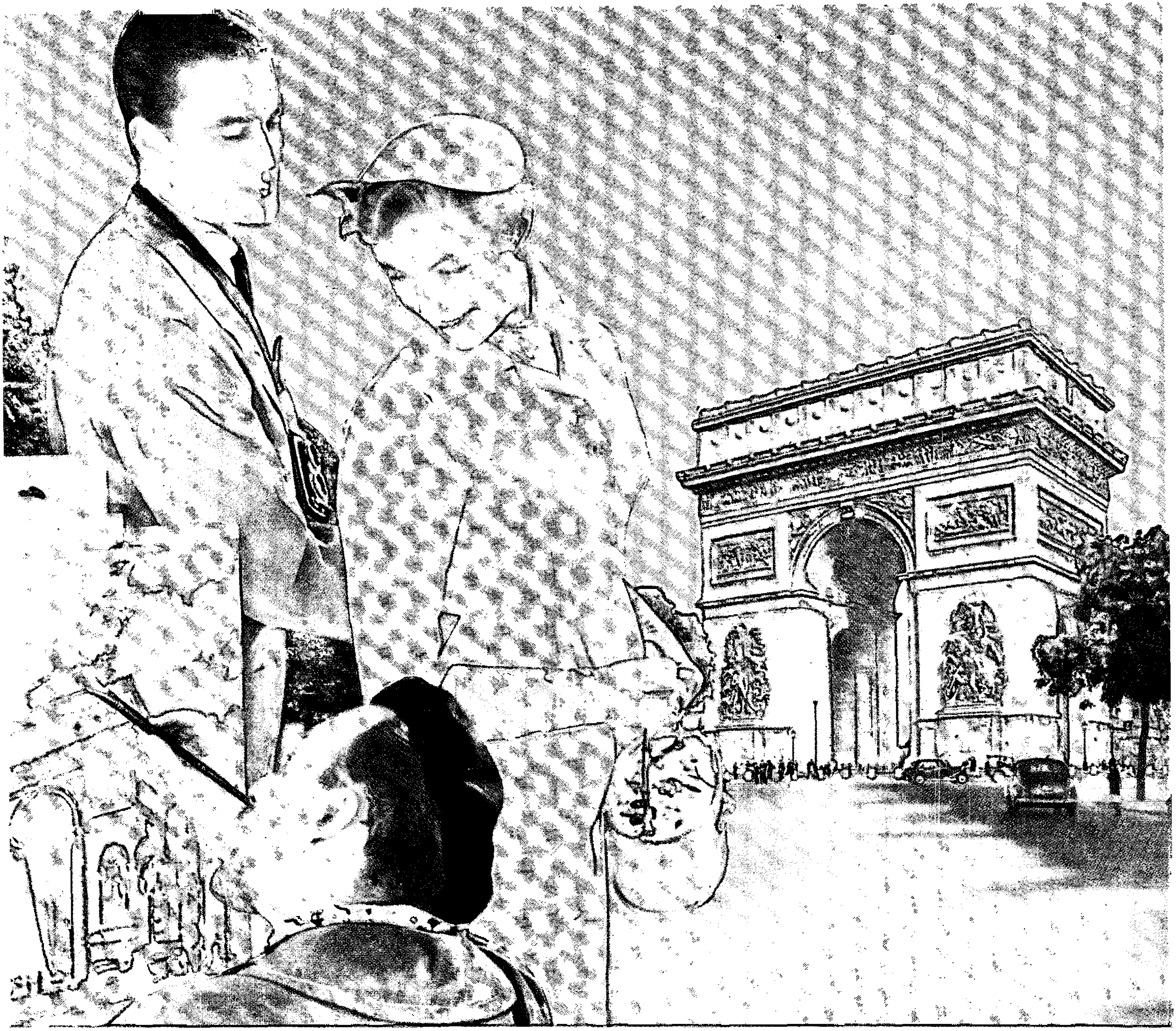

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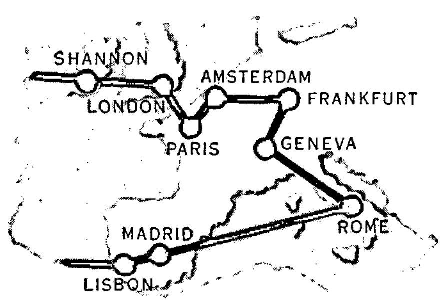
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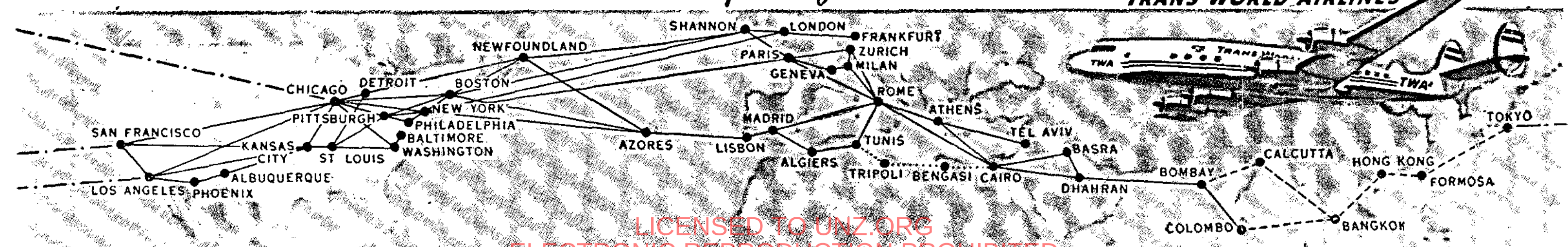
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particular axe to grind in the musical world, Vanguard has succeeded in producing four ten-inch long-playing records of superb quality. The most consistently appealing presents a septet under the gentle guidance of Vic Dickenson, the trombonist. On the first side—and this, to my mind, is the prize of the entire collection—several unhurried choruses of "I Cover the Waterfront" are strung out, with the trombone, trumpet, clarinet, and piano taking turns as solo instruments. It is an effortless affair, containing innumerable graceful effects and achieving variety without sacrificing the appeal of the Johnny Green composition, and it ends, sensibly enough, when there seems to be nothing more worth saying on the subject. Dickenson's contributions are subtle and entertaining, but the most sparkling work is offered by the pianist, Sir Charles Thompson, and the trumpeter, Ruby Braff, who introduces the piece (after a piano flurry) and is heard again later on. Braff is a genuine find, who exhibits an impressive combination of verve, lyricism, and invention. Thompson, a more familiar figure, plays brightly and imaginatively. On the other side of the record, Thompson dominates the scene as the band turns out engaging performances of "Sir Charles at Home," a swinging work built around a riff he himself devised, and Fats Waller's "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," which opens with Thompson's delightful approximation, rather than mere imitation, of Waller's piano style and continues with first-rate work by Dickenson and Braff. The other musicians in the septet are Edmond Hall, whose clarinet playing is artful but sometimes a trifle vague, and, making up an alert rhythm section, Steve Jordan, on guitar; Walter Page, on bass; and Les Erskine, on drums.

One side of a second record presenting this same group of musicians is devoted to "Russian Lullaby" (I was pleasantly surprised to hear Thompson fit into it the opening phrase of an old and, I had thought, forgotten show tune called "Hittin' the Bottle") and the other to "Jeepers Creepers." The playing here is superior, too, with Dickenson providing several remarkably stimulating choruses, but on the whole this record lacks not only the variety but some of the artistic excellence of the other.

On the third entry in the series, three of these musicians—Hall, Jordan, and Page—form part of a septet that is presided over by Mel Powell, the pianist, and also includes Buck Clay-

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ton, on trumpet; Henderson Chambers, on trombone; and Jimmy Crawford, on drums. Powell, a jazz pianist of the first rank, *does* have an axe to grind, and proceeds to grind it by running through his own "Sonatina for Piano," a short and somewhat spare non-jazz composition, in three sections, that is out of place here. The rest of the record consists of four jazz items, three of which hark back to the Benny Goodman band of the early forties, when Powell, still in his teens, was one of its leading lights. As you may know, he retired from the jazz world right after the war, to take up the serious study of music, and he is currently teaching theory at Queens College. Thus he was practically untouched by the jazz developments of the late forties, and it is interesting to see that here, on one of his rare returns to jazz music, he favors the swing idiom. There is one topnotch performance on this record—a dazzling reading of " 'S Wonderful," reminiscent of some of the things Powell did with Goodman. Clayton shines almost as brightly as Powell in it, and Hall, too, lets himself go for a couple of choruses. A fleet rendition of "You're Lucky to Me" is a close runner-up to this, but in an incredibly slow interpretation of "I Must Have That Man," Powell's fascination with unusual harmonies betrays him. The remaining number on this record is a rather indifferent performance, at medium speed, of a trite piece, "It's Been So Long," which was a standard item in the Goodman library.

The fourth record in the Vanguard collection is, I gather from the notes on the envelope, a by-product of the Dickenson recording date, at which it was decided that Thompson's playing was arresting enough to warrant his having a record of his own. He was told to assemble a group of his own choosing and to report to the studio next day. It is amusing to note that he retained none of his companions in the Dickenson septet; Thompson, too, it seems, is a musician with an axe to grind Gathering five bop specialists around him, he set down routine interpretations of pieces called "Bop This," "Oh, Joe!," and "For the Ears" (this last one takes up one entire side), along with, by way of contrast, that invariably winning tune, "Memories of You," which displays some good work by the trumpeter Joe Newman.

HAVING given so much space to Vanguard's new jazz collection, I must skim over several other new

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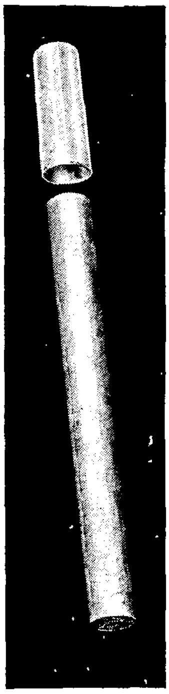

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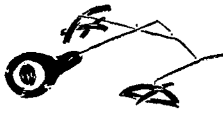

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long-playing recordings of interest that have made their appearance during the past few weeks. Four of them are given over to musical-comedy numbers. One, from Columbia, offers a run-through of the vivacious and pretty songs from the Rodgers and Hart show "The Boys from Syracuse." The principal soloists are not up to par, but it is nevertheless a pleasure to reacquaint oneself with this score (only "Falling in Love with Love" and "This Can't Be Love" worked their way into the national consciousness), and the small orchestra, under Lehman Engel's direction, plays the sometimes jaunty, sometimes tender arrangements impeccably. A Walden record brings together ten Rodgers and Hart songs, the majority of them love ballads, sung by Louise Carlyle and Bob Shaver to the sensitive accompaniment of a trio under the leadership of John Morris, who plays both piano and celesta. Miss Carlyle's work is exceptionally fine throughout, and perhaps most notably so in "A Ship Without a Sail." John Mehegan, an able pianist but one who lets his intellect get the better of him, plays a flock of show tunes by Leonard Bernstein on a Perspective record. Mehegan is, for the most part, so intent on his manner of presenting these pieces that the substance is all but lost. Finally, Harold Rome, accompanying himself on the piano, sings a generous collection of his own show tunes, from "Pins and Needles" to "Wish You Were Here," on a Heritage record. He is not much of a singer and not much of a pianist, but he goes at his work with obvious enjoyment and occasionally great effectiveness. Among the tunes on hand are "It's Better with a Union Man," "Sunday in the Park," "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones," and "Military Life," to name only a few. Rome is unusual among our more successful Broadway composers in that he has a pleasant habit of reflecting, honestly and illuminatingly, the folkways of city dwellers residing in boroughs other than Manhattan.

Les Compagnons de la Chanson, an a-cappella group of nine male voices, turn up on a new Angel release with eight generally entertaining songs, six in French and two in English. . . . Kid Ory's Creole Jazz Band bangs away happily on an excellently recorded long-playing single just brought out by Good Time Jazz. . . . A collection of old dance tunes by Les Brown's lightly swinging band can be found on a new Columbia record.

—D. W.

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THE Minneapolis Star and Tribune COLUMN

by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

LIPSTICK'S A BUGABOO whether it's something you get on a shirt collar or something you have to daub on every two or three hours, but it's a booming business. There are well over 20 makes of the stuff and each manufacturer has a selection of shades from 15 to 40. Texture is the most important factor in lipstick selection. Use a little powder first and you're sure to have your lipstick with you most of the day. Teen-agers are the best lipstick customers—they always know the latest colors. The average lipstick customer forgets entirely about refills, and they're quite a money-saver . . . Crack of the week: The only thing the matter with some guys is they're repulsive . . . Radio programs still "kill" at least 46 persons a week . . . Match your mate with these figures: Latest mortality statistics show that when a husband and a wife are the same age, chances the wife will outlive the husband are 60 in 100; but if the husband is five years older, her chances of outliving him are 70 in 100, and if he's 10 years older, her chances are 80 in 100.

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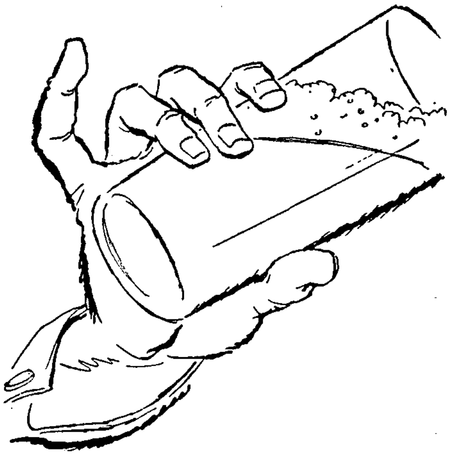
★

THE SUN HAS SET on P.T.A. days for Ma and me, but the goings on in our schools continue to fascinate me. For instance, out here in the Upper Midwest one of the big interests in junior and senior high schools now—and how times have changed—is world affairs! More than 90,000 boys and girls in 1,417 schools in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and western Wisconsin are studying current news events with the help of a unique study and quiz plan called the Program of Information on World Affairs. The program was developed by the Minneapolis Star. The enthusiastic participation in it by Upper Midwest school administrators and teachers is further indication why the best-liked, best-read newspapers of the region are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 620,000).

★

BABY SITTER STORY with a new twist: A young doctor in town hires a baby sitter one evening a week while the doctor's wife attends an evening class at the University of Minnesota. The doctor doesn't have to drive his wife to class or anything, but the baby sitter is necessary because the doc may be summoned on a house call any time during the evening. Recently they broke in a new baby sitter. As luck would have it, the doctor got no calls the first night she was there. Came the wife's evening class the next week and the baby sitter's mama showed up instead of the teenage sitter. She wanted to investigate what kind of baby-sitting job this was where the handsome young husband stayed home all evening—and still needed a sitter.



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STAGE SHOW

OWING to some witless arrangement by the United Artists Corporation, John Huston's "Beat the Devil" was released all over town last week in tandem with an atrocity called "Stand at Apache River." It remained on view for only five days, but I'm very sure that it will reappear, possibly in more attractive circumstances, since it is a hugely entertaining work. Written by Truman Capote and Mr. Huston, it is a sort of satire on melodramas dealing with international intrigue. But it does more than cock a sardonic snook at a Hollywood staple. It introduces some really funny characters as it goes along, and the dialogue they spout is lively and literate. In fact, the whole affair is marked by an easy spontaneity, and every now and then it flashes with the kind of bright lunacy that used to be a conspicuous virtue of Evelyn Waugh.

Based on a novel by James Helvick, which was apparently an earnest work until Mr. Capote and Mr. Huston got hold of it, "Beat the Devil" has to do with the efforts of a gang of rogues to take over some uranium deposits in Africa. I must say that it's never quite clear just what their hanky-panky is all about, but logic is hardly a requirement of a picture as carefree as this one. In any case, among the amoral brethren are men of assorted nationalities—an American, two Englishmen, a Chilean, and an Italian—and of the lot the English desperadoes, played by Robert Morley and Ivor Barnard, are the most diverting. Mr. Morley is at once wicked and whimsical, and is given to sputtering attacks of indignation when his colleagues fail to live up to his crooked expectations; Mr. Barnard is hilarious as he mourns the end of Hitler and Mussolini, whoops it up for Rosicrucianism, complains about the flaccidity of present-day society, and tries to dispatch with fists or dagger anybody who disagrees with him.

As the film opens, these gentlemen and their associates, en route to Africa, have been delayed at an Italian port on the Mediterranean. While Mr. Morley and Mr. Barnard plot with Peter Lorre and Marco Tulli (the

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Chilean and the Italian, respectively), Humphrey Bogart, America's representative in the gallery of rascals, engages in a strange flirtation with the wife of yet another Englishman, who happens to be headed for Africa on an honest mission. Mr. Bogart is supposed to be married to Gina Lollobrigida, which makes his philandering a trifle difficult to understand, but the lady he takes up with (Jennifer Jones) is an unusual girl who spends all her time making up spectacular lies—a weakness he naturally finds piquant. I'm not sure that Mr. Bogart's acting is entirely attuned to the antic spirit of the piece, but he has his droll moments. Finally, when he and his band do set sail for Africa, "Beat the Devil" develops into wild farce, what with demented seamen, a crotchety vessel, and presently a trip in an uncertain lifeboat into an Arab territory managed by a sheik whose only goal in life is to meet Rita Hayworth. While "Beat the Devil" becomes a bit choppy toward its conclusion, it has too many estimable qualities for you to worry much about ragged edges. The photography, incidentally, is handsome.

IN "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor plays a spoiled American girl, on the loose in Europe, who has a fatal fascination for musicians. She's not good for them, though. She wants too much of their time. As the movie drones on, several musical selections are heard, ranging from Brahms to Rachmaninoff. It's too bad that the picture interferes with our enjoyment of them.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Dr. Walter H. Flanders plans to become a permanent resident of Box 321, Inverness, Florida.—*Worcester Academy Bulletin.*

Shorty Flanders—he always a card.

•

Sen. Symington made himself heard with an observation that "I'm sure Sen. Jackson would defend himself" if he were in the moon.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

So *that's* where those Democrats have gone!

•

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[*Adv. in The New Yorker*]

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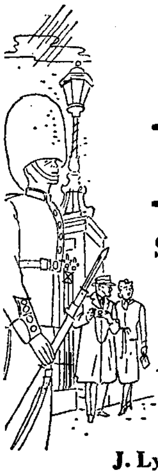

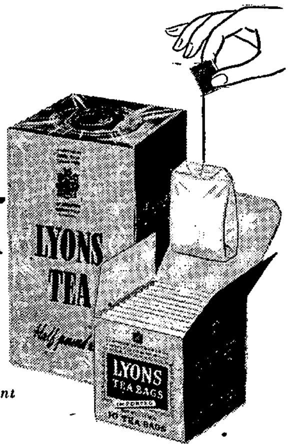

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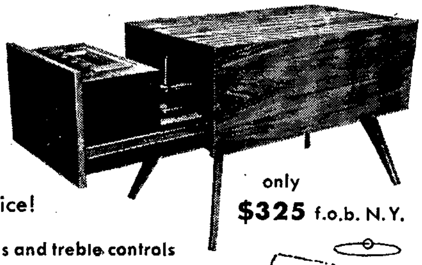

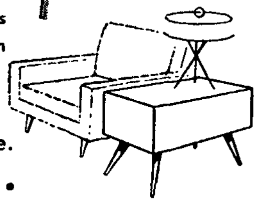

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# BOOKS

## *Arcadia Run to Seed*

ON the jacket of "The Fool Killer" (Doubleday), its author, Helen Eustis, declares that it was written "in deliberate and devoted imitation of a certain kind of novel . . . addressed to adults and children equally, on the assumption that every child is partly a grownup, and every grownup in part a child. Homage to Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, to 'Treasure Island,' 'The Black Arrow,' and too many others to name!" This book, clearly a labor of love, describes with gooey sentimentality the relations between a not very bright little boy and a homicidal maniac. The little boy is an orphan who runs away from his foster parents on account of the esuriently described bare-backside thrashing he gets on the third page. On the tenth page, he is meeting up with an old gentleman sitting in his privy, with the door open, reading a book. As the old gentleman never washes and never changes his clothes, and lives in a house that smells of him, his cat, and rotting food, he is irresistibly attractive to the orphan. But this winsome partnership breaks up, the orphan takes off again, and next meets the homicidal maniac, a bum called Milo Bogardus, who is suffering from amnesia because of a head wound received in the Civil War. The relationship begins with the boy slapping the man for asking too many impertinent questions, the way things began in the old passion stories in the women's magazines. (Generally, She hit Him with a riding crop. "You cad," she cried, her face scarlet, and then he took her in those strong arms, and although she hated herself for it, she sort of liked it.) Milo applies the old physical-force technique, too, and with the usual results:

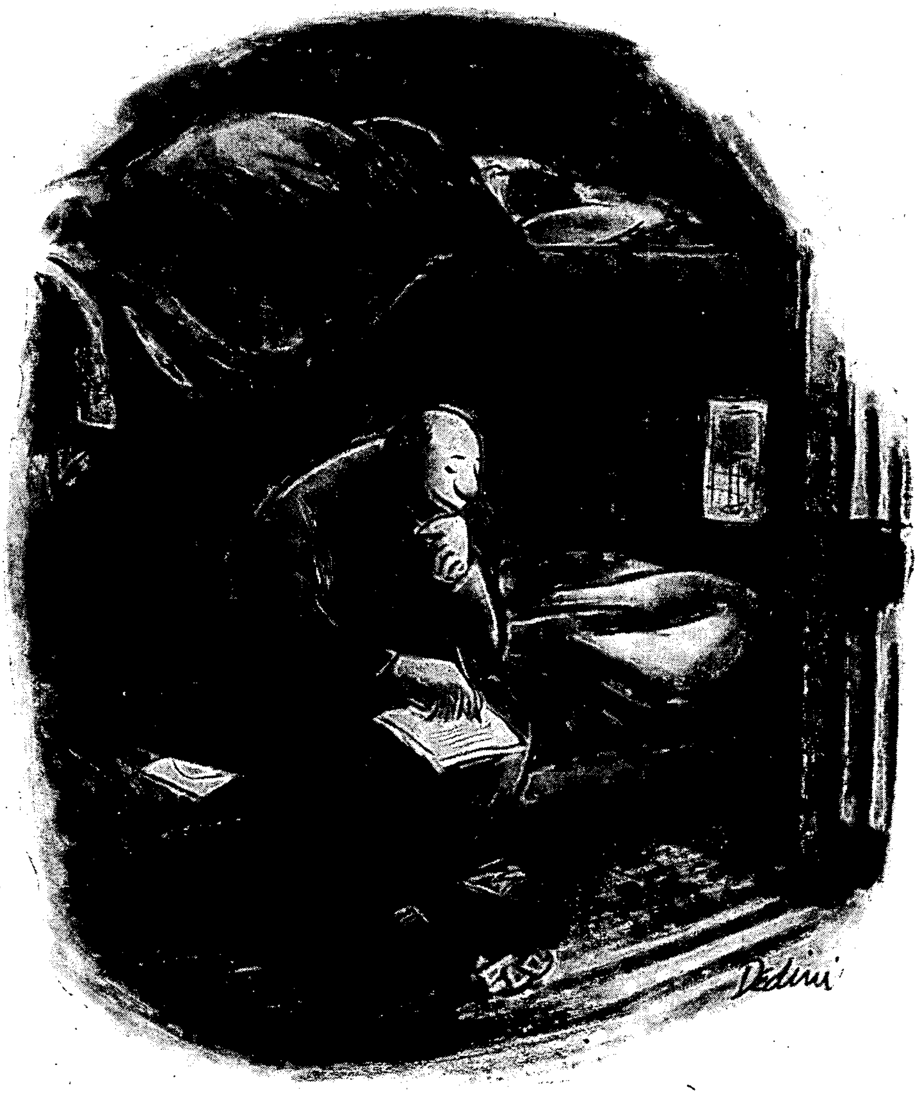
> He stepped back at first, looking kind of surprised, and the next thing I knowed, he had wrapped his long arms round me and picked me up like I was a baby. . . . "Shh!" was all he said. Ever minute or so, "Ssh!" And presently I begun to quieten, what with being tired, and him setting so still but holding me fast against his chest, where I could hear his heart thumping and feel his breath going in and out, steady and even. . . . The next thing I knowed I had fell asleep.

Comes the dawn, and true friendship. And perhaps, since Milo kills the first person who intrudes on it and makes an attempt to kill the second, something a bit stronger than that. The second intruder wins out, and she takes the orphan child to her because a Little One of Her Own has been Called Away. She has an almost clear field, for Milo has been largely on the lam since he murdered the first intruder. When the heat is off and he comes back to collect his little chum, it is too late. Months of kindness have done their work, and the fickle orphan is quite relieved when Milo is Called Away, too, off a porch roof:

> Except for one day, when I wasn't expecting to say nothing at all, I heared myself asking, "Did he die?" just like that, and Aunty says:
>
> "Yes, George."
>
> "I'm glad!" I says. "He weren't nothing but a murderer! He was fixing to kill you!" and the tears begun rolling down my face, like I could never keep them from doing, around that time.

Something seems to have slipped in the orphan's literary pedigree. The young hero of "Treasure Island" was not exactly swept off his feet by the moral and physical appeal of Blind Pew and Long John Silver, nor were Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn overcome with admiration for Muff Potter and Injun Joe. Huck and Tom were, in fact, profoundly moral persons, even if (to use the prevailing jargon) social pressures forced them to compromise on their system of values:

> It didn't take me long to make up my mind that these liars warn't no kings nor



*"Dear Alice:*

*"How are you? I'm fine and getting along O.K. Today was my first day in the rock quarry. I busted up them rocks like nobody's business. You know how strong I am, Alice. The guard said he never saw a guy bust up them rocks so good the first day out . . ."*

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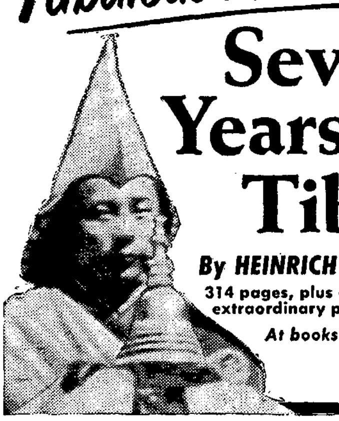

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dukes at all, but just low-down humbugs and frauds.... If I never learnt nothing else out of pap, I learnt that the best way to get along with his kind of people is to let them have their own way.

What gives Huck his lasting strength is that he is not much like a child, though he is a child's dream of himself as he might be if he were endowed with adult powers and experience. What Huck really is is the lineal descendant of the Arcadian shepherd, the natural man, possessed of uncorrupted virtue, who knows right from wrong by instinct and has the strength of the natural order behind him. He is a better man than anything worldly society can produce, and so its most powerful critic. If Huck had been just a mixed-up kid from a broken home, he would scarcely have drifted down the river generating magnificent lyric poetry, first-rate satiric comedy, and unchallengeable moral judgments, but as he was a heroic figure, the embodiment of a rational conception of a better world, he could do these things. The enduring power of "Huckleberry Finn," as with all good children's books, comes from the fact that it is addressed to the part of (to adopt Miss Eustis's terms) the grownup that is most grownup. Its appeal for children is precisely in its uncompromising presentation of adult values. Miss Eustis's child hero is no kinsman of Huck; he is the offspring of Sam Spade and all the pseudo-tough, sloppy-minded modern folk heroes who are so lachrymose about the cruel necessity of punishing evildoers and of taking the side of happiness against that of meanness, deceit, and cruelty.

IN "The Night of the Hunter" (Harper), Mr. Davis Grubb takes a trip through the same area of darkness and fog, populated with morons in love with violence. The principal adult figure of his novel, Harry "Preacher" Powell, is a sort of Jack the Ripper, a religious maniac whose homicidal tendency has been canalized into the business of butchering prostitutes. When in jail for the lesser offense of stealing an automobile, he becomes the cellmate of Ben Harper. Ben was caught after sticking up a bank and killing a man. But before he was caught, he had succeeded in stashing away the ten-thousand-dollar take. Ben is none too bright, and though they would commute his death sentence to life if he told where the money was, he prefers to die. He has hidden it inside a doll belonging to his daughter, aged four, and has entrusted the secret, under oath, to his son, aged nine. Daddy

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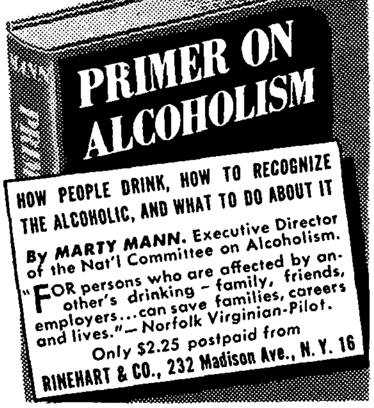

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was bleeding from a wound in the shoulder, and the troopers were coming across the meadow for him, guns in hand, when he extracted the promise from his son. In view of this and the fact that Daddy is eventually hanged, even a child of nine might conclude that the secret of the doll was not a good one to keep, at least from his mother. But he is his dim-witted father's son, so the money is still in the doll when Preacher Powell gets out of jail and comes after the family. The badgering of the two vacant-minded children by the greedy lunatic constitutes the main part of the book, and almost the whole action is described at what is supposed to be the child's level of consciousness. There is, in consequence, a great deal of this sort of thing:

> And then the man who smells like fruitcake asks me questions and then another man with a gold tooth and bad breath, he asks questions, too. I can't much figure out what any of it is about except that this fellow with the gold tooth keeps saying something about Bluebird. It seems like this Bluebird had twenty-five wives and he killed every last one of them and they been hunting him now for months and months and now they got him. I think it is some kind of make-believe story because nobody ever heard of birds with wives.

Every now and again, this blunt instrument slips in Mr. Grubb's hand and one catches glimpses of a gift for sharp and incisive writing, and of a comprehension of a world not entirely filled with the mad, the slow, and the abnormal. Three and a half pages describing a man on the staff of the penitentiary going home and sitting down to dinner after Ben Harper's execution are so brilliant as to kindle the liveliest hopes for Mr. Grubb. He is likely to become an absorbing writer if he succeeds in escaping from this moron-haunted, neo-romantic countryside. It is a dreary landscape, and it is depressing to realize that it is the contemporary vision of Arcadia.

"THE UNTIDY PILGRIM" (Lippincott), by Eugene Walter, sets out to be a parody of the recent forms of Southern fiction, but as it lacks wit, the essential engine of parody, it reads more like an example of the school that doesn't quite believe in itself. That it was awarded a twenty-five-hundred-dollar prize by Jacques Barzun, Bernard DeVoto, and Diana Trilling may be taken as a reflection on the standard of the entries in the contest. It tells, in a good-humored, happy-go-lucky way, about some mildly erotic goings on among the Spanish moss and on the

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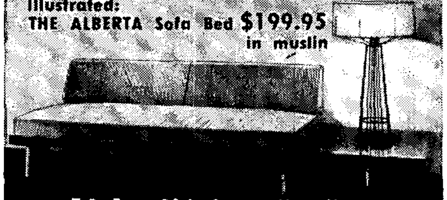

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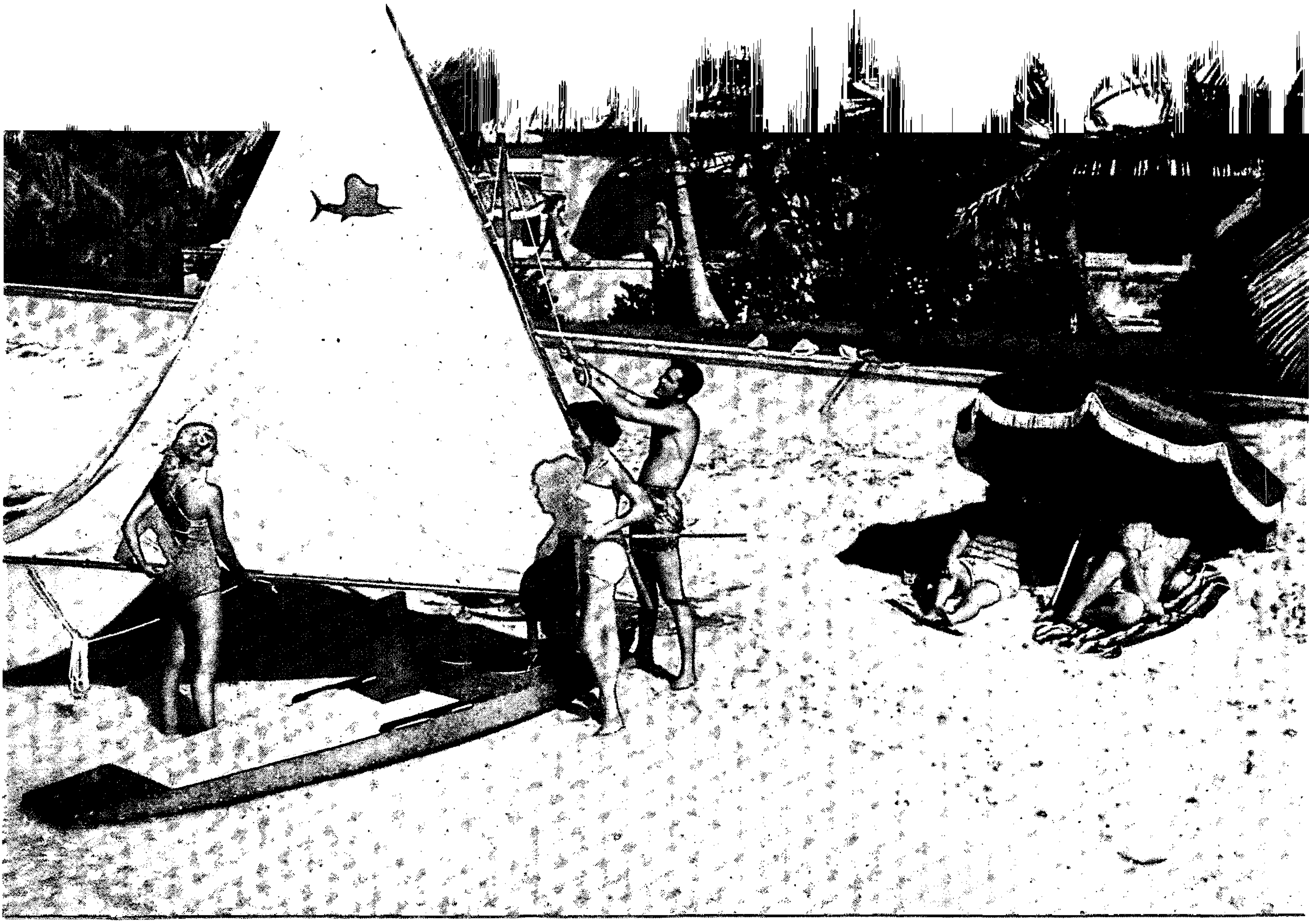

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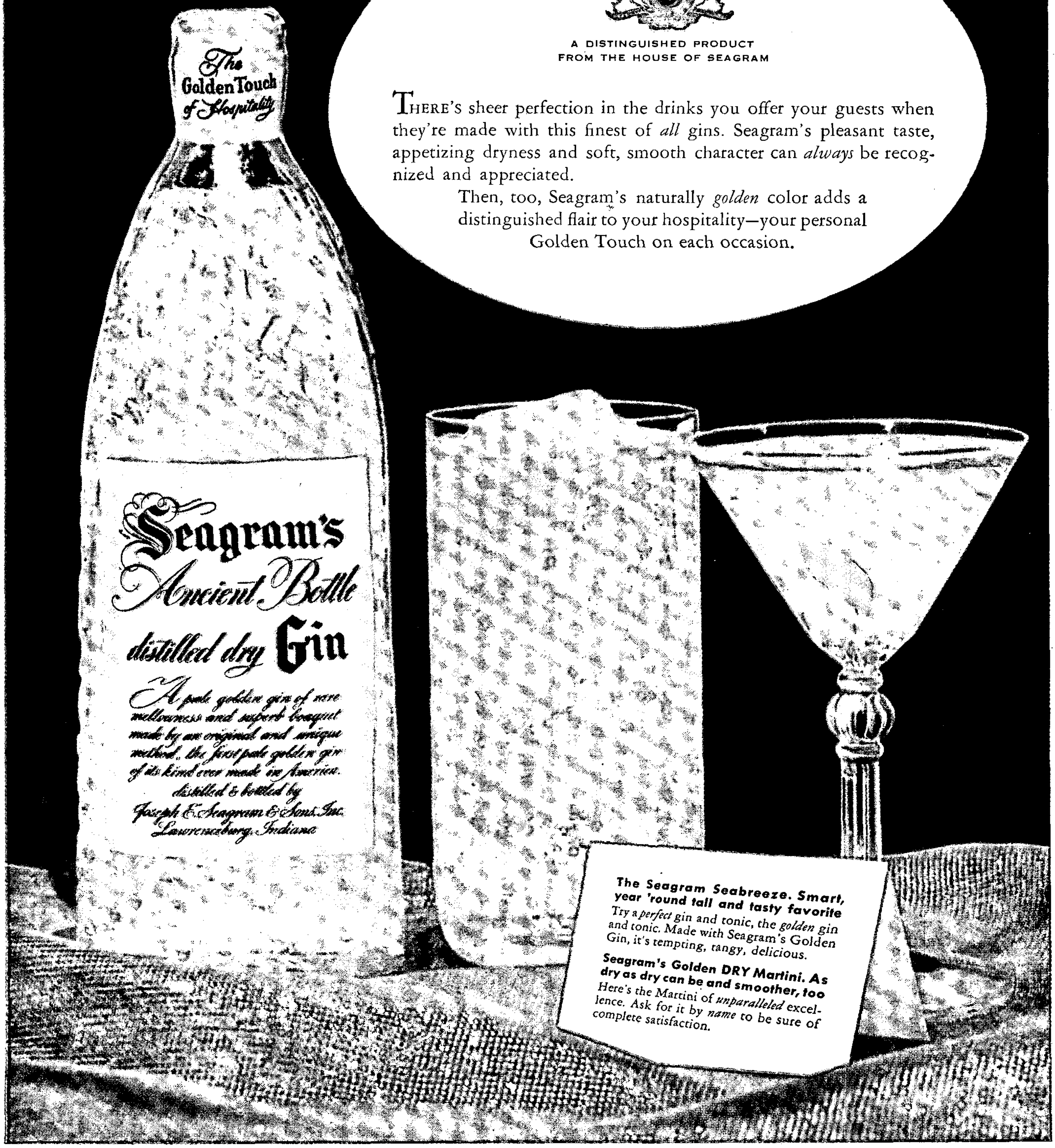
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iron balconies of old Mobile. But it is not half as funny or half as erotic as some of Mr. Shelby Foote's deadpan performances. The long-awaited "Cold Comfort Farm" of this particularly bleak literary convention, as untrue to the South as to life in general, remains to be written, and will presumably wait until a parodist comes along who can write out of his realization that intelligence and sensibility are more interesting than idiocy and brutality.

—Anthony West

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

Bless This House, by Norah Lofts (Doubleday). A long novel, delightful to read, about the changes in fortune of a great sixteenth-century English house called Merravay. Miss Lofts tells this story in a series of episodes that bring us from 1577, the year the house was built, up to the present day. She is shamelessly romantic, ringing in witches, star-crossed lovers, midnight murders, and evil matriarchs without any self-conscious apologies or compromises, and in consequence her book is a very good example of the most pleasant and relaxing kind of light reading. The Literary Guild Selection for April.

Born in Captivity, by John Wain (Knopf). A bright, wry, intelligent, and generally amusing book about the troubles and triumphs of a very young Englishman, just out of a university, who finds himself adrift in a world that he cannot accept but in which he is obliged to make a living somehow. He runs through a number of odd jobs and he encounters some bizarre people, and we leave him reaching for a happiness that will be difficult but worth while, since he has the girl he loves.

The House of Gair, by Eric Linklater (Harcourt, Brace). A remote Scottish mansion, together with its mysterious and cultured owner, a marooned winter traveller, and a group of variously sinister servants, provides the mood and action of this story, which has a fine and spirited beginning; the ending, though, unfortunately falls just short enough of good melodrama to be unconvincing.

Born a Yankee, by Grace Carstens (Macmillan). A long, cheerful complaint about the life of a Cape Cod girl, Kate Fyfe, who spends thirty-four years of her life in gruelling servitude to her father and to the

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three-hundred-year-old house that his ancestors built and that he adores. Near the end of the story, as Kate is about to turn into an unsalvageable spinster, her father dies and she is set free at last by the cruel terms of his will. Mrs. Carstens' style is agreeable, if a touch sturdy.

The Image and the Search, by Walter Baxter (Putnam). Robert Middleton, a handsome young Englishman who is very attractive to women, marries Sarah Valmont, a rich English girl of unusual beauty. The union is happy and self-sufficient, and after Robert dies in the war, Sarah becomes relentlessly promiscuous in her efforts to forget or replace him. Finally, when an Indian coolie (in India) rejects her somewhat aggressive attempt at seduction, the shame she feels brings on a mental fit that Mr. Baxter interprets as an important revelation. The subject is one that might have achieved considerable interest, but in Mr. Baxter's callow embrace it gains nothing.

Lily, by Vincent Sheean (Random House). Lily Soames, a Texas girl who enjoys enormous fortunes from two husbands—one dead, one divorced—is staying in Cannes when she meets a good-looking Spaniard, who sweeps her off her feet. After their final separation, which is partly her own fault, she decides in despair to take refuge in a convent in her native state, but another fate is waiting for her. Mr. Sheean's descriptions of Lily's frequent changes of dress are particularly good.

The Castle, by Franz Kafka (Knopf). A new and greatly expanded edition of this classic, including chapters not hitherto translated, alternate versions of some passages, and a certain amount of material that the author deleted from the original edition. There is a preface by Thomas Mann.

## GENERAL

How to Lie with Statistics, by Darrell Huff (Norton). A warning to woolly-heads. Statistics, the author observes upon mounting the rostrum, though conceived and still often practiced as a science, can also be construed as something of an art, and—in the hands of the careless or the crafty—an art of medieval darkness. He then proceeds, with a kind of cheerful revulsion, to summon up and briskly exorcise some of the more popular manifestations of statistics. While it must be said that a good

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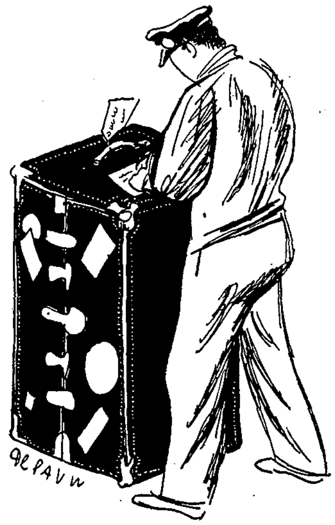
many of the specimens in his museum of cheats (the poisoned poll, for example, the pre-shrunk graph, and the gratuitous fraction) are hazards against which most of us have finally acquired a degree of immunity, Mr. Huff has had the perspicacity and the patience to assemble a sufficient number of really devious deceptions (notably, the brain-washer that begins, "The survey shows . . .") to warrant our liveliest attention. Many illuminating drawings by Irving Geis.

Humanities, by Desmond MacCarthy (Oxford). Another posthumous selection, the second within a year, from the works of the late dean of British journeyman critics. It consists of twenty-nine pieces, written between 1914 and 1941, most of them for the *New Statesman & Nation* or the *Sunday Times*, of which all but four—two flights of fiction and two excursions into political science—are examinations, in the cold-eyed and warmhearted manner that was Mr. MacCarthy's particular gift, of books and plays and authors. They include a remarkably durable estimate of Katherine Mansfield (produced in 1921), a 1918 appreciation of Joyce's "Exiles," a lively portrait of Sydney Smith, and a long look at the critical writings of T. S. Eliot that is perhaps as searching as any to which that most influential of arbiters has been subjected. Lord David Cecil has contributed a friendly preface.

Homes of the Brave, by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings, with drawings by Mary Petty (Knopf). A scolding lecture, nearly always just but never very acute or powerful, on the faddishness of domestic architecture during the past fifty or so years. Teacher



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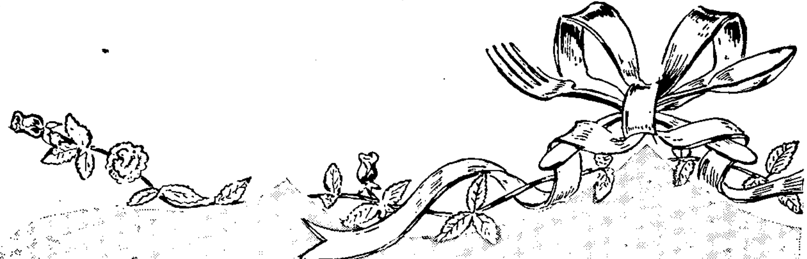

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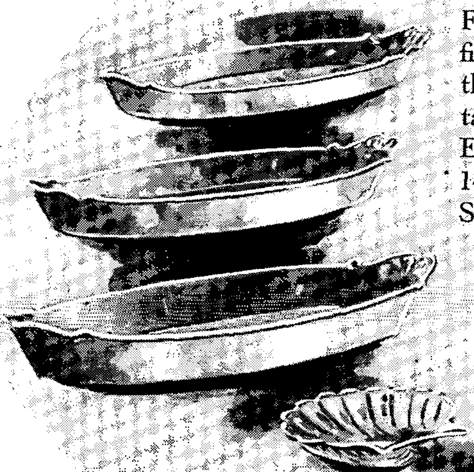

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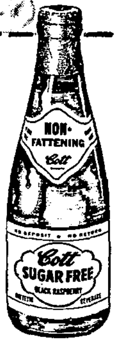

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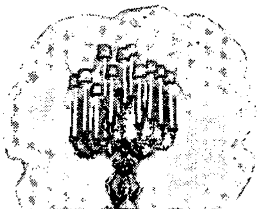
has his pets, such as Sullivan, Wright, the Greenes (extravagant admiration of them is itself close to becoming a mere fad), and his inveterate dunces, mostly French and German. Miss Petty is one of the wittiest artists alive, and her gentle and merciless slides are well worth the price of admission.

CROCODILE FEVER, by Lawrence Earl (Knopf). In this strange book, the author of the recent "The Battle of Baltinglass" introduces us to a young but already famous South African white hunter named Bryan Dempster, whose chosen prey is the man-eating crocodile that infests the swampy rivers of Southern Rhodesia and Mozambique. Dempster's trade is an uncommonly harrowing one—he hunts by night, usually alone except for a native helper, often hip-deep in deceptively silent water, and always with the chilly knowledge that at first shot he must kill or be killed—and, as might be expected, his biographer has seen to it that we are spared none of its more harrowing aspects. What really interests Mr. Earl, however, is not so much the how of Dempster's work but the why, with the result that what might have been little more than just another wilderness adventure becomes instead a most arresting, and even an unsettling, portrait of a man hagridden by a desire for solitude and squalor and a chance to prove his courage over and over again. Photographs.

THE BARE-KNUCKLE BREED, by Louis Golding (Barnes). A high-spirited history of the Fancy, largely devoted to the "big fellows with bottom" who bloodied England's prize rings in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Some of Mr. Golding's interpretations (his suggestion, for instance, that Deaf Burke was haunted to oblivion by the ghost of Simon Byrne and that Pretty George Horton's valor derived from a desperate longing for homeliness) are more than a little imaginative, but it cannot be denied that they make, if not authoritative, at least very entertaining reading, and his account of the rise and fall of Dan Mendoza, the dapper Aldgate tea clerk, is especially fine. Illustrated with contemporary prints.

THE DIARIES OF LEWIS CARROLL, edited by Roger Lancelyn Green (Oxford). Two handsome volumes, handsomely illustrated with photographs, that make available for the first time the surviving whole of the



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private writings of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, professional mathematician, amateur photographer, and author of "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants," "Euclid and His Modern Rivals," and the rather more celebrated work popularly known as "Alice in Wonderland." The fact that Dodgson kept a diary has never been much of a secret. Its chronological range (from shortly after his election as a Fellow of Christ Church, Oxford, in January, 1854, to a few weeks before his death, at Guildford, in January, 1898) has also long been a matter of general knowledge. Hence its eventual publication has been awaited by a multitude of scholars and critics with every expectation that it would provide some considerable insight into the nature of that strangest and most reticent of men. Nothing, alas, could be further from the truth. For it is now dismayingly clear that Dodgson was, if anything, more secretive alone than in company. In all these personal pages there is nothing, nothing whatever, but a long parade of line-a-day enumerations of calls and callers ("Had a party of seven to dinner—the four Barclays, Julia Arnold and Prout"), outings and entertainments ("We went to the Seaside Theatre to see 'Lost to the World,' a rather sensational melodrama of the East End type, fairly acted"), and the trifling minutiae of university affairs ("Common Room Meeting—Bayne resigned Curatorship, having held it twenty-one years"). There is an introduction by F. Menella Dodgson and Violet Dodgson, and a biographical memoir by Enid Stevens Shawyer.

**REALMS OF VALUE**, by Ralph Barton Perry (Harvard). Twenty-eight years after the publication of his "General Theory of Value," Professor Perry has written its sequel, an application of his philosophic theory to so many facets of life that the book lives up to its bold subtitle, "A Critique of Human Civilization." It is unlikely that many readers are equipped to follow Professor Perry through the ramifications of his value theory as it twines around the science of science and the history of history, but his preface advises that "a judicious use of the table of contents will make it possible to read selectively," and when the book is approached in this *smörgåsbord* fashion, it is clear that there is something here for everybody. As befits a work summarizing a lifetime of profound

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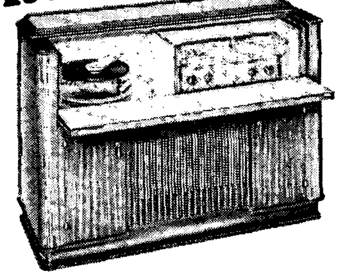

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thinking, "Realms of Value" has a tone of loftiness and dispassion that seems far above the frayed and brittle world we all inhabit, but periodically Professor Perry comes thumping down to earth, and his remarks about value theories like Nazi genocide are short and sharp enough for anybody.

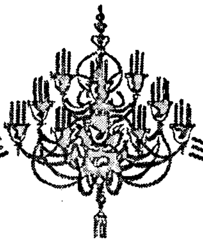
NOTE: "Rum Jungle," Alan Moorehead's account of his recent journeys through his native Australia, with a side trip to the Great Barrier Reef, has been published by Scribner. A large part of the contents first appeared in this magazine, in somewhat different form.

## VERSE

TILBURY TOWN: SELECTED POEMS OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, with an introduction and notes by Lawrance Thompson (Macmillan). Professor Thompson has performed a real service in sifting out from the mass of Robinson the poems that stem directly from the poet's experience of the moral exactions usual in the New England of his youth and that express the effect of these pressures on nonconforming individuals. These short poems, often portraits of men and women in conflict and predicament, lie at the heart of his work and show the full range of his subtle and self-forged style. The notes are full and illuminating.

TEN BURNT OFFERINGS, by Louis MacNeice (Oxford). Readers who remember MacNeice's early work, in which irony went to a brilliant tune, may be disappointed in these more sober and meditative long poems written during a recent year he spent in Greece. But MacNeice in his middle forties has not lost his skill; he keeps on joining formality to colloquial freedom, and although the subjects of exile, change, and mortality recur, happier motifs often turn up, exquisitely treated.

COLLECTED POEMS, by Conrad Aiken (Oxford). Aiken was one of the earliest poets of his generation to interest themselves in Freudian techniques, subconscious processes, and the revelatory powers of free association. His first book, "Earth Triumphant," published in 1914, has been omitted from this lengthy (883 pages) collection, which begins with "Turns and Movies" (1916) and ends with "The Kid" (1947). It is difficult, at the start, to understand why Aiken has never developed into a true modernist in any large or original sense. A close examination



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of his poetry shows that his tone and diction have retained a flavor of that late romanticism, more French than English, that on the one hand sought to dissolve words into music and on the other continually posed unanswerable questions to the universe. Aiken has, it is true, been able for brief periods to disentangle himself from these tendencies, but the musical flow and the philosophic incertitudes keep coming back. Notes and an index of first lines.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES, by Christopher La Farge (Coward-McCann). Mr. La Farge's "novel in verse" comes out as a long narrative poem interrupted by lyrics, with the model of Robinson Jeffers in the far background. The Eastern seaboard scene—a small town in Rhode Island—and the Yankee characters, on various cultural planes, are not colorful or violent enough, even when spiced with a dash of stepfatherly incest, to sustain tension, and the frequent well-observed detail and fast-paced action are too often intruded on by sentimental and old-fashioned poetic *longueurs*. It would be interesting to see Mr. La Farge split himself into poet *and* novelist, keeping to the strict rules of both conventions, instead of cancelling out the effects of one literary form with those of another.

POEMS OF MICHAEL DRAYTON, in two volumes, edited and with an introduction by John Buxton (Muses' Library Series, Harvard). Drayton, born a year before Shakespeare and, like him, a native of Warwickshire, is recalled chiefly for a handful of sonnets and the magnificent "Battle of Agincourt." This scholarly edition, based on a selection Drayton made from his own work, reveals a professional poet who was less extravagantly Elizabethan than his contemporaries and whose straightforward approach and concise diction foreshadowed an age to come. His "Poly-Olbion," a poetical guide to the counties of England and Wales, is thoroughly enchanting.

POETRY AND THE AGE, by Randall Jarrell (Knopf). Mr. Jarrell for some time past has been bringing an irreverent wit to bear on modern poetic assumptions. In these critical essays he writes delightfully, is often very funny indeed, and exhibits a saving belief—that the work of art is always more important than any critic's estimate. His few moments of concentrated sentimentality—here

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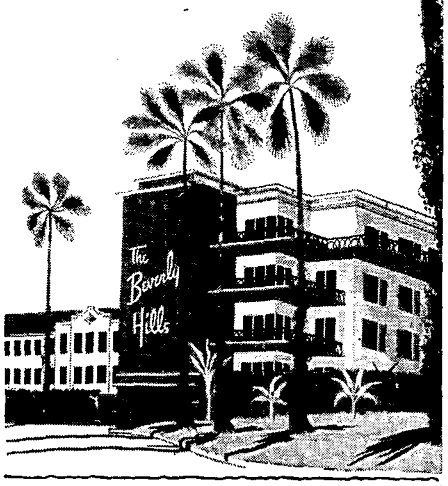

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applied to Frost and Whitman—show up sharply, since his over-all insight into the poetry of his day is usually intuitive and well informed. It seems a pity that he hasn't given us a more unified survey of the time's major figures instead of what seems to be a reviewer's random sampling.

•

### OUR HUNGRY CELEBRANTS

[*From the New Orleans Times-Picayune*]

With a "Royal Repast" as their theme, the Krewe of Sparta presented a unique Carnival ball Thursday night at the Municipal Auditorium.

Mrs. Germaine Cazenave Wells reigned as queen of the ball.

The curtains . . . parted to reveal members of the court participating in a complete dinner. Two huge cocktail glasses dominated the backdrop while the king toasted his queen in regal fashion. In keeping with theme, king, queen, maids and dukes were all glitteringly arrayed to represent varied drinks and food.

#### VINTAGE CHAMPAGNE

The queen represented vintage champagne in a gown of nylon tulle, over champagne-colored slipper satin. The regal frock was studded with rhinestones and decorated with clusters of sequined grapes. Her Majesty's collar was shaped with grape leaves while her mantle of champagne-colored satin had clusters of sequined grapes, which cascaded into huge champagne glasses. Green sequins formed a border to the mantle while royal jewels completed the queen's ensemble.

Mrs. Waguespack represented a shrimp cocktail, in a gown of shrimp-colored satin, studded with sequins. Her headpiece consisted of a huge sequined shrimp. The duke, who accompanied her to the royal throne, represented an oyster cocktail.

Mrs. Boutillier and her Duke represented a tomato salad, with the duke as the supreme lettuce. The maid's gown was of shocking pink slipper satin while her headpiece was a sequined tomato.

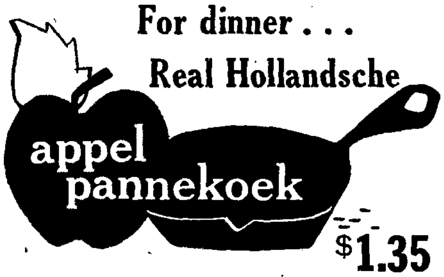
Miss Delatte, who depicted Creole gumbo, wore a gown of gray-green slipper satin on which varied gumbo ingredients were outlined in sequins. A sequined crab formed her headpiece while her duke represented caviar.

Miss Patricia Ann Lagasse was arrayed as an artichoke in a besequined green slipper satin frock. Her headpiece was a huge sequined artichoke while her duke was arrayed as a carrot.

#### BROILED STEAK INCLUDED

Mrs. Liberto represented a broiled steak in a gown of maroon-colored slipper satin, embroidered in brown sequins. Her headpiece portrayed a steak platter and her duke depicted roast pork. Mrs. Duett represented a cherry flambeau in a gown of fuchsia satin, with sparkling cherries adding glamour. Her headpiece was cherry-topped ice-cream while her duke portrayed a demitasse.

Miss Jo Ann Lagasse depicted a cheese assortment in a frock of gold slipper satin, draped in gold and orange nylon tulle. Her headpiece was in the shape of cheese while her duke represented a bowl of fruit.



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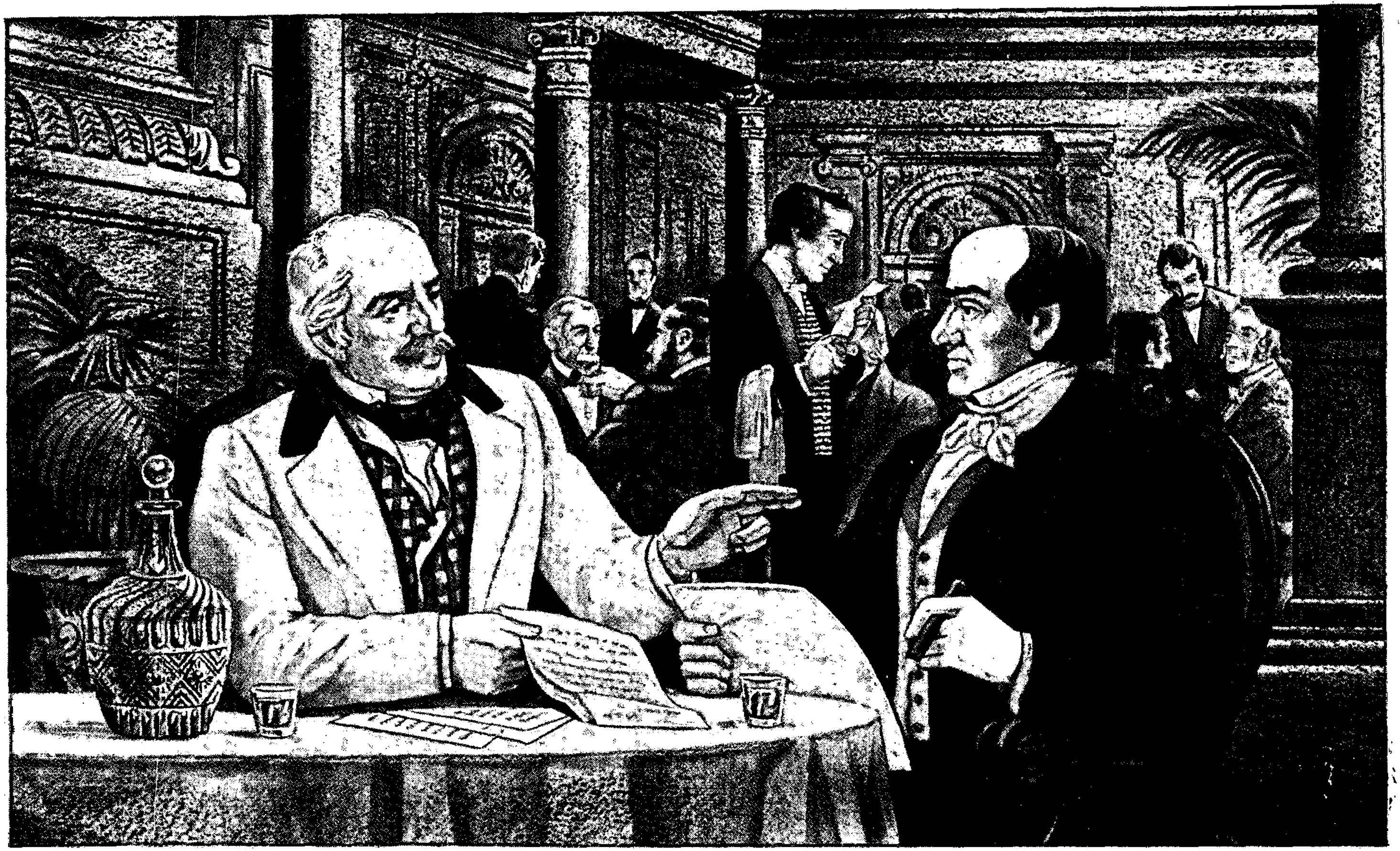

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